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THE
BOOKMAN

THE CRYSTAL BOX

Fragments of Autobiography

By Hugh Walpole

CHILDHOOD

SOMETHING went wrong with the coach and, as I watched, I could see the black plumes bob above the green hedge like strange dingy chrysanthemums growing out of the holly and evergreen. Then, the wrong righted, the black plumes wrested themselves from the evergreen, and the coach moved on up the hill. I watched for the other carriages to pass the gap in the hedge — I saw them press slowly, mournfully upward — one, two, three, four — then the road was still again and the little white clouds sailed in sleepy indifferent procession across the summer blue, the only movement in all the hot world. I turned hurriedly and took a new exercise book from the drawer in the old kitchen table (I had there three new ones) and furiously wrote in capital letters across the top of the page "MRS. SEAGRIM'S FAMILY BOOK I. THE COACH CHAPTER I. HOW CAPTAIN SEAGRIM DIED" and then, staring in front of me, biting my pen until the saliva ran down my fingers, saw the picture — the mourning coach pressing up the dark hill, the carriages following it, the storm coming, the thunder, the lightning, the horses breaking loose, the coach rolling over the side of the field, the coffin, the flowers. . . . What then? I don't know. I don't know. This is to be my best. I have deserted, in Chapter VIII, "Amado the Fearless" — Mrs. Seagrim, her dead husband, all her children, her fearful brothers-in-law, her guilty secret, like a flood they are all upon me. . . . This is to be my best. . . . .

II

Out of the fourteen or so novels that I have published some six have been claimed by different persons at

different times to be my best. . . . Say, 1. "The Gods and Mr. Perrin". 2. "Fortitude". 3. "The Dark Forest". 4. "The Secret City". 5. "The Green Mirror". 6. "Jeremy". Myself I consider "The Captives" to be my best book. There for the first time in my very limited experience I got something of the effect for which I had hoped. For myself I mean. And Maggie, the heroine, existed for me. And exists.

This is of no importance to anyone in its private individual interest but it is of importance when you consider a writer's life, *any* writer's life, Shakespeare's if you like, Balzac's anyway. I *suspect* that Balzac adored "Louis Lambert" and grew as tired of hearing about "Père Goriot" as Shakespeare's ghost must be of "Hamlet". And little or big it doesn't matter. I've got my "Captives" tucked tight under my arm and I can pat it on the head and be kind to it when nobody's looking. It's closer anyway to the Seagrim family than is any other book of mine.

And why "The Captives" is my best book after "Mrs. Seagrim" is just for this reason.

III

When I was nine and a half I was sent home to England (my parents were then living in New York) and I went to a school that wasn't all it should be. When I say that it wasn't all it should be I mean that the food was inadequate, the morality was "twisted", and Terror — sheer, stark, unblinking Terror—stared down every one of its passages. I had two years of it, and a passionate desire to be liked, a longing for approval, and a frantic reaction to anybody's geniality have been for me some of the results of that time. I have been frightened since then. I was frightened in the war several times rather badly, but I have never, after those days, thank God, known continuous increasing terror night and day. There was a period, from half past eight to half past nine in the evening, when the small boys (myself with them) were dismissed to bed but, instead, spread themselves in an empty classroom that is still to me, when I think of it, damp green in retrospective color. The bigger boys held during that hour what they called the Circus. Some of the small boys (I was always one) were made to stand on their heads, hang onto the gas and swing slowly round, fight one another with hair brushes, and jump from the top of the school lockers to the ground. Every night (owing I suppose to my then unrecognized short sight) was a horror to me. I would be pushed up onto the lockers, then, "One, two three — jump!" I can feel now again, as I write, the sick dizziness at my heart as I looked down at the shining floor, beat myself to jump, pulled myself together, fell, to be caught generally by some bigger boy who would push me into the arms of someone else, thence on again, and so the round of the room. Swinging round the gas was worse than the lockers — being roasted in front of the fire (shades of "Tom Brown") worse than the gas. Worst of all was being forced to strip naked, to stand then on a bench before them all while some boy pointed out one's various physical deficiencies and the general company ended by sticking pins and pen nibs into tender places to see whether one were real or no —

Worse than the hour itself was the anticipation of the hour. First thought on waking was that eight thirty was far away! Then, slowly through the day, it grew ever closer and closer until by teatime tears of

anticipatory fear would fall into one's cup and salten one's husk of bread!

Worst of all, perhaps, was the glee with which one would cheer on the tortures of some other little wretch because it postponed one's own. Loneliness, grime, filth, cowardice, lies, and lechery — and ten years old at that!

There were, besides, the terrors of the complete dark. One would fall asleep quickly, tired out by the many agitations and excitements of the day; then across the blank curtains of one's heavy slumber there would flash the forewarning of some coming terror. One is about to die, a train is crashing down a line whose steel girders hold one fast, the picket of ground on which one stands crumbles suddenly and one falls a thousand feet, a chandelier of a million gleaming facets holds one's eye, one looks up, it comes smashing down, one hides one's eyes. Always one's eyes! The crash is there. The train has flung itself forward, the ground has yielded, the candelabra's glass shivers into silver thousands — the terror of death is past. One is on the floor, cold, almost naked, and somewhere in the distance there is giggling laughter and the rows of white washing basins like dead moons meet one's slowly wakening gaze.

But there was worse than this — there was the torture of strangulation. Still to this very day when I am overtired or anxious I have the old fear of going to sleep lest I should wake up to feel the towel over my mouth, the hands pressing down on my face, the thumbs in my eyes, the grim agony of the darkness and the struggling for breath, the dim wondering whether this is still dream or reality, the consciousness of the real world and the questioning whether, this time, perhaps they would not keep their hands on the towel too long. . . .

One boy was especially skilful at this game. He was small and plump and rosy, with merry laughing eyes, good at all games, a favorite with all the masters and adored by the matron. I met him last year in London for the first time since those school days. He is now a successful solicitor. He looked very much the same — thickset, bullet headed, merry eyed, very English, unable to understand what "those damned French were thinking about", proud of his boy who was captain of his school eleven.

I reminded him after dinner that I had been with him at S——.

"No, were you really?" he said, smiling cheerfully. "I had no idea. Not a bad old spot. Remember me there do you?"

Yes I did. I told him.

"Funny you should remember me," he mused. "I was a bit of a devil as a kid I'm afraid. None the worse for that I expect. My boy's got a bit of the devil in him now."

Impossible to tell him how I loathed him, standing there thick and strong in his well fitting evening clothes! Impossible to explain to him how I longed, there and then, to take my handkerchief, press it down upon his mouth, pushing my thumbs into his eyes. . . . Ugh! And I who never hate anyone quite enough and am even flabby in my general amiability.

These stories are all very well, I can hear someone say. We've all been through these private schools; a little roughing it does no one any harm.

"You ought to have stood up for yourself."

IV

Quite so. But I did not stand up for myself then and I'm not trying to stand up for myself now. The point is exactly that I was a miserable child, and one month at S—— was enough to

make me sycophantic, dirty in body and mind, a prey to every conceivable terror, so that the banging of a door or the dropping of a book sent my heart into my cranium, sentimental, too, like a little dog fawning on anyone who was for a moment kind and — worst of all these I think — muddle-headed and confused beyond any grown human's conception. I went to S—— with a very fair intelligence. Mathematics I never could begin to understand (to this day I count on my fingers) but history and geography and literature I was nosing into like a pony with a bundle of hay. Well S—— flung the hay about my ears all right and there it has stuck ever since.

Why can I now never correct my proofs, why do characters wander in and out of my books for no reason at all, why is there a Trenchard called Vincent in "The Green Mirror" when he was killed during the very first month of my writing the novel? Why is a lady in "The Captives" described once with a mustache and once, twenty pages later, without one? Ask my life at S——, ask that befogged weariness with which I woke of a morning tumbling into early school like a bat into an oven, when it was not until the afternoon that I began to see daylight clearly and then only through a beating terror because evening, with all its horrors, was approaching.

How could I grasp my verbs in *mu* when glances were warning me, from desk to desk, of the new "fun" preparing for the evening Circus? And, once confused, confusion was only again redoubled. Masters descended upon me, matrons swept over and through me, head masters summoned me. Finally, there was drill.

The drill master was an old army sergeant, stout and plethoric. As I have already said, my short sight had not yet been discovered. I moved in a mist to the parallel bars, in a cloud tried to vault the horse. How the sergeant thundered, what happy moments for the rest of the class. "Make some excuse and come and see Tadpole on the horizontal!" was a favorite word in the school at that time. Afterward I crept into the cloak room and hid my head in the coats and cried — oceans! Then the shout would come down the passage. They were after some new victim. I would creep out and join the hunt. Anything to be unobserved. Were the hunt interesting enough, even someone's remark "Tadpole's been blubbing again" caused no comment. Wasn't I the lucky one to escape!

V

So poor a sniveler deserves his bad time of course. But it was not all sniveling. I had my consolations.

One was a friend of mine, Jumbo, a stout boy whose incredibly romantic mind went step by step with my own. My own tendency to romance was immensely fostered by my miseries at S——. Indeed had I gone during those two impressionable years to some comfortable "prep" school there to be indulged and fattened, I might be today the completely stern realistic "truthful" novelist who is at this particular moment (spring, 1922) all the fashion. But the dirty background of S—— drove me into dreams of my own, dreams thick with ropes of pearl, clusters of diamonds, unfathomable snows touched with the finger of an eternal rosy dawn, temples haunted by violet hued serpents, Aladdin's caves and pirates' holds. In all these dreams Jumbo shared. He, too, was at first miserable at S——. But his mind was of a more practical romance than my own. We discovered in an old writing case given to me by an uncle a letter,

yellow and faded, covered with close writing of which we could decipher not one word.

Jumbo decided that the letter proved I was the rightful Earl of Orferd and that I was kept out of my Norfolk estates by the aforesaid rascally uncle. This idea was started, I suppose, as one of our romantic "games", but it was not long before we were regarding it with the utmost seriousness. I carried the writing case about with me everywhere and bore myself, for the first time, with a certain dignity. Jumbo communicated, first to one and then to another, the marvelous secret, and his story of course lost nothing in its narration. The story led, in fact, to a certain alleviation of my unhappy state (small boys being the greatest snobs in the universe) and several of my torturers made me promise to remember them when I came into my estate.

Jumbo, although he had, imaginatively, a romantic mind, was far from romantic in his daily life. He went, I used to complain, a trifle too far on the phlegmatic side. For months he endured the most intolerable bullying (his plump body and good tempered nature offering an irresistible temptation to the managers of the Circus), and then suddenly on one never to be forgotten evening he sprang upon his persecutors and, almost literally, he tore them limb from limb. It was discovered then that he was of an immense strength, and shortly afterward he was promoted to be a leading forward in the school rugby fifteen — and glory shone upon him.

I would like to tell him now how grateful I am, at this day, to remember that he did not desert me in the moment of his triumph but rather clung to me the more stoutly, defending me on many occasions and alleviating my lot in a thousand different ways. He grew, I fancy, at the last a little weary of me and complained to me that I would not "stick up for myself" and that I was far too fond of weeping and "stuffing in the library". He could not pull me out of my slough. Behind my own despair was a deep contempt of myself. I felt that I deserved all the tortures that the Circus flung upon me. I was bewildered, confused, inextricably involved in a network of forgetfulness, wrongly timed impulse, and sudden cowardices. Jumbo did his best for me and then when he saw that his best was no good, hung on to me as a kind of duty.

The second of my alleviations was the wife of our head master. I adored her. She was very young, had only been very lately married, and came to S——, I am convinced, with a determination to be a mother to the boys. But she knew very little about boys and nothing at all about the grieving and rebellious little souls who then peopled the S—— world.

One thing that she used to do was to visit the dormitories just before lights were turned out. In these visits she never failed, and I used to watch for her with a frantic, eager excitement. She looked so pretty standing there with her fair hair, and in her lovely evening dress; her voice was one of the sweetest in the world. She was herself no more than a child and, I am convinced, of a far deeper innocence than nine-tenths of the children under her husband's charge.

She liked to stand there at the window near my bed and talk about the stars, asking whether we knew their names and describing to us what she fancied to be the state of the moon (desperately unastronomical her description I fear!). The boys, of

course, laughed at her and called her "Old Mooney" and worse names than that. To myself she was everything that was wonderful and in all my stories she figured. Again and again I rescued her, from dangers, from emperors, from giants and magicians, from witches and serpents, and even, I fear, from her husband whom I had good reasons for detesting. I am glad that she never knew what little wretches we really were. I hope that, to this very day, she does not know.

My third alleviation had nothing to do with S—— and I must presently describe it in greater detail; but before I leave S—— forever I would like to say two things.

First, my parents were far away from England and had no notion of my condition. Like all small boys I lied freely in my letters home, acting I suppose from a strange twisted kind of loyalty. So soon as they discovered the truth, I was at once removed to another school.

And secondly S—— is now an admirable place, excellently conducted, most wisely supervised. I fancy that my two years there marked the end of an old, careless, ignorant régime. Schools are not in existence today, I fancy, where such things are possible. The world does not seem to change very much but in that respect, in England at least, it has changed.

VI

I discovered, I think at a very early age, that I had neither an accurate nor deeply penetrating mind. My brain was "soppy", soft at the edges, wrapped in folds of cotton wool. My memory was shocking and is so, with certain quite useless exceptions, to this day. I discovered also another thing about my thoughts — that they were never either new or original. Certain perceptions I had, a feeling for atmosphere and an eager passion for whatever seemed to me beautiful in any shape or form, but when I had seen my beautiful thing I could not translate it into something "rich and strange" — and I cannot today. My envy of certain poets of my time — Walter de la Mare for example — and of certain prose writers — Hudson for instance and, in a very different genre, Katherine Mansfield — for their wonderful, sharp, poignant perception of the beauty and strangeness of everyday things, is sharp almost to bitterness. And yet "envy" is not the word nor "bitterness" either. Their gifts give the world great happiness, and if one has not got them one can still do the best with what one has. But there is nothing I think more pathetic in the arts than the thousands and thousands who have so much aspiration in their hearts, so much "smudginess" in their fingers. Physically I cannot make even a decent sailors' knot with my hands, I cannot knock a nail straight into the wall, cannot turn a simple screw with efficiency — in my art it is the same.

Perception, ardent if uncritical, was always there and it led me to Miss Julie (a Miss Julie how strangely unlike Strindberg's terrible heroine!). During those years when my father and mother were in America I spent many of my holidays as a kind of paying guest in different families. Two holidays were thus spent with a very fatherly clergyman in the Midlands. He had in his house a queer old sister known to the servants and the neighborhood as Miss Julie. She was little and bent, with a hooked nose and shaggy eyebrows; and she liked to dress in bright silks, green and purple and blue. She always wore a lace cap on her head, wore loose flat slippers that tapped after her when she walked, and spent her day forever knitting in-

numerable shawls. She never went out that I could see, but sat by the window nodding her head over her stitches. She was one of the originals, I fancy, for my Aunt Aggie in "The Green Mirror"; not that she was cross or spiteful, but sometimes when she was interrupted or startled by the loud banging of the door or irritated by the children of the house, she would look up with a frown, in which her forehead came down like a "pent house lid" over her mouth and nose. I was terrified of her and for a week or two she did not address to me a single word. Then suddenly one day I, peeping into the drawing room to see whether anyone were there and whether I might go to the glass bookcase and steal one of the Dickens in safety, heard myself summoned by her in a strange, cracked, and exasperated voice. I went over to her, trembling. She bade me sit down beside her and then words suddenly darted from her like sparks from a firework. Whether from terror or stupidity, I missed a good deal of her conversation. She told me I think about her youth and how gay a time she had once had and how stupid the world was now and that there was no one worth troubling about. She finally dismissed me but patted my shoulder which showed that she approved of me. After that she often summoned me, and I think that the family were surprised that she noticed me and thought that "there must be something in me after all". Then finally came her great secret. There was somewhere she told me a most wonderful Crystal Box. It belonged to her and she was going to leave it to me in her will. This Crystal Box had once been her dearest possession but she had lost it and although she knew that it was in the house, or possibly in the garden, she *could* not put her fingers on it. The great thing was that one must not deliberately look for it. *That* was not the way to find it, but one day it would suddenly appear. She never, she confessed to me, went up to her room at night without expecting to find it there on the bed.

It was the *most* wonderful box made entirely of crystal, not very large, gleaming with a thousand colors. What had it in it, I asked. She frowned at that. It did not matter what it had in it. You yourself put something into it. The point was that when you had it you were happy and contented and would never want anything again. The days in her youth when *she* had had it were the happiest of her life. She would have it again before she died. . . .

I may not have remembered exactly the story of the Crystal Box. Years have passed and poor Aunt Julie has gone to far distant countries in search of it. Then, at the time when she told me of it, I believed utterly and devoutly in its existence. The thought of it really changed life for me, and so I may be said in one sense actually to have seen it. But I do not wish too deliberately to turn it into a symbol. I cannot, even now, quite rid myself of the belief that it is, concretely, four square, shining somewhere. I have seen crystal boxes since then but I have never been deceived by them. Miss Julie's box has been left to me — and by me one day it will perhaps be found. At any rate the thought of it, so beautifully shining, waiting for me, has consoled me on many dreary days since the time at S——.

That same search is also in "The Captives". In "Mrs. Seagrim" too, and perhaps in every book that I have ever written.

(To be continued.)

OF MAKING MANY BOOKS . . .

By Richard Le Gallienne

"OF making many books there is no end. . . . "
Who reads them all, I wonder?
How many live and die without a friend!
Some fiercely torn asunder
For household fires by kitchen maids ferocious,
And some ripped up by crowing babes precocious.

Ah! whither go these multitudinous reams,
Epic and news diurnal?
Pulped back to nothingness the poet's dreams,
Fancies and thoughts eternal;
Pirates no more their copyrights to purloin,
Stained through with blood of mutton chop and sirloin.

To what base uses! Ah! to this at last,
Though critics damn or boom us,
Each in his turn into the dust bin cast,
The inky gods foredoom us;
Better to die at once, than that attainder,
Shamed death-in-life, the trade dubs a "remainder".

And those Immortals whom the Muses crown
With wreath of classic laurel,
Tomes that no human being taketh down —
Yon cobwebs point the moral;
I seem to hear them sigh — "Our lonely pages,
Though all men praise, no hand hath turned for ages."

Of making many books hath none content?
The book Amanda presses
Close to her heart, a lover's testament,
And shadows with her tresses,
Hath deep content; no joy there is completer than
This, O my book, — save a review by Guiterman!

THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

By Benjamin Brawley

EDITOR'S NOTE: — *We have asked Mr. Brawley, one of the intellectual leaders of his race, to express frankly his opinion of the Negro problem in American writing, and we publish this strong statement without editorial excision. As representing a viewpoint, we believe it to be exceedingly enlightening.*

I HAVE often wondered why someone has not written as a supplement to Lowell an essay entitled "On a Certain Condescension in Americans". Such an effort, in some small measure at least, might serve to give us a clearer estimate of ourselves.

When the drums beat we are not likely to recall that we are the most inconsistent people in the world. We pride ourselves on spending millions for education, but the draft showed us where we stood, and we have recently been informed that we are merely a nation of sixth-graders. We still value buildings more than brains, and if you will ask the average college student to read aloud a page of Newman or Pater you will see how literate we are. We are aghast at Armenia — naturally, for in Texas we lynch ten men in twice as many days.

We have been accused of intolerance, and a finger has been pointed at the Puritan. As a matter of fact we are exceedingly long suffering. We tolerate everything from sixteen dollar coal to our most recent Congress. We tolerate the Ku Klux Klan. A score of men were killed at Herrin in cold blood, and the authorities are paralyzed. For a sensible liberty loving people we are the most easily browbeaten and bamboozled on this planet, and no one knows this better than the politician.

Our powerlessness, our utter futility in the face of a concrete situation is sometimes amazing. We intend well, but either we ourselves or our machinery are at fault. In our courts the conviction of a man of means does not necessarily imply a real conviction but simply a new trial. We are torn by industrial and social unrest, and for a whole session our statesmen discuss the bonus and ship subsidy with an eye to the next election. Sometimes our national honor is involved. If occasion demands we can send a million men to Europe, but not until we have been trampled upon and our rights flouted for months. Is it any wonder that our flag is not always respected abroad?

Sometimes in our leisurely democracy we develop kindliness at an astonishing rate. Nothing can surpass our real generosity and charity. A few months ago, however, we read that the President of the United States and the Governor of Pennsylvania both interceded for the life of a dog that had been condemned to death. Dick, it appeared, was owned by an alien contrary to law. I could not help wondering about this animal that was able to call forth such remarkable weight of executive clemency. Was it white or black or brown? Did its ancestors come over in the "Mayflower"? Could its grandfather vote? Mark you this, however: you have not for these many years heard of any president's

writing to a governor about a citizen who was sliced or burned to death within these United States.

Our inconsistency does not mean that as a nation we have lost sight of our port. It does mean, however, that we wander needlessly at sea before finding it. Democracy does not always move in a straight line, and sometimes when far off its course it has to make a violent effort to find its way. While moreover we talk about democracy, the fact is that there are always with us those who want something else. In the good old days Rhode Island was the most offensive little slave dealer in the country, and we do not always stop to think that there was a time when the students at Harvard were registered in the catalogue on the basis of their social standing. Among the rockribbed families of Boston there was ever a welcome for the courtly southerner with whom trade was good and behind whom was the romance of plantations and slaves. It is not an accident that in recent discussion of the Jew and the Negro New England has again beckoned to the south. Sooner or later in such a civilization the worm turns; the underdog wriggles out of our grasp; and the glory of democracy is that it gives him a chance to work out his freedom — and live.

In the new day to which we have come it is necessary first of all then that we keep our faith — faith in our country, in ourselves, in humanity. Let us also as never before honor Truth — not propaganda, not the flattery of a demagogue, and not the jaundice of a hectic journalism, but simple, clear eyed Truth. This will mean that we shall have to readjust many old values and beware of all outworn shibboleths. Our country is changing, and those persons who insist on abiding by the opinions formed twenty years ago simply insist on living in another age and another world.

With nothing shall we have to be more careful about hasty judgment than with subjects relating to the Negro. Today there is no telling what an individual Negro may or may not do. At the close of the Civil War hardly more than one in ten could read; today illiteracy has been reduced to nearly twenty per cent, and instead of his being your tenant you may even find that the Negro you know is your landlord. The race is increasingly complex, and in some matters of music and other forms of art it is just now among the most "advanced" in the country. The Negro is naturally such an artist and he has such an innate appreciation of acting that, keeping his essential faith unchanged, he is likely to take on a new form of worship quite as easily as a new garment. Just now Bahaism is popular with the esoteric, and since the war cynicism has been developed almost to a cult.

This, however, is only one phase of the matter. The other is that of the strange prominence of the Negro throughout the whole course of American history. In the colonial era it was the economic advantage of slavery over servitude that caused it to displace this institution as a system of labor. Two of the three compromises that entered into the making of the Constitution were prompted by the presence of the Negro in the country; the expansion of the southwest depended on his labor; and the question or the excuse of fugitives was the real key to the Seminole Wars. The Civil War was simply to determine the status of the Negro in the Republic, and the legislation after the war determined for a generation the

history not only of the south but very largely of the nation as well. The later disfranchising acts have had overwhelming importance, the unfair system of national representation controlling the election of 1916 and thus the attitude of America in the World War.

Here then are two great themes — that of the Negro's aspiration and striving, and that of his influence on the American body politic — that might reasonably engage the attention of any writer who desires seriously to base a contribution to American literature on this general topic. The first would call for treatment primarily subjective, the second for treatment largely objective; but in any case the work should be sympathetic in the broadest sense. Such treatment I regret the Negro has not had. With our bigotry and conceit on this subject as no other we have been moved by the condescension of which I spoke in the beginning. Two great fallacies still most frequently recur as major premises. One is that the education of the Negro has been a failure, and the other is that the integrity of the womanhood of the race is always open to question. It makes no difference how much evidence there may be to the contrary, any writer of the day is still likely to start off with these two assumptions. The Negro himself moreover must be either a brute or a villain; no rôle more flattering can be thought of. "Othello" is not yet a popular play with American audiences, and I cannot help recalling that some years ago a Shakespearian company performing "The Merchant of Venice" in Atlanta found it advisable to leave out even the Prince of Morocco, because of local conditions.

Literature is supposed to be the reflection of the national life. Unfortunately much of our recent literature is not complimentary to the country's life. We have the best printers and publishers in the world, but the books that they are asked to produce — tales of scandal sicklied o'er with sentimentalism — should make the nation blush. A generation ago people smiled at E. P. Roe; but Roe was at least harmless. More recently we have arrived at Harold Bell Wright, but even he has been out-Heroded. If we today go over the list of writers of fiction — especially the women — and consider only those who are most outstanding, the extent to which many will be found to have declined from the ideals with which they started is astonishing. In all this welter of commercialism and sensationalism the Negro's one request of literature so far as he is concerned, is that it be fearlessly and absolutely honest. Let it portray life, realistically — just as it is, idealistically — as it ought to be, but let it cease to exploit outworn theories or be the vehicle merely of burlesque. A new age — a new world — is upon us, with new men, new visions, new desires. As never before patriotism demands that we see life clearly and see it whole.

It is now a little more than six years ago that I contributed to "The Dial" (then in Chicago) a paper entitled "The Negro in American Fiction". In that discussion I endeavored to deal at some length with the work of several authors — notably George W. Cable, Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Nelson Page, and Thomas Dixon — as well as with that of representative short story writers of the day who had introduced Negro characters into their work. In general I advanced the proposition that in our literature as in our social life we were largely dominated by the

mob spirit. Much has happened within six years, and now that the war is four years behind us and we are trying to find the "normalcy" of which we have heard, we may not unreasonably ask if there has been any advance. At once we come face to face with the stories and sketches of E. K. Means and Octavus Roy Cohen, and these we find to be burlesque. Five other works of fiction also come to mind, however — "His Own Country" by Paul Kester, "The Shadow" by Mary White Ovington, "Birthright" by T. S. Stribling, "White and Black" by H. A. Shands, and "J. Poindexter, Colored" by Irvin S. Cobb. The last three of these books, it is interesting to observe, have all appeared within the present year, and practically every one of the five is, if not the only book, at least the first novel by its author. Taken together these books mark an advance, but one would hardly assert that they give an adequate reflection of the Negro problem in a treatment at once faithful, powerful, and tragic. "The Shadow" is honest in purpose and method. "His Own Country" and "White and Black", however, while containing much of the machinery of tragedy, both fail to be genuine epics. "Birthright", brilliant in some of its detail, begs the whole question with which it undertakes to deal by its attitude on fundamentals, and the treatment of its hero is especially open to attack. J. Poindexter of Paducah, who awakens our interest and who is so thoroughly equal to the wiles and pitfalls of New York, himself advises us not to bother with the race problem. "I ain't no problem, I's a pusson," he says; "I craves to be so reguarded." To that extent he marks an advance.

As for the race itself, because of the pressing questions incident to and resultant from the war, its literary energy has recently been given mainly to journalistic work rather than to that more imaginative. Within the last few years we have had W. E. Burghardt DuBois's collection of essays, "Darkwater", and Claude McKay's striking volume of poems, "Harlem Shadows", but in fiction nothing as poignant as Paul Laurence Dunbar's "The Sport of the Gods" has recently appeared. Several capable writers are appearing on the horizon, however, and within the next few years we may not unreasonably expect more than one work of enduring quality.

It has well been said that to be as good as our fathers were we must be better. As the heirs of the ages it ill becomes us to represent anything but the highest standards of efficiency and the noblest ideals of faith. Our patriotism is too much capitalized; "100 per cent Americanism" too often becomes a specious cry to cover wrong. Has our melting pot been boiling too fast? Very well; let it simmer. Let us not, however, remove the ancient landmark. Let us not be so swept by the fires of bigotry or even by the glamour of industrialism that we fail to take note of men's souls. Those who have been prosperous and happy can never tell what divine gift may not be in the hands of those who have yearned and suffered. The Negro and the Jew, the Italian and the Pole — "inferior races", "scum of the earth" — exalted and uplifted, purified as we all must be, each brings something peculiar and eternal to the making of our country.

But, say we, they have not culture. No, they have not; none of us have. Those who think they have most are likely to be the most provincial in their outlook. I think I remember hearing Professor Kittredge remark

some years ago that culture is a by-product. We tabulate a certain number of facts, reflect upon a few ideas of our own, add a little religion, and incidentally it may be that after a while we impress those about us as — cultured. As a nation, however, we are still in the making, and when we have all so far to go it ill becomes any of us to scorn any man who is struggling toward the light.

Literature should be not only history but prophecy, not only the record of our striving but also the mirror of our hopes and dreams. Let us have the forward as well as the backward look. In England we speak of the new Liberalism of Lloyd George as distinct from the old Liberalism of Gladstone. Some such distinction needs to be made in our own country. The disfranchisement of any number or group of citizens, real or attempted, in the United States of America in the third decade of the twentieth century, is an anachronism. We may try to turn back the clock, but the hands of Time move inexorably forward. Let us be worthy of the new day.

The Negro himself as the irony of American civilization is the supreme challenge to American literature. Like Banquo's ghost he will not down. All faith and hope, all love and longing, all rapture and despair, look out from the eyes of this man who is ever with us and whom we never understand. Gentle as a child, he has also the strength of Hercules. The more we think we know him the more unfathomable he is. No wonder a well known senator who maligned the Negro felt that he was paralyzed because the race prayed that God might afflict him. No wonder is it that, submerged and enthralled, the Negro still rises from the depths to cast by his magic an irresistible spell over the American mind.

SUDDEN GOLD

By Pascal D'Angelo

I STAND nearby the pathway of the winds as they pass with
songs stolen from your lips,
Slowly the sky, bitten by the fangs of Night, bleeds in a wound
of gloom.
I hesitate, tremulously,
I hesitate in ecstasy.

And lo! you pass through the pathway of the breeze,
Your tresses are a blur of gold in the dusk —
Your tresses!
Your tresses are like a prairie in summer bloom
Where the beauty-loving eyes pasture their desires.

RELIGION AND THE THEATRE

By Kenneth Macgowan

With a Sketch by Robert Edmond Jones

FOR twenty years now there has been a great fuss going on about something called the new movement in the theatre. Craig, Appia, Reinhardt; Bakst, Urban, Jones; simplicity, suggestion, synthesis; *Drehbühne, pointillage, régisseur;* art theatre, little theatre, circus theatre — in spite of the confusion of such catchwords, it is hard to escape the belief that this ferment in the theatre means something. Something for life and from life; something for art and from art. Something immensely important to the sense of godhead in man which is life and art together, life and art fecundating one another.

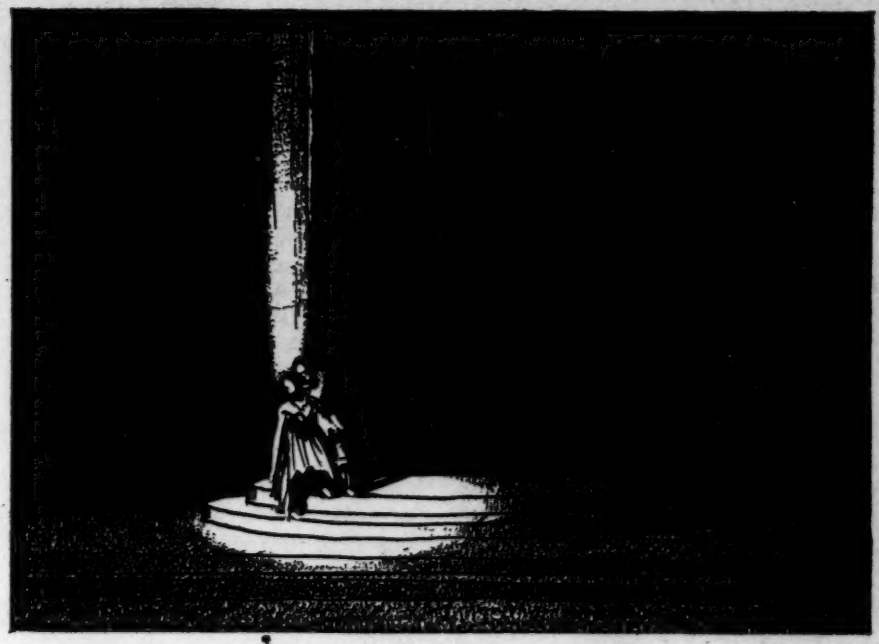
It seems peculiarly clear that the new forces in the theatre have been working toward a spiritual change far more novel, far more interesting, and naturally far more important than any of the technical changes which they have brought about.

The technical changes have been confusing. First this business of scenic designers and revolving stages and all manner of show and mechanism; and now the "naked stage", the permanent setting, abdication of the artist, scrapping of the machines, the actor alone on a podium or in a circus ring. All in the name of drama.

There is only one explanation. These changes have come as part of an attempt to restore the theatre to its old functions. They are two very extraordinary functions. One may be debauched into titillation, or may rise to that fulness of vitality, that excitation, upon which the second function of the theatre is based — the function of exaltation.

Between the old theatre, in which these functions worked as potently as they worked seldom, and the theatre in which they may work again, lay the theatre of realism. It was the product of a tremendous force, a force for evil as well as good — twentieth century science. Science made the theatre realistic and realism made the drama scientific. It ceased to be a show. It became a photograph. The drama was made "truer", but only in the sense that a photograph may be truer to fact than a drawing by Picasso. It achieved resemblance to life. And then it ceased to have excitement or exaltation, because excitement, in the vivid sense in which I use it here, is a most uncommon thing in modern life, and because exaltation is rare and hidden, showing seldom in outward relations. Both are too exceptional for realism.

The restoration of excitement to the theatre may appear to degrade it from the exact and austere report of life which realism demanded. But the thrill of movement and event is the element in the theatre which lifts our spirits to the point where exaltation is possible. The power of the theatre lies in just this ability to raise us to ecstasy through the love of vitality



A SETTING FOR "OTHELLO", DRAWN BY ROBERT EDMOND JONES

A sketch by Mr. Jones of a scene designed by Emil Pirchon for one of the radical productions of Leopold Jessner, director of the State Schauspielhaus in Berlin. In all his work, Jessner puts upon the stage some arrangement of steps or levels, which remains unchanged throughout the play. Here in "Othello" he uses shallow, curved steps leading to a low, oval platform in the centre, where he places various indications of setting. Behind is the cyclorama treated as a neutral boundary of space. In Act III, Scene 3, a towering column, its lower end sharpened like the point of a lead pencil, is seemingly driven into one end of the platform. Othello and Iago stand at the base.

IAGO: Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

This sketch by America's distinguished scene designer is one of some forty made during a tour of the theatrical capitals of Europe last summer with Kenneth Macgowan. Their observations will appear in a book, "Continental Stagecraft", to be published shortly.

which is the commonest sign of divinity in life. And when the theatre gives us ecstasy, what becomes of science? And who cares?

The new forces in the theatre have struggled more or less blindly toward this end. They have tried beauty, richness, novelty to win back excitement. They have only just begun to see that the liveliest excitation in the playhouse may come from the art of the actor and the art of the *régisseur* when they are stripped to the task of providing exaltation. Present the actor as an actor and the background as an honest material background, and you are ready for what glories the playwright and the peculiar genius of the theatre can provide. The drama is free again for its eternal task—the showing of the soul of life.

Just how much this may mean is perhaps the test of your belief in the theatre. It is the conviction of some

of us that there has resided in the theatre — and our hope that there may reside once more — something akin to the religious spirit. A definition of this spirit is difficult. It is certainly not religion. It goes behind religion. It is the exaltation of which formal creeds are a product. It is the vitality which informs life, and begets art. Out of the intensity of spiritual feeling which rises from the eternal processes of the universe, and in turn becomes conscious of them, the thing is born which made Greek tragedy noble, and which called drama back to life in the Middle Ages. Then it was the spirit of religion. Today we might call it the spirit of life.

Both consciously and unconsciously men of the theatre have sought to win back this exaltation. The latest attempt is in some ways the most daring and the most interesting. Max Reinhardt, leaving the playhouse altogether, has tried to find it in a wedding of the drama and the church. Before this is in print Reinhardt will have produced Calderon's mystic drama, "The Theatre of the World", under the high altar of the Collegien Kirche in Salzburg. It is impossible now to speak of how far he has been able to effect an æsthetic union between the handsome rococo edifice and the platform for his players; it is only possible to speculate on the spiritual feeling which spectators may gain through looking up at the actors from a flat floor instead of looking down upon them. I cannot speak of the actual presence of exaltation in the audience, but we can speculate together on the possibilities of winning back spiritual vitality for the drama by union with the church.

First of all, there comes the disquieting thought that the theatre presents the spectacle these days of a bird that lays eggs in other birds' nests. It isn't content with the one it has used for some centuries. It must go snooping about looking for a new haven for the drama. It tries the circus. It tries the ballroom. It shows us the Grosses Schauspielhaus in Berlin, and the Redoutensaal in the palace of Marie Theresa in Vienna. It even seems to have got a notion of laying its eggs on the fourth wall. As this wall was the only thing not thoroughly real in the realistic theatre, the result — the motion picture — is a bit of a scramble. And now the cuckoo theatre has its eye on the church.

A truer charge might be that the human animal has a perverse liking for novelty, but even that could be countered with the assertion that out of the stimulation of novelty, as out of almost any stimulation, man can make art — if he has it in him. As to that strange bird, the theatre, it has never had good homekeeping habits. It laid its eggs on Greek altars, and in mangers of Christian chapels. It nested in inn yards in England, and in tennis courts in France. The fact that the theatre has a habit of roaming is worth about as much in this discussion of its chance in the modern church, as the fact that it once found ecstasy by the Greek altar and never produced anything approaching dramatic literature while it was in the Christian church.

In the relation of the church and the theatre there seems to be a problem for Europe and a problem for America. The possibility of the two uniting appears much greater in Europe. Europe — particularly central and southern Europe, where Catholicism flourishes — holds far more of genuine religious spirit than does America. Moreover, the church there has the strength of tradition and of

art behind it. The æsthetic-emotional grip of the churches themselves, their architecture, their atmosphere, the sense of continuity that lives in them, grips men and women whose minds reject or ignore the authority of dogma. Even an American, cut off from the traditional side of this life, would feel a thrill in a drama in the Collegien Kirche in Salzburg or in the Cathedral of Chartres that no performance in a theatre could give him. The beauty of the ages would bless the drama in almost any European building except a theatre. But come to America and try to imagine "Everyman" in Trinity Church at the head of Wall Street, or "The Theatre of the World" in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, not to bring it down to the level of a Methodist meeting house. The theatre can always make religion more dramatic; witness the experiments of the Reverend William Norman Guthrie and Claude Bragdon with lighting and dance in St. Marks in the Bouwerie. But I do not think that any American church short of some Spanish Indian mission in the southwest can make the drama more religious.

For America — and, I suspect, for Europe, too — the problem is to find a way to the spirit independent of the church. It is not a question of producing plays in cathedrals but of producing the spirit of life in plays. It is not: Can religion make itself theatrical? but: Can the theatre make itself — in a new sense — religious?

If modern life, particularly the life of America, were spiritual in any degree, all this would be simple. Church and theatre would both minister — as neither of them does now — to the life of the spirit. America has no art and no religion which can make drama religious. America doesn't believe, in any deep sense. Science has shattered dogma, and formal religion has not been able to absorb an artistic or a philosophic spirit great enough to recreate the religious spirit in men.

The thing is still more difficult because there is nowhere in this country — unless, again, it is in the southwest — a sense of the age-long processes of life which are part of the soil and which leave their mark in men and women through the physical things that have always cradled them. In Europe even the cities hold this ancient and natural thing; they are shaped by man and time even as the fields and the hills are shaped by time and man. These cities bask and lie easy. There is a sense of long, slow growth in the very stones. In America, it is not only that our cities are new and brash. Our countryside is the same. Even our farmhouses stick out of the land like square boxes. As simple a house in Europe has a width that reconciles it with the sweep of the fields. The American farmhouse is a symbol of our separation from the soil. We are out of touch with the earthy vitality of life which might bring us at least a little sense of the eternal.

If the man of the theatre gives up the American church as a path to the spirit of life, and if he finds no religion in modernity from which to bring religion to the stage, what can he do? Is it possible that he can create spiritual affirmation in the people by creating it in the theatre? Can he see the vision himself, and if he sees it and embodies it, can it make over the people?

Clive Bell, writing in "Art", has described how such artists as William Blake and a very few others have reached the spiritual reality of existence — the thing we should call re-

ligion — directly, by pure intuition: "Some artists seem to have come at it by sheer force of imagination, unaided by anything without them; they have needed no material ladder to help them out of matter. They have spoken with reality as mind to mind."

Vision of this sort is so inordinately rare that it seems as though some other way must be found to open spiritual truth to the artist of the theatre. The only other way is through the deepest understanding of life itself. What can the artist find in American life to bring the vision? Nothing, surely, on the surface. Our architects have reached a more noteworthy expression than perhaps any of our painters, because they have somehow managed to identify themselves with a spirit of affirmation behind those industrial forms that our commercial imperialism presents to view in our men of position like Morgan and Ford, our periodicals like "The American Magazine" and "The Saturday Evening Post", our subways, our cigarette ads, our patent medicines, and our Kuppenheimer clothes.

The artist of the theatre who is to create ecstasy by finding it, must see deeper than the architects behind the sham of American life. He must grasp the Spirit of America in a meaning so extraordinary that the use we ordinarily make of that phrase will seem impossibly and blasphemously cheap. We have hints of what the artist must see and understand in Sandburg's sense of Chicago, in Vachel Lindsay's sense of the middle west, in Waldo Frank's sense of New Mexico.

When theatrical genius has grasped the truth of America, it must be his business to make of himself and his theatre a magnifying glass for the rest of his fellows. What he has been able to seize by sheer intuition, he must put in such form that it can seize all America. It is the hope of the theatre that it can make the vision of one man become the vision of many.

There is no reason why a man of the theatre should not have the vision; it has come to other artists. They have been able to transfer some share of it to the sensitive, the developed, the intellectual. The artist of the theatre can perhaps transfer it to millions, to the uneducated and the dull, as well as to the receptive. In the theatre he has a very extraordinary instrument. It is the art nearest to life; its material is almost life itself. This physical identity which it has with our very existence is the thing that can enable the artist to visualize with amazing intensity a religious spirit of which he has sensed only the faintest indications in life. He can create a world which shines with exaltation and which seems — as it indeed is — a world of reality. He can give the religious spirit the pervading presence in the theatre which it once had in the life of the Greeks and of the people of the Middle Ages. And when men and women see eternal spirit in such a form, who can say that they will not take it to them?

IS THE WEST WILD AND WOOLLY?

By Richard Burton

With a Sketch by Reginald Marsh

IN an interesting novel by F. and E. Brett Young, "Undergrowth", the authors put in the mouth of a man who is describing life in a mine among the Welsh mountains, the following words: "The condition of this place would disgrace the west of America. It is intolerable in a civilized country." This voices a common, still current British view of western America. I suspect this attitude is at the bottom of the frenzied welcome awarded in London to Buffalo Bill in full cowboy rig, or to Joaquin Miller in equally picturesque habiliments. Mark Twain at Oxford, in the famous white suit, carried on the tradition. Possibly this also serves to explain in part that Walt Whitman with rolling Byronic collar and hairy chest exposed, was appreciated in England long before he was in New York. The British want their Americans in native costume, not palely regular; and must have experienced a grieved astonishment in the presence of such thoroughbreds as Lowell and Holmes. And perhaps Mr. Drinkwater's mind finding Vachel Lindsay our most interesting poet, has in it a tinge of the same feeling.

Nor is the same view and tendency unfamiliar in the mouths of easterners who look toward the setting sun, and have never, in their own phrase, "been west of Buffalo". It is a damaging confession; but when, an easterner born and bred, and entirely innocent of any western experience, I went in 1898 to reside in Minneapolis, I had the notion that Chicago was primarily an emporium for pigs, and "points west" of it, a peg or so worse. I imagined that, in the language of Richard Harding Davis, "anything outside New York, was camping out". When therefore I boarded a Twin City train at Chicago, to find more luxury for the same money than I had ever known in my life (I was brought up on the New York, New Haven road), my instruction had begun. I had expected crudity; I found the very latest word in all the appliances and applications of civilized comfort. I anticipated a mysterious type of citizen, differing from the easterner as known to me: I found a transplanted easterner, broader than his former setting, that was all.

And in the things of the mind and the spirit, I could not for the life of me see any fundamental distinction between the east and the west, despite Kipling's "And never the twain shall meet". The whole west, since tramped up and down by me times innumerable, might appear to be commercial, yes; but for that matter, so is the east, my friend. The difference between the two today resides mostly in the brain of those who hang on to the traditional idea and shut their eyes to, or do not open them upon, the facts. One day in Cheyenne, Wyoming, I witnessed a cowboy show and

tried my best to feel I was getting something far western that smacked of the soil. But, try as I might, the hotel where I got my lunch was so confoundedly New Yorky, and the whole affair so reminiscent of Barnum and Bailey's circus right in the Madison Square Garden, that it made me blue. If you want exotics (to say nothing of erotics and neurotics), better try Gotham. Doubtless, once upon a time miners and cowboys, the bad men of the plains and the men with bark on, made the western regions picturesque. Indians were active on the war trail, and wild animals showed up in the open. But now, with all the good will in the world to find that wild and woolliness that delighted my youthful dreams, I am doomed to tameness and disappointment. I hate to say it, but the west conforms, is civilized. Often it is more truly conservative than the east; certainly it is so in the matter of religion, for example.

Here is a point, to be taken for what it is worth. Lecturers, according to demand, give single talks or courses (handling some subject in a series). Naturally, the latter means a more organic treatment. My experience is, that the course is asked for in the west five times to once in the east. One might blithely remark that this simply indicates more sophistication; but at least, it suggests seriousness in the pursuit of supposed knowledge. "Serious" is just the word I want: in all its educational methods and ideals the west takes literature seriously, in comparison. If this be Philistine, so be it. But as a teacher of literature for many years in a large western university, I will merely testify that the response is so eager, quick, and cordial as to be very wine to the teacher's heart. It makes the attempt to induce a love of books positively thrilling, an adventure rather than a task. If the hour is up, they say, "Go on." If a class has been missed, they ask you to make it up. Such miracles are not duplicated in the east, in my observation. Whatever the explanation, this attitude is unmistakable. And infinitely less is the tendency to shrug the shoulder at outworn worthies like the Longfellows and the Lowells; they are still respected, even revered. Charmingly unworldly, is it not? It makes me think of what the late Charles Frohman once said about an unspoiled young leading man: "He doesn't yet know how wrong it is to do right." This quite catches the Broadway pose. The way western young folk go after belles lettres (and this, mind you, in an age when the utilitarian, vocational, practical, and commercial are dominant in educational ideals) almost suggests that the support of literature in the future will come from those parts. In fairness, it should be added that eighty per cent of these young people are women. As I said in an earlier paper, not in the west alone but all over the United States women keep letters alive by their interest and patronage. A woman's club will pay you a hundred dollars or so to discuss some literary topic: a man's dinner club will politely invite you to do it, gratis, at the table, as a welcome guest. It's a delightful thing to do — if you can afford it. But money talks, and you talk for money; hence your audiences are mostly feminine. A lecturer, like other people, has to live — or board.

Last May, being in San Diego, I went over the Mexican line to Tia Juana, because of rumors that it was a really "tough" town, wide open and high colored; I pathetically wanted to "see

Sketched by Reginald Marsh

The "Woolly" West

the sights" for an hour. I stopped just twenty minutes, that was quite enough. It was the meekest, measliest round up of alleged sinners I ever encountered. Drinking places, gambling dens, dance halls were doing business to be sure; but, dear heaven, it was so slow, so apologetic and shamefaced — so *imported!* I should think a week there would mean death from ennui. The fellows who dealt faro cards or spun the roulette balls looked like deacons and acted that way. The women, of assorted colors, seemed to me like servant girls in a cheap masquerade. San Diego looked very attractive on my return. Wickedness in Tia Juana was about as lively as tea and toast. The Mexican village was a superb illustration of the Puritan idea of taking your pleasures with a drooping spirit.

And when you come to literature, it is the same, more or less. Neche is the name of a tiny settlement up on the border of North Dakota; ride a mile or so and you go over the border into Manitoba. Walk west and you feel exactly as if you would run into and be burned by the sunset — the plain is so level and long stretching. Outside the little schoolhouse where I was to hold forth on Ibsen, I fell in with a farmer-looking man who engaged me in conversation on the Norwegian dramatist, a fellow countryman. He knew more about Ibsen from reading him in the original, not reading *about* him in English, than anybody I have met before or since. Before we had finished, I came near to offering him half my fee not to hear me.

They are much more likely to hire me to talk on "The New Poetry" in Fargo than in Hartford, Connecticut; if you are skeptical, offer the subject in both places. Eagerness to be instructed, a hectic desire to get into the intellectual and æsthetic swim, may be disposed of by calling it naïveté, but it is better and more heartwarming than the blasé indifference to such things. The east inclines to write literature with a lower case letter, and regard it as largely the writing mistakes of humans; the west writes Literature, capital letter, and idealizes its practitioners — which is pleasant, deny it who will.

It is curious, but the one trait anticipated by me in the west was a cocksure self sufficiency, a complacent assumption that "we are the people". Exactly the contrary is true: the westerner is of all men most modest, humble minded, and unassertive. He instinctively kowtows to the east; you would take him for a Mohammedan. The less he knows about it, save by hearsay, the more he believes that everything there is, for some subtle reason, better than his own. (The Pacific coast is an exception, a law unto itself, and must be studied later.) A second-rate eastern author fares far better than his deserts in the west, for this reason, *qua* easterner, just as a second-rate British author does in the American east. It's a funny spectacle. If a truly talented western writer wishes to make good at home, he must somehow get the eastern cachet; then it's easy sailing, his own people will receive him. This serves to explain the tendency of the rising young westerner to "go east, young man"; he needs the New York verdict in his business. Sit down and make out a list of able fictionists, essayists, poets, dramatists, and see how true this is; the west wins, hands down. Only, the westerner often thinks it necessary to hide his tracks. But luckily, his *works* betray him!

One runs into isolated facts that

seem to squint the other way: in an important large city of the west, the leading man's club has no library and never a book, save the telephone book. Yet cultured Richmond has no public library. Anomalies like this can be pointed out. But I am striving to register a general impression based on a long scrutiny of phenomena over a vast area, and the conclusion is irresistible: the "wild and woolly" charge is today a myth. The "wildness" is not roughness, but impatience with petty rules, the "woolliness" a matter of clothing, not brains. The west may get its intellectual clothes readymade, if you like; but they *fit* well — which is not always true of those made to order — especially in London.

THE HOUSE

By Conrad Aiken

WHEN the tree bares, the music of it changes:
Hard and keen is the sound, long and mournful;
Pale are the poplar boughs in the evening light
Above my house, against a slate-cold cloud.
When the house ages and the tenants leave it,
Cricket sings in the tall grass by the threshold;
Spider, by the cold mantel, hangs his web.
Here, in a hundred years from that clear season
When first I came here bearing lights and music,
To this old ghostly house my ghost will come,
Pause in the half-light, turn by the poplar, glide
Above tall grasses through the broken door.
Who will say that he saw — or the dusk deceived him —
A mist with hands of mist blow down from the tree
And open the door and enter and close it after?
Who will say that he saw, as midnight struck
Its tremulous golden twelve, a light in the window,
And first heard music, as of an old piano,
Music remote, as if it came from the earth,
Far down; and then, in the silence, eager voices?
"Houses grow old and die, houses have ghosts,
Once in a hundred years we return, old house,
And live once more. . . ." And then the ancient answer,
In a voice not human, but more like creak of boards
Or rattle of panes in the wind — "Not as the owner,
But as a guest you come, to fires not lit
By hands of yours. . . . Through these long-silent chambers
Move slowly, turn, return, and bring once more
Your lights and music. It will be good to talk."

O. HENRY, PLAYWRIGHT

By Alexander Woollcott

WHEN, if ever, they call for a new edition of that amiable biography of O. Henry by C. Alphonso Smith, there should be added a chapter about his adventures as a playwright. To be sure, in the final stretch of this official history of Sydney Porter, the recording professor does say parenthetically: "Plans for a novel and a play were also much in his mind at this time, but no progress was made in actual construction." Nothing, however, is vouchsafed as to what that play was, how it got into the aforesaid mind in the first place, and why it never came out. It never did come out, for as a playwright O. Henry was a little brother to that forlorn fellow who figures in Augustus Thomas's reminiscences and whose successive lodgings in New York were always traceable by stray bits of manuscript which had never progressed beyond the brave beginning: "Act One, Scene One: A Ruined Garden." To that family of dramatists O. Henry belonged. It was a large family. It still is.

This is really George Tyler's story. He is one of those managers who are ever and always exploring for playwrights and players where no one else has looked. His ardor has always been addressed to the task of growing a dramatist where only a novelist grew before. He and Kipling, for instance, have spent unchronicled hours in conference over a Mulvaney play. But that is another story. Tyler would, I think, derive more heartwarming satisfaction out of extracting four acts from some reluctant teller of tales, than out of any contract he could sign with the most tested and chronically successful dramatist of the day. And just as the late Charles Frohman, by an incorrigible and disarming doggedness, finally badgered the bewildered Barrie into writing for the theatre, so Tyler hoped to make a playwright of O. Henry. He never encountered him on a street corner or dropped him a note about one of his stories without nagging him to try his hand at a play.

Every O. Henry story naturally prompted such a hope. Every one of them fairly tingled with the stuff of which plays are made; and much of that stuff, rented or borrowed or blandly stolen, has since found its way into theatres all over the world. But it was so much easier to write a story, and for a while the Tyler blandishments had no visible effect. The drowsy dramatist that is probably in all of us and that was certainly in O. Henry, stirred uneasily in response to the Tyler proddings, but never really wakened.

O. Henry's connection with the theatre had been slight and discouraging. He had, in a needy moment, written the libretto of a musical comedy called "Lo", for which Franklin P. Adams ingenuously fashioned the lyrics and A. Baldwin Sloane the music — a promising but impractical triumvirate whose first and only effort started boldly out from Chicago, wandered erratically around the middle

west for fourteen weeks, and then died somewhere, alone, neglected, and unsung. New York never saw it and neither, for that matter, did O. Henry.

Then, in a sudden fit of industry, he drew up a scenario for a comedy, perhaps with the solemn intention of writing it, but more probably in the hope that it would impress the importunate Tyler and lead to a small advance of cash. Indeed, there is still in existence the back of an envelope which served as a ledger wherein were noted the sums, amounting in all to more than $1,200, that were doled out to O. Henry to keep his spirits up and in the faint hope that he might actually get around some day to writing that comedy.

The stories O. Henry wrote, their abundance and their spasmodic unevenness, can never be understood by one who does not keep in mind the fact that he was chronically penniless and forever dashing off pieces either to quiet some editor who had lent him money or to extract himself from pawn at some hotel. This continuous pauperism is usually explained in one of two ways, either that he tossed largess right and left like some latter day Robin Hood or that his pockets were continuously drained by blackmailers whose silence was necessary to his peace. But really no explanation is urgent, for O. Henry earned comparatively little money even in his most successful years and the great sums which his works eventually brought did not begin to stream in until after his death.

It was from such a fellow that Tyler received at last the somewhat cloudy scenario of a comedy to be based on "The World and the Door", a story which appears now as the first one in the posthumous collection called "Whirligigs". The story has as its setting one of those little lazy colonies of expatriates in South America — the wistful colonies of which every member has a good legal reason for not returning to the United States. O. Henry had seen them at close range in the unhappy years when he and the Jennings brothers were themselves fugitives from justice. "The World and the Door" spins a romance between a New Yorker who had shot down a fellow roisterer in a drunken brawl and a lovely woman who had given aconite to her husband and left hurriedly for foreign parts. The tale reaches its acute crisis when the two fugitives discover that neither victim has died and that both of them are free to abandon romance and return to civilization. From that story the scenario was made and set aside to simmer.

Then one Sunday morning, at a time when H. B. Warner, a Tyler star, was involved in a moribund entertainment that was sinking rapidly out in Chicago, in walked Tyler's father all aglow over a new volume of O. Henry stories. It contained the yarn which every one knows as "A Retrieved Reformation". I find that when, from time to time, polls are solemnly opened to decide which was the best of all he wrote, the vote goes either to that fragment, so Dickensy in its flavor, "An Unfinished Story", or to that rarer and more delicate work, "A Municipal Report". (My own choice would always be for "The Skylight Room".) But I suppose there is no doubt that "A Retrieved Reformation" is the most widely known of all the tales O. Henry told. It is the story of Jimmy Valentine, ex-convict and retired safe cracker, who, having reformed and settled down as a bank cashier, has so artfully builded his alias that the pursuing detective can-

not prove the identity. Just in the moment when he is turning away, baffled, panic word is rushed in that a child has been locked by accident in the bank's new vault, a child sure to die of suffocation unless, by some miracle, there can be found in time one of the half dozen men in the world so expert in safe cracking that, with eyes blindfolded and fingers sensitized, they can decipher any combination. Of course the heroic Valentine must volunteer his buried talent and, by his success at it, confess the suspected identity. And of course, since O. Henry was a spinner of fairy tales, the detective does not laugh cynically and arrest the lad, but bursts instead into affecting tears and goes pensively away forever.

Tyler read that story, shut the book with a snap and began telegraphing hotly in every direction. Out in Chicago was Warner needing a new play as a drooping flower needs water. Then one wire went to O. Henry, offering $500 for the dramatic rights. The offer was accepted with pathetic promptitude, first by wire and then by the following letter:

Asheville, N. C., *October* 23, 1909.
Mr. George C. Tyler
Liebler & Co.
N. Y. City.

MY DEAR MR. TYLER: I hereby transfer to you the entire dramatic rights of the story you write me about — the title is "A Retrieved Reformation". I am glad to be able to hand you over anything that you might be able to use.

But I want you to let the $500 that I owe you still remain owing, for I am going to write that play yet and soon. I've been in bad shape for a long time, both as to writing and refunding. I'm wrestling with a bad case of neurasthenia (so the doctor says), but I'm getting back into good shape again. I am living about six miles out of Asheville and spend most of the time climbing hills and living out-of-doors. I have knocked off 20 pounds weight. I eat like a drayman and don't know what booze tastes like. In fact, I'll be better than ever in another week or two.

I got out the scenario of "The World and the Door" some days ago and began to plan out the acts and scenes. I'll surprise you with it as soon as I get down to hard work.

I deeply appreciate your leniency and kindness and intend to "come up to scratch" yet with the goods.

So, the dramatic rights of the "Retrieved Reformation" are yours and if you strike another story you like take it too.

In the meantime, I owe you $500, am going to pay it and remain

Sincerely yours

SYDNEY PORTER.

P. S. If you want a more formal assignment of the rights of the story, send on the papers and I will sign 'em.

Tyler then sent for Paul Armstrong, a wise old artisan of the theatre, who could be counted on to turn the story into a play without spilling anything, and who could also be expected to do it quickly, as he too was probably without funds. Armstrong read the story, agreed to try his hand at it, and vanished. It turned out later that he had been locked up in a room at the Hotel Algonquin, but for a week there was no signal from him and it was upon an impresario fuming with impatience and uneasiness that he sauntered nonchalantly in at the end of that week. Tyler launched at once on a burning speech in which he gave his opinion of Broadway as a habitat for men who thought they were playwrights, his opinion of the faithless and the irresponsible denizens of that territory, and his opinion of his own bitter and thankless job, which, he said, he was minded to forsake then and there in favor of farming. Which oration Armstrong interrupted by producing from his ulster the completed four act manuscript of a melodrama, the first of the crook plays, "Alias Jimmy Valentine". The next day they were all on their way to Chicago and eleven days later the piece was produced there. Within

three weeks, therefore, after Tyler first read "A Retrieved Reformation", its dramatization began a run which was to make reputations for some people and fortunes for others; which was to tweak and tantalize playgoers all over America, England, France, Spain, and South Africa; and which was to breed a very epidemic of plays in which no self respecting protagonist would think of approaching the first act without a neat murder or at least a bank robbery to his credit.

I often think how much it adds to a playgoer's interest in a piece to know something of the manner in which it came to be written, something of the source of its incident and its viewpoint, something, that is, of its own biography. Consider those first nighters in Chicago who encountered Jimmy Valentine in the Sing Sing scene, met with him the sorry procession of prison types and finally followed him in his precarious flight into respectability. How they would have gaped had they known (and probably not more than one or two of them even guessed) that this, in a sense, was O. Henry's own story, that he too had been a convicted felon, that he had come to know the original of Jimmy Valentine when they were both in prison together in Ohio, and that at that very time he, like Jimmy, was building with his own hands a new identity in a new world.

If this missing chapter ever does find its way into the O. Henry biography, there ought, I suppose, to be a footnote about the actress picked up out of space to play the leading feminine rôle. For "Alias Jimmy Valentine", that company of Warner's out in Chicago would do well enough. But the cast of the play required a new leading woman. Someone mentioned casually that there was a promising newcomer to be seen that very afternoon in a special matinée somewhere on Broadway. Tyler dropped in, took one look, and engaged her forthwith — a lovely, droll, wide eyed young actress who had just come in out of the provinces and who was already footsore from her weary rounds of the managers' offices in an effort to persuade someone that she knew how to act. Her name was Laurette Taylor.

But that IS a footnote. And "Alias Jimmy Valentine" itself is important in the story of O. Henry as a playwright only because it yielded Paul Armstrong something like $100,000 while it yielded O. Henry, whose idea it had been, nothing like that at all. He made just $500 out of it. This painful discrepancy was something which the guileful Tyler meant that O. Henry should not be allowed to forget. Every week, when the official copy of the box office statement went through the mails to Armstrong as a matter of routine, a duplicate copy was mailed to O. Henry. It was, of course, a lean time in which Armstrong did not receive each week more for writing the play than O. Henry received all told for having invented it. After a little succession of such weekly reminders, the wear and tear upon O. Henry's spirits became visible.

Witness this letter which arrived in New York early in 1910:

Asheville, N. C.
Monday

MY DEAR MR. TYLER,

I had expected to be in N. Y. before this but I am not. I have been putting in all my time getting in good shape for future campaigns, and doing practically no work at all. Have entirely recovered my health and feel fine and fit. I have done barely enough writing to keep the possum from the door since I've been down here, but I think I have gained greatly thereby.

Got a little proposition to make to you. If you'll advance me $500, I'll come at once to N. Y., establish myself in some quiet rural spot of the metropolis known

only to yourself and your emissaries and get to work and finish a play. I will not let my whereabouts or even the fact that I am in the city be known to anyone but you; and I will give all my time and energy to the play.

As collateral, I can only make over to you the dramatic rights of all my stories until the work is done. The new play "Alias J. V." has inspired me to believe I can do something for both of us.

If you will do this, let me know immediately and I will come.

Of course if you don't care to do it, it won't affect our future relations. But I want to get in the game, and I'll stick to you *exclusively* until we try it out.

Yours as ever

SYDNEY PORTER.

c/o Jas. S. Coleman.

The answer to this seems to have been cautious and conditional, for further explanations soon started north as follows:

Asheville, N. C., 1/25 '10.

MY DEAR MR. TYLER:

I will be brief. Why I want the money in a lump sum is to make a getaway quick. Your proposition is better than mine, but it lacks the hastiness and expedition necessary to a big theatrical success. As I told you I have been busy down here for about four months getting rid of cirrhosis of the liver, fatty degeneration of the heart and neurasthenia — none of which troubles I have ever had. But I was about as nervous and reflex-actiony as the hind-leg of a frog as shown in the magazine-section of almost any Sunday newspaper. The country and the mountains have been worth more to me than money — I am almost as strong and tough as a suffragette.

But I have (by order of the Old Doctor) avoided work gladly and cheerfully. Consequently I have as much money on hand as was left lying around the box office at the last performance of "Lo".

Now, suppose we have a few moments conversation as heart-to-heart as an editorial on chicken-salad in the Ladies' Home Journal by Edward Everett Hale.

I owe something in the neighborhood of $500 down here that should and shall be paid before the obsequious porter of the So. Ry. Co. can have the opportunity of brushing the soot off the window sill of Mr. Pullman's car onto the left knee of my new trousers. I'm not after money now — it's transportation, transposition and a chance that I want. I can work the proposition out in the short story line: but it's slow, Colonel, slow. I want to get into the real game, and I'll stake my reputation as the best short story writer within a radius of Asheville that we can pull it off.

Here's what I need in order to start things going.

I've got to pay up everything here and leave a small bunch of collateral with my long-suffering family to enable them to purchase the usual cuisine of persimmons and rabbits for a while.

I will do this.

If you will send me the necessary sinews, I will start for N. Y. on Wednesday or Thursday of next week. I will, on arrival, secure a room or two with privilege of bath 3 flights above, and 'phone you the next morning. Thenceforth I am yours and Mr. Ford's until results have been accomplished. I will place all my time at your disposal until the play is finished. My proposition is not unselfish — I expect to make it profitable to myself as well as to you.

Proviso —

Don't give it away to any magazine, or anybody else, that I am there. I will be in retirement and working for you as long as may be necessary. My mail will be sent here as it has been, and forwarded there. My family will remain here during the Summer. They seem to like the idea of my returning to N. Y., although I have been reasonably kind to them.

Now, listen.

You know how much "front" counts. I'm not afraid of N. Y. police or editors: but if I arrive there in a linen suit, pith helmet and tennis shoes what would Big Bill Edwards do to me but shovel me into a cart and dump me into East River?

So get busy with your telegraph blanks. Send me $750 *by wire* when you get this and I'll strike N. Y. Thursday at the latest. I've got to have some margin, and you'll get my exclusive services thereby. Take another chance. You can't lose.

I am enclosing as a rather poor collateral the rights to my stories.

I hate to make any new dickers with the magazine people and that's why I put the matter so strenuously up to you. I know now how much better (financially) the stage business is: — thanks to you.

Tell Oom Paul Armstrong that I hope he'll crack the safe for all it's worth in "Alias Jimmy". I got the press notices that you had sent me.

I'm awfully sorry to have to come back to town and write a better play than Mr. Armstrong has — but I need the money — he won't mind.

With best regards

SYDNEY PORTER.

c/o Jas. S. Coleman.

P. S. To summarize — $750 — by wire — not by an A. D. T. — satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

This appears to have been followed breathlessly by a telegram which read thus:

LIKE TO HAVE FUNDS DO WIRE TODAY WILL POSITIVELY BE THERE ON TIME HAVE CUT OUT SPENDING AND CHIANTI S P

Tyler seems to have thought it wisest to send only a part of the sum demanded and to do that by mail. By the end of February this glowing message came up from Asheville:

WILL ARRIVE AT NOON MONDAY IF FOUR HUNDRED WIRED TODAY EXCLUSIVE WORK GUARANTEED UNTIL SATISFACTORY RESULTS SYDNEY PORTER

And this was followed by one even more urgent:

WIRE BALANCE AM WAITING AT THE DEPOT PORTER

So Tyler wired the balance, but the promised phone message from the modest and secluded lodgings never came. The first tidings came from a hospital, to which O. Henry had been taken mortally ill with pneumonia. He had received the money, retained the margin, and started north. But once he had found himself at the gates of Bagdad, he had stood wide eyed for a moment and then drifted happily off among the bazaars, stumbled on some old cronies, and given himself over to celebration of his return from exile. Tyler never saw him again. And the great American play — "The World and the Door", a comedy in three acts by the author of "The Four Million" — was never written.

DE PAUW UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

SON OF ADAM

By Lee Wilson Dodd

SO, having lived less wisely than I meant,
Having made songs less lovely than I dreamed,
Having done much evil with a pure intent,
And, courting inspiration, crawled and schemed
For slight advantages and broken spoil:
So — shall I bend my forehead to the dust,
Alone, oblivious of the world's turmoil,
And pray for grace to die, since die I must?

Or, rather, shall I stumble on till death
Quiets my stammering brain and wavering will,
Cowed not by shame nor bullied by regret;
Stumble, aware of stumbling, to fulfil
The secret purpose of my being and breath?
— Yes. For, thank God, I am not contrite — yet.

THE LITERARY SPOTLIGHT

XIII: FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

With a Caricature by William Gropper

THE Victorian Age has embedded itself so firmly in the strata of history, that our feeling toward it is already kindly. We have already begun to sense the quaintness of black walnut and lambrequin and horsehair; the bustle is already a property of fancy dress. And, though no generation has more than pity for its own fathers, we are actually delighted (thanks to the grandparent tradition and the essays of Lytton Strachey) when we come upon one of our surviving few Victorians who lie amid the tumultuous uncongeniality of these times like glacial boulders left behind by their glacier. Such a one should Frances Hodgson Burnett be; such a one, most properly, she is.

Quite possibly the best end of life is to live long enough. So one becomes a piece in a museum and attains to fame and protection simultaneously. Mrs. Burnett's position in our world is of this nature. Protected from our foolish development of her period, she is famously (and successfully) able to preserve all that make-the-best-of-things handsomeness of the precise and optimistic literary 'nineties. The benign self sufficiency of the real British *fin de siècle* — not the flurries of Wilde or even Gilbert but the palmy days of "the late Poet Laureate" and of the sensation over "Robert Elsmere" — is hers. Perfectly she has retained all of its pomp and meaning and security. She might still be capable of wondering how soon this Hardy fellow will have done with writing such unpleasant novels. She will tell you in so many words that, when she was last in England, just before the war, "people weren't really much interested in Mr. Conrad". She is a living symbol of the Jubilee and she looks back upon a serene youth from old age.

She is a late Victorian Titaness and her security is immense. Those who dug for her the well of her imaginative tradition had sure divining rods. They gave little heed to truth or beauty or individuality, but they knew, those respectably successful late Victorians, the fundamental and triumphal importance of a distinguished mediocrity. And, comprehending this, they forged the Burnett formula soundly and wove the texture of her quality of such material as does not shrink or fade.

She has never for one instant deviated from the course they laid for her, never once risked the chance that might have divided the house of her writing against itself. They were precise and optimistic supermen. She believed in them back in their 'nineties and she still believes. Wherefore she is willingly high priestess of their omnipotent cult of the second-rate. Wherefore, in her elegantly furnished shrine, she can perform her offices to capacity audiences.

She is a personage with whom we

Sketched by William Gropper

Frances Hodgson Burnett

are obliged to reckon. Her importance may not be very real nor in any sense enduring, but it remains too impressive to be ignored. Certainly few writers now are able to boast (as she not infrequently does boast) of publics so large or so loyal as hers. She stands the literary empress of hordes upon hordes of readers who love her books over the face of the earth in a round dozen of their varied languages. The princes of the theatre and the press kneel on her doormat and, when she sends them away, come back to plead anew and meet with fresh rebuff and to pray for an ultimate, proud yielding to the temptations of their illimitable advance payments. She is, be it reiterated, no ordinary parent of best sellers. Because she has never shocked the world, never astonished or inspired it, never ridiculed it nor made it indignant with itself, nor embarrassed it with any inkling of its own reality, but always fondled it and coddled it, the world adores her. The world and its publishers, for her career has proven a Bonanza to those who have printed its ore.

All of this she has accomplished through fifty years and more of unceasing effort to rise above a very humble initial obscurity. Manchester begat her. London trained her. The capitals of Europe nourished her. God's Country rewarded her. She has never made an error, never missed a trick. It has been, of its sort, perfection. And she has erected more than her position. She is the architect and builder of herself, otherwise and socially. That, if you please, is extraordinary achievement.

To be sure, she has the creative energy of the attested *Grande Dame*, than which nature holds no force more awful. She has creatively passed her allotted three score and ten of winters, and she is still able to compose, upon petition of her publishers, a novel of such length that it had to be halved into two decks. She could, furthermore, put into it such savagery of denunciation of the Hun that her thoroughly patriotic exploiters cried for the quality of mercy. And she wrote it of such metal that it came into the world a best seller.

All this she can do and she asks no justification of her eminence. She has long since fabricated a mythology to the measure of her godhead, and that is the mainspring of her very convincing magnificence. She gloats over the praises of letter writing nincompoops and effaces the existence of critics. She extracts personal flattery from the reports of the weather bureau and she issues from the refuge of her mesmerized sycophants proclaiming her potboilers to be masterpieces. She deems herself a substance in a universe of eiderdown and she complacently pronounces the benediction upon authentic genius. She never quite considers mankind, for she knows nothing of it. Neither does she quite ignore it. It is, after all, her public, and, though she be feudally separate from her reader, she is feudally conscious of his existence. She pictures herself as one of the profound interpreters of humanity, as mistress of an illimitable dominion of her own creation. A sea of faces looks up to this image she has fashioned in her own likeness, a storm of voices cries for more and more. More and more she gives of the same milk and water from the same well, and small wonder. They cannot get enough.

Spiritual Sandow that she has made herself, however, she is not unintelligent and she must know the true from the fictitious. She has shattered all the mirrors which might betray her

to herself, but she must realize that she has written her one book more times than it need have been written and that her Tembaroms, her Nigel Anstruthers, her Fauntleroys, and Sara Crewes are no better than bright eyed puppets of a fallacious theatre. She must recognize that her Tudor Halls contain no plumbing and that no vitality breathes through her sentiment bedraggled slums. She must know for, ignoring knowledge, she had had no need of such elaboration of her defenses.

Her characters are types who talk, each of them like every other one. They are witty, indignant, and emotional to the same platitudinous strain in the same conventionalized wall paper of a plot. Her heroes smoke pipes but rarely use a big, big D. Her platonic heroines very occasionally demean themselves to realities and then only to such acceptable realities as a touch of housework, ill health, nourishment, and, perhaps, the bearing of offspring. Possibly excepting the novels of F. Marion Crawford, hers win the brown derby for the repetitiveness of them and for their fatuity.

She is the author of some of the most widely read children's books of all time and her estimate of adults seems to jibe very well with the axiom that "men are nothing but little boys grown up". Her philosophy has never recovered from the thrill of putting its hair on top of its head. For the purposes of her fiction she considers human beings as we have been taught to consider a certain notorious little girl. When they are good they are pretty apt to be terrific and when they are bad they are even less actual.

All this is true, but what of it? She is one who has always had nothing to say and has always said it at great length, and the charm of her written style is undeniable. Her sense of plot may be a rubber stamp; her Fauntleroy, her Tembarom, and her Donal may too much resemble one another. We have got accustomed to her treatment and her method. Her touch is heavy, but it is also comfortable and soft. She can fatten a situation beyond the limits of credibility and never for one clause touch reality. She can describe a room for pages upon end and give you not a single characterizing detail. She can be infinitely thorough going and get nothing done. But what of it? She is discursive because she never plans. She just writes and writes. She has never printed a single sentence which could have disturbed any reader (other than an artist) and that is the secret of her success. She has soothed a whole universe and her lullaby of mediocrity is as comfortable a song as you will find. Two nations claim her, and this one lists her among its twelve great of her sex. But she knows. She knows. Nevertheless her fame is nice and clean, very successful and very securely immune, and she admits nothing. If she were not so much of a lady, she could well afford to thumb her nose.

For herself she endows her suburban real estate with manorial dignity by the simple expedient of christening it after the adjacent station of the railroad. She despises Bernard Shaw for his insincerity and adores titles and palatial mansions and all the panoply of aristocracy and snobbery. She will read no newspaper because the politics of the day disgusts her with its corruption; she will see no play which strikes no "helpful" note; and she lately proclaimed that the acting of Sidney Blackmer had renewed her faith in the theatre.

She is devoted to osteopathy, the *beau monde*, and solid food with

relishes on the side. She recounts interminable and anæsthetic reminiscences. She is insufferably rude because rudeness seems to her the prerogative of her majesty. She believes only in herself and in her masters and her books, and she will tell you modestly how publisher and manager fight for her services. She throws humor and self consciousness to the winds together for she has no need of them. She crowns her venerable head with the coiffure of a Titian of twenty and arrays her body in sky blue, plumes and wampum. All this and more she does and, as they say, gets away with, because she is she, invulnerable and mighty and inspiring of considerable awe.

And she is right. That is the thing about her: her reasonable and absolutely unquestionable rightness. How else could it have worked so efficiently for so long a while? They who taught her were right and no more apt pupil ever came to their hands. Out of Manchester in the English Midlands she came to patronize the New World from the Olympus of her own building. She has finally and forever justified the formula of the 'nineties. Alas, that the lettered world of our day should so completely lack such blessed security!

"I was driving down the Strand"—you hear her say it, her soft lisping speech, her British throatiness, her fragile cough. "The Strand . . . ahem! That is a street in London, you remember? . . . And I glanced out of my brougham . . . ahem! I always kept my brougham while I stayed in London. . . . I glanced out into the fog and I saw those . . . how do you call them? . . . sandwich men? Yes . . . ahem! . . . I saw those sandwich men and on their backs I read the words, 'Death of the Duke of Clarence'. And I thought, 'Dear me! Whom will the Princess Mary marry now?'" Fortunate English queen and Indian empress that once this sterling late Victorian heart bled for her!

Mr. Hazlitt turned the phrase in honor of one Gifford who was a critic of his day. "A happy combination of defects, natural and acquired." But secure . . . secure . . .

THE FAITHFUL

By Anne Stoddard

YOU are with me in the night watches,
None so faithful as you.
With every breath I feel the weight of your hand
Upon my swollen heart.
O rarely, rarely do you leave me,
Rarely lift the hand that measures my heartbeats.
Not like my lover are you
For he has forsaken me.
You are closer than a brother,
More constant than a lover,
Grief!

THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF WRITING

By Robert Cortes Holliday

VIII: CONTRACTS, ROYALTIES, COPYRIGHTS

In connection with Mr. Holliday's series, THE BOOKMAN *announces a new Bureau of Practical Advice to Writers. Any question regarding the mechanical details of authorship will be answered by the editor or referred to the proper authority. The best of these questions and answers will, from time to time, be published, for the information of those interested. The department for this month appears on page 242.*

NEW YORK, *September*, 1922.

DIRECTLY after the manuscript of a book has been accepted for publication the author usually receives from the publishers two copies of a formal document. This instrument is a contract, or (as it is sometimes labeled) "Memorandum of Agreement" — made (the preamble perhaps recites) this twenty-sixth day of June, 1922, between John Doe, of New York City, hereinafter called the Author, and (let us say) George H. Doran Company, of New York, hereinafter called the Publishers, whereby it is mutually agreed: . . .

In most cases the publisher's contract is a printed form. Sometimes it is merely typewritten. Generally it is a rather lengthy affair. When the contract reaches the author it bears the signature of the publisher. If the terms of the contract are satisfactory to the author, he should sign, in the place provided for his autograph, both of the copies sent to him. And then return one copy to the publisher, keeping the other himself.

There is no standard form of contract for publishing works in book form. Each publisher has his own contract form. A number of the smaller publishers, it seems, still rely upon "gentlemen's agreements" which consist merely of an exchange of letters. These letters state little more than that the publisher agrees to publish the work; that he agrees, also, to pay the author so much at certain times; and that the author agrees to turn over the work to the publisher for publication according to the stated terms. The details of these transactions are settled verbally.

Although more often than not the publishers who accept books according to "gentlemen's agreements" are thoroughly honest and invariably look after the interests of their authors, it must be admitted that "gentlemen's agreements" are no longer businesslike and, in fact, give the author no legal protection. A man of any experience in affairs would not rent a house simply on the exchange of letters in which the owner or his agent agrees to rent the house in return for a certain sum of money and the man agrees to occupy the house and pay the stated sum.

When an author publishes a book, he becomes in a sense a partner of the publisher, investing his time and creative talent jointly with the publisher's business talent and capital. It is his business to see to it that all of his in-

terests in the venture are protected, just as the publisher is sure to see to it that all of his interests are protected. Every contract between an author and a publisher ought, of course, to be as fair for the author as it is for the publisher.

The creative worker in the arts, however, has proverbially never (by the very nature of his work) been particularly attentive to obtaining from the commercial world the full compensation due him for his contribution to progress or to the amenities of existence. Then many writers have the type of mind which finds legal documents quite formidable reading, and to them a publisher's contract seems about as comprehensible as a railway timetable. They are inclined to "take it for granted" that the thing is "all right", and let it go at that. And frequently one about to publish his own book is so carried away by elation that he would be likely to sign blindly his own death warrant without looking at it.

Read your contract. Any respectable publisher would want you to. Recently the author of a book which turned out to be one of the most successful humorous volumes of the year, was obviously so bewildered and bored when his contract was handed to him that his publisher almost forcibly restrained him in a chair while he read it to him. And read your contract carefully. Not long ago a man who had been for a number of years in the editorial branch of the publishing business, upon looking over the contract for a book of his own which he was about to have published, understood the paper to say that in certain circumstances the royalty was to be ten per cent per copy, when, in fact, the contract read ten cents per copy. And his misconception of the terms clearly stated led him to expect twice the amount of profit proposed.

Sometimes a publishing house which has two lists of books, each one distinct in its character and problems from the other, feels that it is advisable to have two forms of contract. This is the case, for example, with Henry Holt and Company, which has one form of contract for its educational books and another, slightly different, for its fiction and general list. Usually, however, a publisher has but one form of contract. This is used by the most prominent writers published by the house and by those whose maiden achievement in book form is about to appear. But while certain prominent authors may use the same basic form they are likely not to do so without having made a number of changes which alter the complexion of the document considerably. The point here is this: if an author is not in complete agreement with each and all of the terms of his contract as it is presented to him, he should not rely on a mere verbal statement or an informal letter from his publisher as a way of revising it. In this way slipshod agreements sometimes are made that later are the cause of infinite trouble, owing to the lack of a definite record of the understanding arrived at. In the world of purely commercial business, of course, both parties to a transaction are intent upon fixing in writing as accurately as may be the terms of agreement, and every attempt is made to cover all possible contingencies in such manner that no opening for future discussion or disagreement may be left. And an author who will follow such a course is being as fair with his publisher as with himself.

There is, as has been said, no standard form of contract employed in com-

mon among publishers. Latter day developments in the publishing world have caused the contracts now in use with some publishing houses to seem somewhat old fashioned. Twenty years ago the novel which stood dramatization was extremely rare. And until recently the subject of motion picture rights was hardly considered at all. Today the matter of proprietorship of all the various "rights" which may attach to the work of a writer has become highly complicated. There are first serial rights, second serial rights, book, music, dramatic, movie, foreign, and translation rights.

During the past seven or eight years the Authors' League of America has made repeated attempts to work out a form which would meet the just demands of the publishers and at the same time adequately recognize the claims of the author. The problems arising from a consideration of authors' and publishers' contracts are many and fairly complex. It was found difficult to generalize and still more difficult to establish a satisfactory and workable standard. In its "Bulletin" for February, 1919, a spokesman for the League said that for one reason or another none of these attempts had been successful. The nearest approach to success, he continued, was a form evolved the year before with the help of a number of friendly publishers which provided a skeleton for an agreement but which left open all such questions as ownership of copyright, secondary rights, percentage of royalty, et cetera. The League continued to try to reach some conclusive decision and further conferred with some of the representative publishers. In its "Bulletin" for January, 1922 (which is probably on file at most public libraries), it published "A Standard Form of Publishing Contract, Approved by the Executive Committee of the Authors' League", preceded by this statement:

> As a "maximum" contract this form is planned to include all those clauses and stipulations which any author might urge at one time or another for the full protection of his work. Practically every clause in this contract has at one time or another been included in an actual agreement arrived at between author and publisher.

This tentative, specimen contract will, of course, give anyone interested a detailed view of the multitudinous matters considered in publishers' contracts. Whether or not it is possible, however, to construct a contract which could serve, with equal justice to all, the varying character of the business of a majority of publishers, remains problematical. A prominent publisher recently adopted the League's form of contract, but with certain variations which seemed to him imperative owing to special conditions in his business, and which, after consideration of the matter, were approved by the Executive Committee of the Authors' League. The author of a "first book" who is over zealous in the matter of his "rights" and dues is likely to find that, if he is going to get it out at all, it will be necessary for him to publish his book himself. It is a highly advisable thing, of course, for an author to take an intelligent interest in the whole matter of the publication of his book, and to analyze each clause of his contract so that he clearly understands what is said in it; but when he is dealing with a publisher of good reputation the likelihood of his being deliberately "done" in any way is slight. This is said on the authority of a man who has been a member of the editorial staffs of four of the leading publishing houses in New York. It will do the author no harm, however, to investigate a bit as to whether the

publisher *is* one of thoroughly honorable reputation. Such a thing is not altogether unknown as a lawyer's being required to collect royalties from a house of outwardly flourishing character.

A publisher's terms, of course, vary with the character of different books, and the basic form of his contract is filled in accordingly. The royalty on a book of verse, for instance, is considerably less than that on a work of fiction. And phrases or clauses which do not pertain to the volume being arranged for are (when the contract is in printed form) struck out. Every now and then matter applying peculiarly to a particular book is written into the stock form of a contract. For example, say, the royalty to be paid on copies of a book sold by agreement between author and publisher in combination with subscriptions for a magazine, as distinct from the royalty on copies sold through the regular trade channels. The royalty paid on any one type of book by an author unable to dictate his own terms, is approximately the same among all well established publishers, or at least does not vary much. On regular sales the per cent of royalty is calculated on the retail price of the book. The number of free copies of his book which an author is entitled to receive, differs a little with various houses. With some the rule is six copies, with others eight or ten or maybe twelve. Additional copies may be purchased by the author, for his own use (that is, not for him to sell), at a liberal discount from the list price.

A cash advance against royalties is frequently made by the publishers when contracting with the more successful authors. This is usually payable either upon publication, or half upon the delivery of the completed manuscript and the remainder upon publication. Within the past few years some publishers have been offering the alternative of paying royalties on advance sales made before the date of publication in lieu of a cash advance. The author here, of course, takes a chance of getting more money or less money than by the plan of a stated cash advance. Publishers commonly do not pay more than half of the regular rate of royalty on export sales.

Many contracts provide for the publication of a cheap edition, some specified time (perhaps two years) "after date of publication of said work". Usually, in the case of books of fiction thus reissued, the publisher sells the right to bring out a cheap edition to a firm of "reprint publishers", paying the author on such royalty sales what is generally considered a fair proportion of the amount received from the second publishers. Successful works of non-fiction not infrequently are later issued in cheaper forms by the original publisher. Or a publisher may decide to publish an expanded edition of some popular book, maybe with the addition of illustrations. In all cases where a later edition of a price different from the first is not contemplated and specifically provided for in the original contract for the book, the author should, in the interests of his heirs or assigns, obtain a new contract, or some formal memorandum, covering the business conditions as between himself and his publisher upon which the new edition is published. It is, in certain aspects, a new book.

As to the time provided in a book contract for rendering statements of accounts and for making payments, a typical clause follows:

> The first statement shall not be rendered until six months after date of publication and thereafter statements shall be rendered

semiannually, in the months of February and August; settlement to be made in cash, four months after date of statement.

Some houses require the author to apply for statements. In most cases they are sent out automatically by the publishers. The statements of some houses show in detail the number of copies printed, the number sold in the United States, the number sold in Canada, the number sold in England, the number spoiled, the number given away for review, and the number on hand. Other houses deem it sufficient to state the number of copies sold. The custom of a four months' delay in royalty payments has become rather firmly established. This arose from the fact that publishers are accustomed to grant long payment terms to the retailers. They commonly do not collect for sales until from three to six months after the goods are shipped.

The problem of the proper authentication of royalty accounts has long vexed both author and publisher. A few of the leading publishing houses have adopted the plan of having their royalty statements attested by certified public accountants. But (and the management of the Authors' League is not exactly reluctant to "speak out" in its attitude toward publishers) a leading article in an issue of "The Authors' League Bulletin" for 1919 states that "experience and careful investigation have shown that the well known publishers, *almost* without exception, may be relied upon to render truthful statements".

It often happens that, when contracting for the publication of a book, the publishers stipulate for the first refusal of the next book or maybe two books by the author. The advantage or otherwise to the author of such an arrangement depends on the circumstances of the particular case. The terms on which such an option is arranged vary, but a specification of them may be valuable to the author. Sometimes, indeed, a publisher "signs up" with an author for an option on so many of his books to come as the next ten. There have even been cases wherein an author has agreed to give his publisher the first examination of all his work for the rest of his life. The meaning of this arrangement is that the publisher is at liberty to decline any book that the author may submit to him, after which decision the author is at liberty to place the book elsewhere; but the author is obligated to continue to submit first to this publisher anything else that he does. Instances have occurred where the publisher has agreed to take anything and everything that an author does. "But", said an author in one such case, "suppose that some time I dump upon you some utterly punk stuff." "Then", replied the publisher, "I'd be sorry, for your sake as well as my own, but I'd publish the book."

Much insistence has been placed in this article upon the advisability for an author of having all possible contingencies provided for in his contract and all matters of agreement "nailed down". And the idea of a "gentlemen's agreement" between author and publisher was not particularly commended. There are, however, conditions conceivable where a more or less flexible agreement might prove to be the better way. The unknown or little known author struggling to get his book accepted *anywhere* may regard with wonderment what he feels to be the heavenly felicity of a man whose unwritten work a publisher seeks to acquire for years to come. But let us consider this situation: An author enters into a precise contract with a publisher to give him an option on

anything in the form of a book he may write for a certain considerable period of time. (a) Some time later he and the publisher fall out about some question of business (maybe it seems to the author that the publisher has made a number of strategic blunders in handling his work) or about some personal matter, and relations between them become decidedly strained. (b) Or the publisher dies and the author finds that he does not get on amicably with those who succeed him in the business. (c) Or the publishing house begins to decline in character, and the value of its imprint diminishes. (d) Or the publisher gets into financial difficulties and the matter of his paying royalties promptly becomes precarious.

In the event of any one of the propositions designated a, b, and c, what would be the result of a hard and fast contract binding the author to turn over book after book? His position certainly would not be an agreeable one. It might very probably be so provoking as to cause his work and career to suffer more than a bit. And his publishers would not be likely to be happy in the arrangement. The only way out of such an untenable situation would be for the publishers formally to release the author from his recorded agreement. This, presumably, by any house of character would sooner or later be done.

The hypothetical situation suggested above in the supposition marked d presents a nice ethical problem. It may be observed that a good many authors who have a very lively sense of the duty of the publisher toward themselves, do not reveal any very active consciousness of lofty honor on their part toward their publishers. Though it should be added that charming relationships, where there is pronounced loyalty on both sides, are not absent from the publishing world.

There have even been cases where the friendship of a publisher for an author has caused him to bear patiently for a long time with many business delinquencies of the latter, and to stand in somewhat the same relationship to him as that of a father constant in his regard for a somewhat erring son. But to return to the more ordinary course of things. A publisher (we'll say) has done the best he could for an author, and has served him well. He may have accepted his first book, in the days when the author almost despaired of *ever* finding a publisher. He has, it may be, carried along some of the author's books on a very thin gambling chance of any profit. By advertising and vigilant attention to publicity he has built up the author into a valuable "literary property". Then circumstances press upon him and his business inclines to move a bit haltingly. It has been assumed in a general way by both parties to the relationship that the author would continue right along with this publisher; but he has not bound himself by contract to do so for any given length of time. His books have come to be sought by other publishers in unquestionably solid circumstances. Would he, however, in his heart feel altogether free to desert at a difficult moment the publisher who had so well stood by him? Authors of a good deal of prominence could be named who simply and unselfishly have been very much devoted to their publishers. Sometimes an author becomes greatly attached to an editor with whom he has always dealt at the house which has been publishing his books. When, if it should so happen, this editor goes to another house the author goes with him: that is, thereafter he places his

books there. One of the most successful of American novelists, if not the most successful one, one time remarked apropos of this matter: "I follow *men*, not houses."

When a contract providing for the publication of a book has been signed by publisher (or one authorized to represent him) and author, it is as binding on both parties to the agreement as a contract in any other department of the business world. That is, it cannot be repudiated by one party to the transaction; it will stand in law. It is, in its minor way, analogous to a treaty between nations; and it could be made perilous for one to regard it as "a scrap of paper". Anybody, you'd think, would be aware of that. Well, it has sometimes happened that an author has, when opposed to some detail that has arisen, offered to return to the publisher his copy of the contract. What would an author say if, in like circumstances, a publisher suddenly announced that he was inclined to throw away *his* copy of the contract? A contract though can, of course, be dissolved by agreement between the signatory parties. Following the custom which is becoming more and more extended in the business world, an "arbitration clause" is frequently included in the form contracts of publishers. The advisability of such a clause is a matter of some controversy.

(To be continued.)

DEFIANCE TO FALSE GODS

By Bernice Lesbia Kenyon

YOU do not like my altar smoke,
Nor find me bent enough in prayer;
Is it for this that you invoke
Sorrow to bend me with despair?

No gaudy tribute do I pay,
Nor hurt my voice to sing your praise;
Is it for this that you display
Pain that can quench my burning days?

Or is it that I dared to ask
Why I was made, and to what end
You gave short days for my long task,
When you'd eternity to lend?

So will I question, nor be done
Till I fall weary, and submit —
I, who was once oblivion,
And straightway must return to it!

THE JOURNAL OF TIMOTHY TUBBY

Being the American Diary of the Famous British Novelist

With Notes by Theresa Tubby

And Sketches by Herb Roth

CHAPTER VII

American Womanhood

WHY should I write this article at all? Why should I be called upon to criticize in any way that delicate product of fortitude and breeding — the American woman? Alas, they demand it of me. I can see their pretty lips (a little too deeply carmined at times, I must admit) forming the fatal words, "Oh, Mr. Tubby! Do tell us what you think of us! As a great English novelist, noted for his understanding of women, your aid should be invaluable. How do we compare with the women of Merrie England?" Cruel — how cruel; for she will not like what I think of her. Shall I be honest? How could I be anything else, being an Englishman, being a Tubby? How shall I ever dare the American lecture platform again if I say what I think? It is, indeed, a problem not only in ethics but in economics. How full life is of problems. But this particular problem has been on my mind for days. I arose early this morning, as early as eleven o'clock. I went out on the street. I had determined to question the first woman I saw. It proved to be a stout handsome lady hurrying somewhere. She looked well bred — not at all like an American. I went up to her, quite boldly for me.

"I beg your pardon", I commenced, "but I'm Timothy Tubby, and I have to write an article on American womanhood. Now if you were an American woman —"

"But I am!" she interrupted.

"Well, you don't look like one," I assured her, at which remark she did not seem properly pleased. "At any rate, would you rather have me flatter you, or would you prefer to have me tell the truth? Would you be angry if I criticized you?"

She looked at me, and there was true British hauteur in her glance.

"Why should I care at all what you think?" she said, and swept on.

After all, I thought, she might have been partly right. Why should she care? Why should anyone care? Is not the truth always best? With her courageous remark ringing in my ears, I sit down this beautiful morning and write. May I have the courage to speak plainly, and may the American woman heed what warnings I shall give. I can feel, or at least almost feel, the prophetic spirit moving within me.

First of all, we are face to face with a matter of definitions. What *is* an American woman? What is a woman? Ah poetry, ah passion — Need you ask? Need I define? But, what is an American? — that is a dif-

ferent matter. As one walks along the streets one observes skulls, ears, color, and noses — particularly noses. What is the American characteristic? In London we have the eyeglass and the cane — but in New York? Negro and Jew, Scandinavian and redskin — these, these all, are Americans. To be precise, why don't we make it definite? Shall we take for our premise, for our understanding of the word "American", some such statement as this: for our purposes, let us consider a native American "anyone not *too* dark in color who came to the shores of the United States, before the age of two years, via Liverpool — or, for that matter, was born in the United States".

First of all, there is the matter of physical appearance, or dress would perhaps be a better word for it. What is the American psychology of dress? I spent exactly six weeks in exhaustive researches to determine some common denominator of taste in clothes among American women. Only one thing I discovered. They do not dress to please men. The American man has no subtlety. He prefers the costume of the bathing beach and the ballroom to the tea gown. No, the American woman desires to make her fellow females envious, or to please visiting Englishmen. This having been established, I feel that a recounting of some of my experiences in modistical research should prove valuable.

Theresa had become acquainted, through her efforts to secure an evening gown that would make her look thinner than she actually was, with a Fifth Avenue modiste, Madame Susette. Arrangements were made with the Madame to allow me to sit behind a screen in her establishment while some of her customers looked at gowns. A hole was made in an inconspicuous portion of the screen, behind which I carefully placed my eye. First came a tall thin woman, whose figure was, I assure you, quite without contour.

MADAME SUSETTE: Ah, Mrs. Culberson, we have just the thing for you this morning. Annette, show Mrs. Culberson the *crème georgette.*

MRS. CULBERSON: What a pretty sounding name. So Parisian. Will it give me a figure?

MADAME SUSETTE *(with magnificently knowing eyes):* Only wait until you see it!

At this point Annette, the model, appeared, wearing a gown of soft veils and little else. It was the sort of gown that only Annette could have worn, and Annette's figure was as beautiful as that of any healthy young English girl. I suspect that she was born in Devon in spite of her French name.

MADAME SUSETTE *(breathing a little sigh):* Ah! Is that not perfect?

MRS. CULBERSON: How lovely. Oh, it's a dream! But really, Madame, *I* could never wear it. It would not suit me at all.

MADAME SUSETTE: *Au contraire, chère* Madame Culberson; with only a *trifle* changed here — a snap there — a tuck here, it would just suit. Shall we have a fitting?

They disappeared. A few moments later Madame Susette appeared. "You should be ashamed of yourself", I chided, "putting that absurd gown on that impossible woman."

"My dear Mr. Tubby", Madame remonstrated, "what a poor salesman you would make. Don't you know that a woman never buys a gown that fits her own figure — but the one that fits the figure she wishes she had? Watch this if you don't believe me!"

Another customer had entered. She was chubby, yes more than chubby, actually fat, quite typical of the young married American woman.

MADAME SUSETTE: Ah, Mrs. Gardella, we have just the thing for you this morning. Annette, show Mrs. Gardella the sheath *exotique*.

MRS. GARDELLA: How interesting! And will it give me long lines?

MADAME SUSETTE: Only wait until you see it!

Whereupon Annette, the model, again appeared, this time dressed in an evening gown of orchid velvet, with scarlet inserts and a sheath in the skirt which displayed gold and black stockings at some length.

MRS. GARDELLA: Ooooh! Sweeeeet! But really, Madame Susette, I *couldn't* — how could I? It never would do, particularly the sheath part; you know my —

MADAME SUSETTE: Hush, dear lady. A snip here, a trifle let out there. Nothing like bright colors to bring out your particular style, and it takes others to see us as we are, really. You can't possibly appreciate how trim your figure is. Trimness is not a question of much or little avoirdupois; but of proportion. Now that particular dress requires a person of proportion. How admirably it will become you. Do slip it on.

They vanished, all three of them, and I sat uncomfortably behind the screen contemplating problems of psychology in dress. What was my duty? Should I allow Mrs. Gardella to purchase the atrocious gown? Was it not my duty to humanity to tell her the truth? Theresa has often told me that it is wiser to attack a woman's soul than to be frank about her figure; and, somehow, this seemed an especial case. I could not bear to picture the scene that would occur when Mrs. Gardella wore the *exotique* for the first time, in the presence of Mr. Gardella. Her arrival decided me. Her face was red from the exertion of a quick change of dress; her arms bulged — but it was the black and gold stockings that urged me to action. I rushed from behind the screen.

"Don't buy that dress!" I shouted excitedly.

She gave a little scream. Madame Susette eyed me in horror.

"Who is this man? What is he doing here? What do you mean?" gasped Mrs. Gardella.

"I am an authority on women gathering data," I attempted to soothe her. "Now, if I were you, I'd select another dress; that one does not become you. It's designed for a thin woman."

"I am insulted," said Mrs. Gardella coldly. "I do not yet see why you think that I should not wear this dress."

"Because" — I had determined to be blunt — "you are fat."

"Madame Susette, have this dress altered and sent to me at once. As for this boob" — she flung a look of utter scorn at me — "perhaps you will engage him as your chief designer!"

She swept (or perhaps waddled is the word) away, and I made my escape amid a whir of invectives from the enraged Madame Susette.

Yes, American women have no sense about any specific problem. They have strong emotions of a certain variety, and they clothe themselves both by and in their emotions. Yet on the whole, their appearance is more sacred to American women than to their English sisters. If an Englishwoman hasn't the money to purchase a new spring hat, she wears last year's, or one from the year before that, or — I

"Oh yes!" chirped the young ladies. "How shall we find a handsome husband?"

am loathe to admit it — her grandmother's hat; but an American? The most piteous stories are told of the sacrifices young girls have made so that they may appear with proper head dress on Fifth Avenue on Easter Sunday, when all good Americans make their pilgrimage to New York City to have the seal of metropolitan approval placed on their spring wardrobes. There was the famous case of Angela Neatham, now notorious, but at that time living in poverty in a hall bedroom. She hadn't a cent. Easter was approaching. She had no spring hat. What should she do? She took stock of her meagre possessions. Nothing to pawn. Then she had a bright idea. She had read of the great sums people make writing for the magazines. She was very lovely to look upon. She wrote six poems of passion and immediately sold them to the editor of "Vanity Fair", and she asked his assistant, a bright young man with taste, to go with her while she picked out the hat. Now she is one of the most famous poets in America. How beautiful is the determination to be clothed.

Of course one cannot speak of the American woman without taking into consideration, for a second, the American man. It is his attitude toward her which has rendered her so generally cruel and calculating. Due probably to the original influence of Martha Washington, a sort of woman worship has sprung up in America. More than one man has devoted his life to the "glorification of the American girl". I have attended these worshipful services. Their high priest is a man named Ziegfeld, and he knows his business, or profession, as you prefer it, remarkably well. However, it is really a shame that these young women of the U.S.A. should be allowed to take themselves so seriously. After all, in England they would be women, nothing more. But please don't for one teeny weeny instant think that I'm criticizing. I wouldn't for any sum of money. I have ample proof that this attitude in America is only a surface one. I am convinced that in spite of the strong reverence Americans have for the godlike qualities of the female, there is a sneaking hope that, after all, she is only a human being, the temptress of us all. However, I may be wrong. It is so much harder to understand the American man than the woman. Why, I feel that I could almost step into the place of some Chicago matron of forty-five and never know the difference, so great is my sympathy with them; but an American man — I find them curiously unresponsive.

Now let me again reiterate the assertion that I am not criticizing at any point in this article. I wouldn't offend anyone, not for the world, I do assure you. I wouldn't harm a chicken or a goose, Theresa will tell you that. I am so very gentle; but I don't care for the attitude of the American woman in business and politics. Why is it that the moment she steps into an office, unless she is a stenographer, she must put off all signs of femininity? She cultivates the square jaw and the long neck. She talks in hoarse and harsh tones. She attempts to intimidate rather than to cajole. Perhaps this is fortunate; for if the method of Mr. Ziegfeld were carried into the business world, who knows what might happen to the stock market?

Having interviewed the female business heads of two large concerns, I feel myself particularly well able to speak concerning their personalities. Not for one instant during my talks

with them did I feel thoroughly the man. They made every effort to disregard my masculinity. They snapped. They called innumerable assistants and displayed extraordinary evidences of efficiency. The question I went to ask was: "Are men or women more efficient in business?" From the first woman, a young lady of some twenty-eight years, I received the following reply: "I never have a woman near me in the office. They are essentially insubordinate." From the second executive lady, of some fifty summers, I received a similar (but oh how dissimilar) reply: "I never have a man near me in the office. They are essentially insubordinate." There was only one conclusion to be drawn from this: a woman respects age in a woman, while a man respects youth.

The American woman is primarily cold. I have tried time and time again to make love to them without the slightest encouragement. Strange, isn't it; I have no such troubles at home. Theresa explains it by the fact that in the United States the ladies thought of me as an intellect, admired my literary powers, and did not visualize me as a *person* at all. This may partly explain their curious behavior; but not wholly. I have seen beautiful women talk for an entire evening with handsome men without so much as holding hands. What do they talk about? Surely in England such things do not happen. Nor is it, apparently, the custom for the man to do the seeking in America. The initiative must come from the woman. I tried several experiments along these lines. I had heard that Broadway, in New York City, was the place where one might reasonably expect to find young ladies who would not be unwilling to enjoy a little supper party. So, having made quite certain that Theresa was willing that I should try this experiment, I put on my new spats, a bright yellow tie, took my walking stick in hand, and sallied forth one evening. Broadway was brilliant with the after theatre crowd. I began to feel quite young again, even jovial and a little buoyant. I had long ago realized that I knew American well enough to take care of myself and to get rid of Mr. Vernay, who in the early days had been so kind and so protective as a press agent. I strolled up the great street of pleasure, missing somewhat the sombre grandiosity of Piccadilly but, nevertheless, feeling, as I have said, jovial. I made my facial expression now expansive, now lonely. Yet I seemed to see no unattended young ladies. I stopped on a street corner and made every effort to seem the unprotected bachelor. To no avail. One dark eyed damsel passed me. I essayed a wink. She turned her head shyly and quickly away. For two hours I tramped the streets. Not once did anyone give me what we English call the "glad eye". It was discouraging. For a moment I stood, despondent, at Columbus Circle, near the great Central Park. Could it be that my youthful charm had completely departed? Was I actually forbidding in appearance, or was this indeed the cold country I had heard it was? Then I noticed a young lady standing not so far away. She was comely. I smiled. She did not frown; though she did not smile. I approached. She did not flee. I began to feel expansive once more.

"A jolly evening," I ventured.

"Yes?" she questioned.

"How would a little supper strike you?" I dared.

She did not assent; but neither did she reprove me. I hailed a cab. We

entered it. I reached tentatively for her hand. She leaned forward and gave an address to the taxicab driver. He looked perturbed. She assured him.

"I suppose you know where we're going, don't you?" she demanded of me in tones that had in them no note of cordiality. I, puzzled, shook my head.

"To the police station!" she vouchsafed.

"But—" I protested.

"Oh that's all right. I s'pose you English guys think that you can come over here and accost innocent young girls on the street and get away with it. See here!" She displayed the shining shield of a detective.

By this time I had become thoroughly alarmed. Vernay afterward informed me that if she really *was* a woman detective, and he doubts it, I should have gone through with it. He saw the headlines somewhat as follows: "NOTED AUTHOR ARRESTED WHILE MAKING SOCIOLOGICAL INVESTIGATIONS." I, however, naturally thought only of Theresa, and of the possibility of being obliged to spend another night in jail.

"Oh no — you can't — I'm Timothy Tubby," I began.

"Oh!" Her face brightened. "The guy that knows all about women. Gee, what a fake you must be. Picking me up that way. Why you old fool! . . . Well, suppose you slip me a ten spot and we'll call it quits."

I finally presented her with the money, paid the driver, and rushed back a sadder and wiser man to the protective soothings of dear Theresa. Presumably things are not done this way in the United States!

Marriage in America is apparently considered somewhat as a plague by most young men. Why this is, I cannot understand, since divorce is so easy. One young lady informed me that the first thing a young man asks these days on being introduced to a girl is, "Do you want to get married?" If she replies, "I wouldn't for the world", everything progresses splendidly; but if she should by any unhappy chance say, "Yes, the thing I want most in life is a home", he will be seen running across a ballroom and jumping out the window. In fact, there are daily suicides of those who would rather give up life than bachelorhood.

It is a relief to turn from the stresses and strains involved in any discussion of sex matters, to the quiet security of the American woman's club. I know of nothing else like these estimable organizations in the world. They are the acme of learning, the epitome of culture. They appreciated me in a way in which I have never before been appreciated. Not only had they read about my books, but they had read them, and they now follow my every word in the papers, molding not only their culture but their lives after the models I suggest, models which I assure you are formed only after the most intense conferences with Theresa, who in this case desires to remain *persona non grata* of the occasion.

Perhaps I can best give you an idea of these clubs, by telling you the story of one of the most delightful afternoons of my long and successful career. There was a thunder storm, I remember. I don't know why I remember; but I do. So much electricity in the atmosphere, I suppose. Perhaps that accounted for the great success of the afternoon. I have always felt the magnetism of my personality grow under the influence of electricity. I used to have a violet ray

treatment before every lecture until I developed my present and well known *sang froid.*

The club was, I believe, in a small town in upstate New York. But, in spite of the smallness of the town, four hundred women and several men came to hear my talk on "How to be a Woman and yet be Independent". As I looked over my audience, I knew at once that it would be a fine talk. They were of all ages. Mostly, however, they were young girls, brought there, I fancied, by their school teachers to hear words of wisdom.

The lecture progressed splendidly. Little ripples of laughter greeted me as I made my usual *mot:* "I left my wife at home so that I could say anything I chose about women." Then I began to discuss books about women. I could see gleams of intelligence shooting out at me from their eyes. It is most encouraging when you see intelligence in a woman's eyes, and you do often in America, you really do. It's extraordinary, considering the obtuseness of the men. I have utterly failed in talking to the men in the United States; we don't seem to have anything in common. Isn't it strange? You can't talk to men about women. Apparently they aren't interested.

After I had finished, with my usual flourish, "There are no women in the world just like the women of America, even if I, a citizen of the United Kingdom, do say it", the applause would have gratified any heart. There was the usual flood of questions. I noticed a little group of people waiting in the back of the room, and I wondered what was in store for me. After everyone else had left, they approached in a wave. At the head was a tall spinster-like lady with cold eyes but a pleasant smile.

"I am Miss Wilstich," she announced. "The Miss Wilstich of Miss Wilstich's School for Proper Young Ladies."

I nodded and smiled, just as though I really knew all about it.

"And these", she waved her carefully gloved hand proudly, "are some of my young ladies."

They tittered becomingly as I let my glance fall along the line. They were pretty, oh very pretty indeed, of that variety known as flapper. Each one of them seemed to have more soulful eyes than the last I had observed, so I looked back quickly to the safe haven of Miss Wilstich's primness.

"Yes," I said becomingly. "And what can I do for them? I should be happy to oblige them in any way they may require."

"They require little," she announced. "Here is a chance for you, sir, to do a great service to humanity. There is one course which we cannot give at my school, and which young ladies of these days sadly need: that in 'How to Get a Husband, or the Principles of Courtship'. Alas, we have been successful in many things at our little paradise among schools; but, unfortunately, too large a percentage of our graduates remain spinsters. While this condition, I assure you, is an eminently tolerable one, in fact sometimes I believe it to be most desirable, yet for the future of the race and the principles of Theodore Roosevelt, whom we revere and respect, we cannot allow this condition to continue. We had heard that in such matters you were infallible. We wonder if you would not, in a very few moments, give us some of your ideas on the subject. We promise the most eager attention."

"Oh yes! Yes!" chirped the young ladies in chorus. "How shall we find

a handsome and charming husband?"

This was what I most liked. I urged them to be seated, visualizing myself as an actual benefactor of American progress.

"First of all", I began, "you must disabuse yourselves of the idea of *handsome*. Handsome is as handsome does, and you must first try your arts and wiles on the less promising young men, in order to learn how to ensnare the others. Never wear curl papers in public. That is an infallible rule. A curl paper is one of the most distressing sights a man can see. Remember that, too, after you are married. Do not be too free with your caresses. Do not let your little brother put an alarm clock under the sofa. If a caller wants to stay late, let him stay, even though you have to stick a long pin into your arm to keep yourself awake. As long as he is talking and you are listening, he will be happy; but do not yawn in his face when he goes to kiss you good night, and never slap him, no matter how objectionable he may be. Remember that the number of your suitors always speaks for popularity, and the stupid fly may attract the brilliant moth to the honey.

"Let a man think that you could be a good cook if you wanted to; but don't let him get the idea that you're too domestic. Never make him do anything unless he first suggests it, and above all things don't weep on his shoulder. Laugh at his jokes, but don't expect him to laugh at yours. Don't try to get him to propose to you. If he realizes that you're doing so, he never will. Always choose to ride on a bus rather than in a taxi-cab. A bus top is more public but taxi fare eats up the week's wages. Don't use so much powder that it leaves a mark on his shoulder. Never intimate that a man's a poor dancer. Be interested but not too interested in his work, and above all, never be jealous."

"But Mr. Tubby—" a young lady interrupted.

Miss Wilstich gave her a frightful glance.

"Yes, my dear, what is it?" I said in soothing tones.

"I've done all those things and—"

"I hope *not!*" said Miss W. firmly.

"But I have", went on the young lady dauntlessly, "and I haven't a husband yet, and I'm going on eighteen."

"Now don't be discouraged," I comforted. "I've known marriages to be successful as late as fifty-two, and I certainly wouldn't be downhearted under forty-five."

Miss Wilstich glowed.

"Now young ladies, I've given you a wealth of advice, and I must away to the tea which is being given for me. Farewell, and don't any of you neglect to send me invitations to your weddings. I shall not be able to come, but I'll send you each a copy of my book 'Love after Marriage'."

"Goodby girls," said Miss Wilstich. "I'm going to go along with Mr. Tubby. You see", she added to me, "we are both going to the same tea, and there was a little private matter I wanted to ask your advice about."

A motor was waiting outside. Somehow I became a trifle nervous in the spinster lady's presence. She leaned forward confidentially.

"I'm forty-two", she began, "and I want to know what you think of a woman of my age definitely making an attempt to win the affections of a married man. Now, with divorce so easy—"

"If the love is great enough—" I began.

"Oh it is!" she assured me. "It

only happened this afternoon —" She stopped and a deep blush suffused her countenance. I became distinctly uncomfortable.

"Now what would you advise?" she pursued.

Fortunately, we arrived at that moment before the imposing dwelling in which I was being entertained. . . .

In closing, I should like to say to my friends, the ladies of America, that I think they have a great future, and that they have as warm a place in my heart as they undoubtedly have in the hearts of their husbands. Until my next visit, when I shall have many interesting things to tell you — from the lecture platform, of course.

ANATHEMA

By George S. Bryan

AFTER a week of rain (Miss Martha said),
The Lord's Day sun at last broke steaming through;
Mounds of white cloud were ranged close overhead,
Like marble pylons set to guard the blue;
Old elms confided, in their stately way,
"Martha, you know, will be baptized today."

Martha had somehow reached the age of five
Undedicate (she has not told me why);
And though she seemed, indeed, to grow and thrive,
What might not happen should she chance to die?
Therefore she moved, that day, with happy feet
And eyes that saw not, down the village street.

So rapt she was, she did not mark at all
The muddy pool that lay across her path. . . .
A sudden stumble and a swift, headlong fall —
The voice of woe, and then the voice of wrath. . . .
O Lord's Day sun that was eclipsed so soon,
O shining morn that knew such dismal noon!

Her starched white frock was grievous to behold;
Face, hands, and shoes a common mishap shared.
Out rushed the words in which her doom was told,
Her dole proclaimed, her punishment declared,
And all the fair cargo of her dreams capsized:
"You little slut, now you shan't be baptized!"

HENRI BARBUSSE

By Malcolm Cowley

With a Drawing from Life by Ivan Opffer

IN 1914 people had never heard of Henri Barbusse. The statement requires some qualification. He was a successful journalist; he had just passed his fortieth birthday; he was the son-in-law of Catulle Mendès. He had published a volume of short stories and two remarkable novels which had not entirely failed on the market. His one book of poems was respectfully quoted in all the anthologies, but outside the literary world of Paris his name was rarely mentioned. All that has changed today, and there is almost nobody in France to whom his work is not familiar. Wounded soldiers begging for pennies on the sidewalk; shopgirls and policemen; angry old royalists who beat on café tables with their ivory headed canes — every one has an opinion about him. There are still a few Frenchmen who believe that Molière is a cough medicine, but nobody makes that mistake about Barbusse.

He is one of those people who became famous as if overnight. He was a common soldier in the trenches; he was invalided to the rear and wrote a book; it received the Prix Goncourt and passed suddenly through more than two hundred editions. It was translated into every language of Europe and several others; governments tolerated or suppressed it; soon "Under Fire" ceased to be a purely literary success and became a subject of almost universal political discussion.

There is something a little paradoxical in the attitude of Henri Barbusse toward the war. He hates it as much as St. Augustine hated the Devil, and yet the war was his salvation. Not because it made his name a commonplace all over the world — fame has affected him very little — but because it resolved his difficulties as a man and as a writer. The books he wrote before 1914 were so blackly pessimistic that Schopenhauer beside them seems a booster for the Rotary Club. They deny every possibility of happiness; they deny even the reality of the world. They are nightmares, dreamed by a great artist. "Under Fire" may also be a nightmare, but after reading it one feels that some things are good: work, comradeship, peace. And by 1919, when he wrote "Clarté", Barbusse had come to believe in the possibility of a better world, a possibility that is even now within the grasp of struggling mortals. He had received a new vision of life, and he owed it to his experiences in the trenches.

He began to feel more keenly his duty to other men, and for the first time concerned himself with politics, especially with those movements which aim to make war impossible. He wrote articles and, in the years which followed the publication of "Under Fire", delivered a torrent of addresses. This political activity went so far that people said he had abandoned litera-

Drawn from life for THE BOOKMAN *by Ivan Opffer and autographed by M. Barbusse.*

Henri Barbusse

ture forever; last year the rumor even reached America. It wasn't true; I heard him deny it with his own lips. Quite on the contrary he is just finishing a new book, a novel, a real novel, an historical romance — if you wish to call it that — or, to quote him more exactly, "a sort of special history in the shape of a novel". There will be no propaganda in it.

Barbusse is irritated when he hears himself dismissed as a propagandist. He says, for example, "I never intended 'Under Fire' for propaganda. My enemies made it political, and not my friends." On the other hand he will never write a book without some bearing on contemporary ideas. "The sort of literature", he says, "that exists in a fourth dimension and has no connection with modern life: 'pure literature', as people call it, is dead. But the literature of ideas is always living."

He has a surprising sympathy with the experiments of younger writers. Most novelists who call themselves "advanced" are content to be advanced in politics alone; their prose has developed no further than that of Voltaire or Macaulay. Examples are numerous. Anatole France is by far the greatest, but Americans can find an easier and closer example in any current number of "The Liberator". That is not the fashion of Barbusse. He watches with interest each new experiment in prose or verse, and even makes bold experiments himself. "It is ridiculous", he says, "to try to cast the present age into molds which we have inherited from the eighteenth century."

Barbusse makes an intense impression on his guests; he is one of the few great writers whom it is not a disappointment to meet. In his own person two races are combined and opposed. His father was a Frenchman — a veritable Frenchman from the *midi* — but his mother was English. He must have inherited much from her, for he is as tall and cadaverous as a typical English man of letters, but his hands are long and eloquent and French. His practical grey eyes — English eyes — are framed by two long wisps of hair that still are black. He has an abnormally high French forehead and an English chin. The same combination is apparent in his conversation; it has an uncompromising French logic, but unlike some Latin conversations it never deserts hard fact. There is a charm about his talk; when under its spell one believes that Henri Barbusse has succeeded in combining the virtues of two races.

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THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Clement Wood

LUCKILY, there is no qualifying "best" or "worst" to bind us in our choice from the July magazines. If the former were there, we would have to de-shrink our ultra-violet nature, and quote all seven of the sonnets by — No; this is no place for conceit. At least, we may mention that they are in — Let the magazine go nameless, while we leave to the popular anthologists their public confession of a tepid tolerance toward their own work.

If it were the other adjective, now —could we omit Allen Tate's astonishing "William Blake" in "The Double-Dealer", with the two cyclonic stanzas:

And William had dudgeon for the sightless beadle
Who worshipped a God like a grandmother on ice-skates,
For William saw two angels on the point of a needle
As nobody since except W. B. Yeats.

He browsed in bathetic books — Jacob Boehme
And Paracelsus — which never mattered;
But he mentioned the Ohio River in a poem,
So Americans ought to feel flattered.

Wallace Stevens would then be starred enthusiastically, for his apostrophe to "The Emperor of Ice-Cream" in "The Dial", commencing:

Call the roller of big cigars,
The muscular one, and bid him whip
In kitchen cups concupiscent curds.

Mina Loy's undoubtedly autobiographic "Apology of Genius" in the same magazine would toddle in; and E. E. Cummings, who received at least one vote as one of the outstanding five literary products of the American today, would bow from the conservative pages of "Secession", with such untitled lines as:

a: crimbflitteringish is arefloatis ingfallal!
mil, shy milbrightlions
my (hurl flicker handful
in) dodging are shybrigHteyes is crum bs
(alll) if, ey Es

Out of this cretinic gumbo we pass, in "The Dial", to a splendid cinquain by Adelaide Crapsey:

BLUE HYACINTHS

In your
curled petals what ghosts
Of blue headlands and seas,
What profound immortal breath
sighing
Of Greece.

The last eight lines of the following poem by Power Dalton in "Voices" are an amazing lyric in themselves.

HERITAGE

A house may hang its rafters high,
It might as well be small
And underground, then weary flesh
Would not strive at all.

Quiet feet would never rail
Against a narrow way,
Dumb lips never haggle
The word to say.

White in the windy orchard,
Sweeping the pollened lane,
Burning apple blossoms toss
In the rain.

They are stifled by no roof,
Wild they swing and free!
Tethered to no rafter —
Yet nailed to a tree!

While nature has the floor, this excellent study by Abbie Huston Evans in "The Measure" must not be overlooked:

JUNIPER

For some twisted reason, I
Love what many men pass by, —
Lean-fingered and rock-clinging things,
Bitter-berried, far from springs
Of sweet water, wringing up
Moisture from the rock's own cup,
Or drinking in at every pore
Dew and sea mist, if no more:
All things harsh, and slow of root,
Pungent, racy, sparse of fruit, —
Heather, gorse, and upland fir,
Lichen, moss, — and juniper!

What are two lean years, or three,
Bantling of Necessity,
Who on stony-breasted earth
Long since learned to thrive on dearth?
— Long as ledges, will endure
Your rock-fed green and roots obscure;
Ay, will batten on the stone
After man is dust and bone.

Paul Tanaquil, in "Voices", brings us back to the towered haunts of men:

PEDANT

Pelican-like he wags his greyish head,
His raised arms flap together like wings of birds,
Perhaps he dreamed once — now his dream is dead,
Choked while he grubbed in tomes for roots of words.
So as through lexicons his fingers roam
Bent on philology, he has forgot
How crimson roses flamed through ancient Rome
Or what slim lilies shone in Camelot.

Eda Lou Walton, again in "Voices", an admirably balanced periodical, has these fine lines:

TO A MADONNA

Why falls your robe in full complacent pleat,
Were you afraid to lay your white throat bare,
Were you afraid to loosen down your hair
In swift, gold ripples falling to your feet?
Your face holds too much gentleness for men,
You smile too sweetly ever toward the sky,
Your arms around the Christ too lightly lie;
Could you have loved God truly, Mary, then?
Love is not gentle, nor is love so sweet
As you would say; love cannot drape her grace
In purple pleats or lift a placid face;
Or could not braid swift hair from naked feet;
For love like hatred mocks what is too mild,
And cannot lay light arms about a child.

Equally impressive is Charles Wharton Stork, in "The Freeman":

THE FORBIDDEN ROSE

She wore a cold, hard lily on her breast,
This nun; she sipped its sweetly acrid scent
All day between her prayers; the perfume blent
With her own lily bosom's parched unrest.
She sang the anthems of the virgins blest,
The brides of God; she sought enravishment
Of soul-white adoration, but she bent
Her head at evening like a flower distressed.

Alone within her dismal cell at last,
Writhing her hands in torment on her bed,
She suddenly tore away and from her cast
The lily, then caught back from out the past
Another flower, whose warm, soft petals bled
With passion, and whose very scent was red.

Elinor Wylie's "The Good Birds" in "The Nation", and "Gifts at Meeting" and "Preference" in "The Measure", are in her best vein. But nothing encountered during the month has held more magic than Maxwell Anderson's poem in "The New Republic":

"SHE SAID, THOUGH YOU SHOULD WEAVE"

She said, though you should weave and freeze
All crimson words in tapestries
With notes of horns and blown airs
And mountain-chants of worshippers
The lines of light, the words of flame
Are not so perfect as I am.
She said, though you should sing and set
Dark gold words and pomegranate
With words of cold and words of night
To chords of music sombre and bright
You shall make nothing lovely then
As my dim dancing in the rain
Or this straight body slim and small
Under the mossed waterfall.

THE LONDONER

John V. A. Weaver and the British Youth—W. L. George Cuts Out the Psychological Novel—Wells's New Book—Education at Oundle and a Great Schoolmaster —Arthur Machen—"This Freedom" and A. S. M. Hutchinson—What Nurses Read.

LONDON, *August* 1, 1922.

LONDON has been brightened — by the advent — and again darkened — by the departure — of John V. A. Weaver, en route for Paris. He arrived to the minute, told me his age (or his youth, as I understand the very youngest writers in America prefer to consider it), revealed the inner history of American literature of the moment, described a performance (an enviable performance) of Mozart's "Cosi Fan Tutte", and left for the continent. He was like the famous person of old — I think it may have been Cæsar — who came, saw, and conquered. What John V. A. Weaver is now doing, beyond sending dispatches to Brooklyn, I cannot imagine; but he brought a blithe air of American literary activity with him, and a candid view of English literary sloth in his wake. One amusing thing was that John V. A. Weaver had met the now famous Sinclair Lewis undergraduate. He had vicariously suffered from this undergraduate, who assembled (I gather) in numbers. I tried to pacify Weaver by pointing out that English writers suffered from the undergraduate. He agreed. He had seen one of them suffering. He had heard a celebrated English author put in his place by an undergraduate, who also, with the help of his fellows, dealt with contemporary American letters. American undergraduates, Weaver thought, knew their proper intellectual status a little better than their English comrades. Well, it is a remarkable thing that the undergraduates whom Weaver had seen all belonged to Oxford. Cambridge undergraduates, of whom I meet a good many, appear to be less assertive on the subject of literature. Their star line is music. And the idol of Cambridge musical fashion at present is Bach. At Oxford I expect they have not heard of Bach; but whether they have heard of anything or not, Oxford undergraduates have a tradition to preserve. It is the tradition of the Oxford Manner. This has been described (I have forgotten the exact words, and therefore spoil the quotation) as a consciousness of effortless superiority to the rest of mankind. It lasts for some time in full flower, and then gradually becomes dulled by contact with the larger world. But during its bloom it is one of the most insufferable things we have in this country. The youth of the undergraduate, his arrogance, his half baked precocious maturity, very naturally annoy American visitors, accustomed to the courtesy and enthusiasm and well wishing of the American scene. I gather that Americans resent this attitude. They cannot resent it more than some English people do. But they associate it with England — just as the misbehavior of a single girl will produce in a wounded mind general condemnation of her entire sex — and this is wrong. We are not all Oxford undergraduates. Some

have been veneered at Cambridge. Some have been to neither university. Quite a number of worthy English writers and readers have not been to Oxford or Cambridge. It is of course a hindrance to them, as bastardy might be; but they eventually survive, and if they do not lose themselves in an imitation of the varsity manner they may well strike Americans as more cordial than the Oxford undergraduate who has done so much to exasperate Sinclair Lewis and John V. A. Weaver and give them so false an idea of English literary standards.

* * * *

W. L. George, who I believe did not pass his youth at Oxford or Cambridge, has announced that he is tired of the psychological novel, and that he is not going to have anything more to do with it. His new novel is a tale of incident. How excellent it is to be able to see the error of one's ways, and deliberately to turn over a new leaf. I wish I could do it. Perhaps George wrote his novel first, and discovered his hatred of the psychological novel afterward. That is the logical way, and I hope this is what happened. To say, "I hate the psychological novel, and will write it no longer", is a fine gesture; but the novel which follows may nevertheless prove to be a psychological novel. I know a man who tried to change his style. He said, "I will change my style." He said it over and over again. He used various intonations and emphases. The work he produced after this fanfare was entirely characteristic. Similarly, I might say, "I will write only good books of the utmost beauty. I will write of millionaires and kitchen maids. They shall speak as if they were ten feet tall." I have no real hope that the books would change in essentials. When Dr. Johnson at one time considered the question of writing about little fishes, Oliver Goldsmith observed that Johnson would make the little fishes talk like great whales. So I suspect that W. L. George's determination to avoid the psychological novel is merely something in the nature of a *beau geste*. The alternative would be that his heart was never very thoroughly in the psychological business. After all, most novelists are disposed to write in conformity with their predominant interests. Arbitrary change will not go far. As we used to say during the war, of the Germans, "there must be a change of HEART".

* * * *

H. G. Wells's new novel, "Men Like Gods, and Air Like Wine", which is shortly to be serialized, is a return to an earlier manner. It is a combination of his scientific romances with the method which produced such a book as "A Modern Utopia". By means of an odd accident, a number of highly typical English men and women find themselves in a strange ideal world. The story deals with their actions and reactions and interactions, and at the same time Wells's latest conceptions of good government are made luminous by the clearest exposition. Wells has always insisted upon the first importance of education. He is in fact an educationalist, and all his work has been educational. His "Outline of History" was written simply in order that such a book might exist for the education of mankind. His novels and romances and sociological books have all had the same aim. He says, in effect, "Put ideas in the child's head — or the world's head — and some good may in time come of it." For this reason he gave his boys pencils and paper from their childhood, with the result that

they have always drawn naturally, as they would write; and for this same reason he believes that given ideals, human beings will always work for them. Wells loves mankind. Individuals, I think, quickly bore him. I doubt if he is interested in them. Certainly he never gets to the bottom of them. But to the human species he is a godfather. He, more than any other man alive, has taught the English lower middle class to think and act. He has put ideas into their heads. Some of them have been reckless and emotional ideas; but they have been ideas. They have produced effort and excitement and stress. They have produced life and intelligence. And "Men Like Gods, and Air Like Wine" is a characteristic product. It is another milestone on the way to the millenium. It is the most idealistic of Wells's recent books, and the most clearly seen.

* * * *

I was talking the other day to an American who thought the publication of "The Outline of History" was the biggest event which had occurred in his lifetime. It takes some courage to make such an assertion, and the proof of it will probably not be realizable in our generation, supposing it to be a true idea. But this I think may be generally accepted, that in no age has education been recognized as of such vital importance as in our own. And if that is so, then the realization that education is a matter less of learning by rote than of stimulation of the imaginative curiosity, is due in a great measure to the efforts of Wells and of those who think with him. It is, I believe, pretty well known that Wells began his real career as a teacher in a school (in which, by the way, A. A. Milne was a pupil, and Lord Northcliffe an active force), and he has been pegging away at educational reform ever since. He was never very successful as a master, I gather, and in any case his experience was not long enough to produce much practical result. But at any rate he knows a school when he sees one. He has seen a number of schools. Some years ago, when he was looking for one to which he could self respectingly send his own boys, he caught sight of Oundle. Now Oundle has been the most modern of all public schools, and the spirit which animated "The Outline of History" was the same spirit as that which created the idea of the "Temple of Vision" at Oundle. It was the scientific spirit, which is the spirit of inquiry. The headmaster of Oundle was Dr. Sanderson, and Dr. Sanderson recently died in London, of heart failure, after addressing a meeting (with Wells in the chair) upon the tremendous subject of educational method. Sanderson had cut out of the school curriculum that fine old liberal doctrine of competition: he had cut out the whole matter of punishment. He had made it his business to ascertain the bent of individual pupils, with the result that apparently dull boys learned to take interest in their own instruction by learning to take interest in the subjects of the lessons. The spirit of common effort was inculcated, the love of knowledge for its own sake. The plan worked. Oundle has for years been turning out boys whose characters have been developed by the method. The method has been abundantly justified. Now Sanderson is dead, and the appointment of his successor is a matter of grave debate. It is therefore with the greatest interest that one learns of the preparation of a book which is to survey Sanderson's life work. It is a book

of profound importance to all who care for the best in thought and education, because Sanderson's method was evolved from an original conception of the scope and nature of the education of boys. How much Sanderson learned from Wells, and how much Wells from Sanderson, and how much both have learned from the unseen spirit of the time, can hardly be known. But I think there can be no question that with all its incidental faults "The Outline of History" has done a great work in opening up a field and a consciousness.

* * * * *

I have been reading an autobiography — a brief book of under 300 pages — which would be a very slight affair if it were not written in a style of sentimental distinction to which few writers nowadays can attain. I refer to Arthur Machen's "Far Off Things". Machen's readers may not be many, apart from those who swarmed to his account of the Mons angels; but they are staunch. Early editions of Machen are sought after, and there will presently be a Machen cult. In fact there is already such a thing. And what a strange life his has been, and what a strange output. A queer work on the history of smoking, a translation of the "Heptameron" of Margaret of Navarre, some faint, dreamy novels, a charming and preposterous essay upon the essentials of true literature, entitled "Hieroglyphics", and now this autobiography. Years of journalism for the "Evening News" (for which paper "Far Off Things", under another title, was written), and a distinguished reputation which is as dim as if Arthur Machen had died before the end of the nineteenth century. He is a nineteenth century man, and none the worse for that. It is difficult to believe that the particular sort of prose which comes beautifully creeping in successive sentences along the pages of "Far Off Things" is being written today. It belongs to the days of the Celtic twilight, when men wrote in lingering cadences and loved the words they used with a love of almost morbid jealousy. And here is this book, wambling and soporific and exquisitely lulling to the ear, a thing to charm any reader sensitive to the wonders of language. You may find many beauties in "Far Off Things", and many echoes of "The Hill of Dreams", of "Hieroglyphics" and "The Three Impostors", and I can only say that I read the book with the sense that I was reading a minor classic of the last century. Such an experience is too rare to be missed. Forget the day, forget the last twenty years, and you too will find in this druggingly sweet narrative some such pleasure as I have felt. We do not write like this now. Let us make the most of our opportunity of reading a minor classic of the last century which is coming gently from the press in the midst of our own less exquisite work.

* * * *

The book is certainly very different from "This Freedom", which has already started here upon a triumphant life. Hutchinson's work has had its inevitably mixed press. The theme of the married woman with a career is one of immediate topical interest, and it is treated in "This Freedom" with an extravagance which has made the book instantly the subject of controversy. A popular actress has taken up the challenge. Women everywhere are beginning to froth over into indignation and support and argument. With the dramatized version of "If Winter Comes" actually in being (that highly popular actor, Owen

Nares, who would like to kill the man who first named him "the flapper's idol", is playing Mark Sabre), with the film version of the same novel imminent, and with this new seething of excitement and attention over "This Freedom", I rather imagine that A. S. M. Hutchinson's name will be a good deal bandied about during the next few months. He does not seem to mind it. He bears it, in fact, very well — a thin, tall, very shortsighted man with a modest and entirely unpretentious manner. He does not speak of his doings in the literary world, and is quite content if they are left unmentioned. His interests are in other things. They are in ideas — not necessarily profound ideas, but definitely related to the life, the social and moral life, of human beings. If these books of his are successful, it is because Hutchinson, like his readers, is sensitive to the questions which arise in them — questions of conduct, of husbands and wives and children, of parentage and responsibility. I do not suggest that he is a thinker — if I were to do so I should probably be execrated by all the literary people, and many unliterary people, who have read or who have failed to read "If Winter Comes". I merely say that what Hutchinson writes he really thinks. His books represent preoccupations. They indicate moral problems, because he is a moralist. It is a kind face, and a kind heart, and it is a mind which works very easily and simply. That is to say, Hutchinson is a very likable man; and those who respond to his personality as they find it expressed in his books are doing a very natural and a very just thing.

* * * *

A friend of mine, recently incarcerated in a nursing home, has been interested to discover the sort of book which is read for recreation by professional nurses. I cannot guarantee that the nurses were representative; but according to my friend they were all highly trained, and so I guess they were fairly typical. All had read "If Winter Comes", and were eager, in spite of their extremely varying opinions of that book, to read its successor. Wells and Bennett they knew by name, but they did not show any acquaintance with specific works by those authors. Zane Grey, Ridgwell Cullum, Ralph Connor, were their favorites. One sister said this might be explained by the fact that, being kept constantly indoors themselves, they demanded outdoor fiction. Of myself — greatly to the delight of the mischievous patient — they had not heard. Mackenzie was known as the author of "Poor Relations"; Walpole was known by name, but had not been read. My friend learned for the first time of a marvelous Scottish humorist called Watt, with whose works I must own I am personally unfamiliar. Hall Caine was still discussed as a live novelist, though the moral character of his books was not always approved. But they always came back to Hutchinson — what did my friend think of "If Winter Comes"? Was his new book a good one? What was he like? It was not that these nurses were wedded to literary discussion. They freely volunteered these remarks to an unknown patient, as a part of the general field of conversation. I have merely disentangled the novels and novelists (from among my friend's records of all that happened) for the benefit of readers of THE BOOKMAN. They seem to me to show one tiny glimpse of that mysterious world of readers which I for one can never envisage.

SIMON PURE

THE SKETCH BOOK

AN APOLOGY TO GOATS

By Dorothy Scarborough

ISN'T it extraordinary, the authority that readers assume over magazines? You'd almost suppose that the publications were put out for their benefit, instead of for that of the editors and contributors! These curious creatures seem to think that subscription receipts entitle them to a diabolic right to run things, and — editors tell me — those who give the most trouble aren't even subscribers. They snitch magazines from ashcans, or read them over elevated or subway shoulders, or wear out the copies in the library just when persons like you and me want to be enjoying them, and then they go home and write letters to the office staff, telling what they object to. With the air of traffic policemen they lift commanding pens to halt the rush of ideas.

THE BOOKMAN once published an article showing the perniciousness of the Contributor Who Calls. But the Reader Who Writes is a far worse and more numerous pest. Distance lends a fatal leverage to his letter of complaint, and the brickbat which he hurls inside an envelope crashes with more concussive power against the editor's unprotected brain, and then ricochets against the contributor. Or else the editor scents and resents a plot, as in the case of the college girl who some time ago sold her first story. Wishful to impress the magazine with the popular appeal of her tale and thus win welcome for her future work, she wrote to her sorority friends and to all the chapter houses of her organization, asking them to write in praise of her story. They did. But so rare are compliments that the suspicious editor felt there was something queer when all those letters on Etta Pi note paper snowdrifted his desk. And he didn't buy her next story.

Several facts are conspicuous with regard to this reader with the itching pen. He may write to ask impossible questions or make requests, and thinks the editor witless or callous hearted if he doesn't respond by telegraph. I discovered that recently when I was for six months poetry editor of a certain magazine of large circulation, while the regular editor was in Europe on a vacation. (Vacations are necessary at times, even if you have to take them in a penitentiary or lunatic asylum.) I was asked for advice on all sorts of unmetrical questions, such as whether it was safe to bathe the baby during the winter, and what to do for a child with worms. (Personally, I don't think anything much can be done for a child whose parents have worms in the brain.) I got letters such as the following, which were touching as human documents but left me stumped to know what to say in reply:

> Dear edditor, I am going to ask you if you no enything that is good to get rede of thise flying aunts they are in the back ground of my lot next to my hous I have did everything that I no what to do and I cant get rede of them I am a frade they will get in threw the hous if you no anything will you pleas let me know fore I am just sick about this.

The reader so seldom writes in praise that a letter of surface admiration is scrutinized by house detectives in order that its subtly concealed malevo-

lence may be disclosed. No, he writes from the inspiration of grievance, and he (and he is often she) sends letters to express protests, amazement, horror. A two cent stamp is made to carry such dynamitic displeasure that insurance companies rate the postman's job as extra-hazardous. You know yourself how many mysterious explosions have occurred lately, killing the public and paralyzing the police! What lucky editor was it who escaped the Wall Street bomb letter?

An editor who has made research investigation into the facts and figures of the subject, told me not long ago that one letter of complaint concerning a story or article or policy was known to represent not only the individual writer, but a statisticable number of others who hold similar opinions but fail to write. Maybe the ink has given out, or the baby has measles, or the hired man has quit, or Cousin Jane from the country has come on a visit. And so for the one who writes to deplore — they are very gifted at deploring! — there are these calculable many who menace by their refraint from letters. This explains the high rate of suicide and homicidal insanity among editors.

But the editor is not the sole sufferer, for the contributor also is ruled by this mob tyranny of readers. I speak with emotion, as I have been oppressed in that position likewise.

For example: some time ago I submitted to an esteemed magazine a story which was not a happy ender. The conclusion contained a storm, the insanity of a husband, and the murder by him of his wife under distressing circumstances. The editor shook kind but sad head at me. "I like your story, but this ending will never do. It's too depressing."

"But", I argued, "I was trying to do something like a Greek tragedy."

"That's all very well," he obstinated; "but for one reader in fifty who'd see Greek tragedy in it, forty-nine would write to me saying, 'My God! what a magazine!' "

And so for the sake of the forty-niners I changed the ending to revive the woman from supposed death by violence, restore the man's reason, reconcile the two, and convert the storm into a neighborly rain that saved the crop from imminent ruin. All that I did for readers. And did I have thanks for it? I did not.

A little later I had a letter asking me to send a humorous story to another magazine. Flattered, I responded with a narrative which was printed without my having to change it in any way except cut it down by half. The readers of that magazine, it appeared, like their fiction very short — and payment was made by space rates.

The story was a transcript of an experience of my father's with a herd of goats, set down partly as I remembered it from my very early childhood, and partly as it had been repeated in the family in after years. Father was a young lawyer in West Texas at the time when it happened. Feeling that the county wasn't criminally enough inclined to enrich him fast, he decided to raise goats on the side. He didn't know that goats won't stay on the side, but preempt the foreground and the whole landscape as well.

My mother protested against the scheme, telling him that goats were moral perverts, that they insisted on going back to wherever they came from, like homing pigeons, that they climbed everywhere like monkeys, and that, like cormorants, they ate everything in sight, from clothes on the

line to growing plants. She argued vehemently that one goat could stir up more hard feeling in a community than a protracted revival of religion could smooth over.

But Father was a gentle optimist, loath to believe evil of even a beast, and so he got his goats. They were Angoras, with saintly beards like major prophets, and they were to stay happily on the ranch seven miles from town, while they quietly and swiftly enriched the Scarboroughs. They didn't do it, any of it. We are still poor.

Scarcely had those goats been driven with reluctant feet to the ranch than they turned again home. Sunset and evening star would see Father herding his Angoras across the plain, past astonished jack rabbits and prairie dogs, to the ranch which seemed seventy times seven miles away. And after that the dark saw them pattering home. Morning would display them bickering at our gate, and waggling their grey beards at Father.

A cycle of events followed which would do for an epic plot. The goats destroyed neighboring property till our family was liable to bankruptcy and banishment. A bride-to-be's lingerie — only it wasn't called that in West Texas in those days — was chewed up from the line, causing a feud. The citizens were about to ride Father out of town on a rail, but they had to delay matters to send to Dallas for a rail, since there weren't any in that treeless land. Just as they were on the point of a barbed wire fence substitute, the goats went on a final orgy that destroyed Father's last affection for them.

They climbed up a ladder left by a shed storeroom and gained the roof of the house, where they spent the night scampering about like hoofed hailstones, with Father trying to herd them down. When he had given up in despair and gone back to bed, but not to sleep — you see, there was Mother as well as the goats that he had to contend with — they thought of something else. They walked up a plank that my older brother and sister had left across the garden fence for use as a seesaw, and gained entrance to Mother's garden which she had nursed with indescribable care in that rainless region. They ate up every flower, every vegetable, every sprig of green, and were playing seesaw when Father found them in the morning. Then Mother made up his mind to get rid of the goats.

There was the story, from life. There be those living who can attest it — or part of it. But what said the readers of that magazine?

The answer was a letter from the Mohair Goat Association, bitterly reproachful for the publication of the tale, on the grounds — that I had made goats ridiculous! It appeared that I was either wholly ignorant of Angoras, or else I wished to "knock" a prominent and valuable industry. Goats are not the diabolic beings with hoof and horn that I had pictured, but mild mannered, well bred creatures. They are very useful — "because they are very destructive to nearly all classes of shrubbery, and on that account are valuable in clearing land". (But, you see, Mother hadn't wanted her land cleared.)

In short, my story was a bleatant error, liable to damage commerce. Since "ignorant people already have a prejudice against goats", such truth as my fiction is likely to increase that feeling. There are "fifteen thousand goat breeders in America" — not to speak of the herder — who "resent" my story or will resent it when they get round to reading it. (I can under-

stand the attitude of those who sell goats, but I doubt whether the herders will disagree violently with my comments.)

There are, I was told, many millions of goats in the country, two or three millions in Texas alone — so dare I ever go back to my loved, my native state again? I am panicked at the thought that somewhere those goats may be in convention to protest against me. I look fearfully at the fire escape every morning, to see if perchance their delegation has arrived. I shall engage some highwayman of villainous visage and bellicose weapons to guard me. But think of being disliked by fifteen thousand goat breeders and countless millions of goats! And those goats constantly increasing!

There should be some association of Authors and Editors for mutual protection. Cannot THE BOOKMAN do something to aid in the matter?

P. S. I am just departing for a secret, distant, island where goats and letters are alike unknown, so that it will be useless for Readers Who Dislike this article to write their objections. The editor, of course, will have to defend himself the best he can, but he is young and muscular and of nimble wit, so maybe he can manage it.

MR. TERHUNE SHOWS HIS COLLIES

By Mary Graham Bonner

SUNNYBANK at Pompton Lakes is geographically in a rather remote section of New Jersey. In actuality it is known to thousands in equally remote sections and in cities, as the home of Albert Payson Terhune.

Settling itself in a very homelike way is the vine covered, gabled house which holds within it countless cups and blue ribbons won by Bruce and Lad and others of the superb collies who have lived their completely happy dog lives there. About the house are trees and flowers and a sunny, sunny bank which edges a lake. It is beautifully restful there; yet there are moments when it is splendidly noisy. You cannot hear a train or a trolley or an elevated or even raucous human voices — but fifteen dogs are there, magnificent collies of different ages, who greet the visitor joyously and effusively. Gay bounding spirits they are; yet there is a great dignity about them too, with their long expressive faces and their quick responsiveness and obedience to the word of their master or the word of the mistress — for the Sunnybank collies are quite as devoted to her in real life as they are in the books. It is the mistress, Mr. Terhune testifies, who is responsible for the success of the dog yarns and the kennels. She is not only his wife but his "best chum". Her understanding of humans and animals alike is both rare and inspiring.

None of the dogs has ever been struck. They have never been whipped, nor have they been cowed. They have since puppyhood learned obedience as interpreted solely by the human voice.

At Sunnybank Lad is buried. Carved in the stone above his head is the inscription "Thoroughbred in Body and Soul", while on Bruce's headstone are the words "The Dog Without a Fault". Wolf, the survivor of the great trio of older collies, still lives. He has aged, but with age have come remarkable wisdom and sagacity, and an attitude of watchfulness and devotion over those to whom he has given his unfaltering affection.

During eight months of the year Mr. Terhune lives and works at Sunny-

bank. For two winter months he loafs in the south. The remaining two months he lives at his apartment in New York.

"On Riverside Drive, too", Mr. Terhune told me, "which is no part of the city to live in during the winter. It is cold and blowy; but I can look from my windows across to New Jersey and know that back in the hills lies Sunnybank where the collies are. It is no way, perhaps, for a grown man to feel. Maybe you would call it maudlin — but it is the way I feel. For the Sunnybank collies aren't merely dogs. They are super dogs!"

Albert Payson Terhune began his writing career as a newspaper reporter. From that he turned automatically to writing as his chosen work. At first he wrote serials and books of adventure which won him an enthusiastic following. His explanation is characteristically devoid of conceit:

"You listen to a child who is giving his own version of 'Jack the Giant Killer'. The story has so thrilled and excited him that, in his telling it to you, you feel the thrill of the story. In his own intensity over the tale you feel its punch. So it was, I think, that people liked that stuff of mine. I was so thrilled in writing those stories, I enjoyed doing them so enormously, that some of that enjoyment was passed on to the reader."

It was many years before Mr. Terhune could persuade any of the editors that people would want dog stories. "It is only natural that they should", he said, "for almost every kid has a favorite story of a dog who was not wanted because he had fleas, and who later risked his life to rescue the heroine and so became beloved of all the family and vindicated the boy's pride in him. And almost every grown man dreams some day of a little place of his own — a shack, it may only be — but in that little shack there will be a dog.

"But the editors didn't see it that way. It was Lad himself who so won over an editor who used to come out to the place, that he told me to go ahead and write about some of the things he had seen Lad do."

Mr. Terhune has known collies since his boyhood days. He has never written anything about them that he hasn't seen them or known them to do.

I asked him then about his work; the usual questions that the interviewer always carries with him.

"I'm afraid I'll be a disappointment to you," he said. "I don't wait for an inspiration and then write a couple of hours, nor do I sit around all day and write half the night. I have always felt that if inspiration came in that uncertain way it wasn't worth any more than a dog would be worth who wouldn't come to you when you whistled.

"Writing, to me, is a craft. Just as the cobbler, in the old days before machinery, worked on a pair of shoes, carefully, concentratedly until the shoes were completely finished, and then went on to the next pair — so I work. I work over a story, rewriting it again and again — trying to make each revision better, smoother, than the last, until it is finished — and then I go on to the next thing.

"I write from nine in the morning until six in the evening with an hour off for lunch. If I worked any less I would not feel I was doing a day's work which every man should do. We wouldn't employ a gardener who worked only an hour or so a day when he felt in the mood for it. Writing, I think, should be regarded in the same way."

He stopped talking for a moment and turned to pet one of the collies crowding around us.

"I don't think", he went on, "that this 'We Authors' business gets very far. While some are talking of a wonderful story idea, in much the way a hen will cackle over an egg it has just laid, and are elaborating on the agony and life's blood that 'We Authors put into our work', others are working away at their typewriters and getting the work done."

It requires no imaginative exaggeration to call Albert Payson Terhune a lifesized man. In height and weight and capacity for hard, tireless work he is fully equipped and above measurements. And in the heart of him too. Were it not for that love that he has of his collies, that understanding and appreciation of them, his readers would not feel toward his stories as they do.

IMMORTALIZING VICTOR HUGO

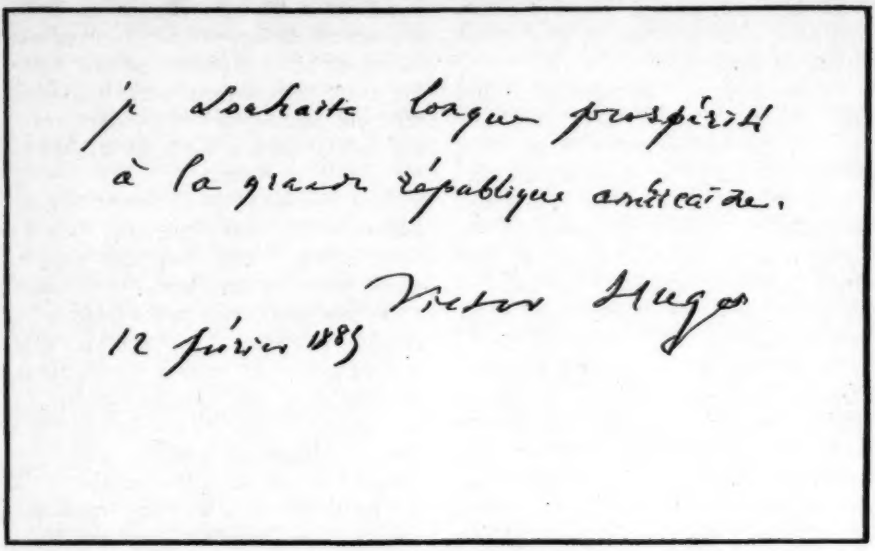
By Charles Henry Meltzer

IF he could see what "Michael Strange" did in "Clair de Lune", the man who gave us "L'Homme qui Rit" might not be pleased. Fame — immortality — were dear to him. But not such tributes as he owes to Mrs. Barrymore.

I knew the poet, in my salad days. With thousands upon thousands, long ago, I once marched past a small and very simple villa, cheering the Master (as we always called him), who was then entering on his eightieth year. A great event it seemed to us young students. A great event it seemed to all in France. What Victor Hugo thought of it I do not know. Possibly, in his most secret heart, he deprecated being prematurely raised *ad astra*. More probably, he saw nothing at all extravagant in the adulation that was heaped on him — heard nothing in our shouts but a fit tribute to his Olympian genius.

That morning, if we could believe ourselves, the Master, living, took on immortality. And we, the people, hailed him as one more than man. After the procession had swept by, a group (of which I formed a most trifling part) called upon Victor Hugo to offer him the congratulations of the press. I had often before then been privileged to see the grand old Frenchman seated in the Senate, or on the *impériale* of a Parisian omnibus. But this was my first (and my last) opportunity of meeting him. As I look back, I find myself wondering at the audacity with which we flies on the wheel ventured to obtrude ourselves upon his privacy. What could it matter to the poet who had just been accorded honors paid only to heroes, whether a few journalists, dealing in ephemeral news-gossip, did or did not contribute to his apotheosis? And, to be honest, the silence, the reserve, with which he recognized our homage, as, rising from his chair and slightly trembling (less, I am afraid, with emotion than with a premonition of palsy) he bowed to us, might have been interpreted as a rebuke.

Three more years passed, and, for the second time, I helped to "immortalize" Victor Hugo. The occasion was the translation of his remains from the villa in the avenue which bore his name to their last earthly resting place in the Paris Panthéon. Six poets walked on either side of their dead master's bier. The streets leading from the Triumphal Arch, beneath which his body had lain in state,



A VICTOR HUGO AUTOGRAPH

Some months before his death Victor Hugo sent Mr. Meltzer an autograph, in which he wished "long prosperity to the great American republic".

to the Hill of Ste. Geneviève, were densely thronged. Boys, staggering beneath the weight of boxes and ladders, offered one places from which to see the pageant, for fifty centimes or a franc. Hawkers with flushed faces and loud, raucous voices invited one to buy souvenirs improvised by the ingenuity of Parisian workgirls. Music and the dull tramp of countless feet added to the impressiveness of the hour. Banners, knotted with crape, and acre after acre of tricolor drapery, hung from the windows. It was the funeral of a conqueror, rather than of a poet. At that moment, indeed, Victor Hugo had conquered. Those who had least liked the inflation of his style were in no mood for caviling. Those who, at more sober times, had smiled at his limitless vanity, thought of him then as a world prophet, a great seer, an inimitable writer.

But I had seen a grotesque side of the medal. While nations waited breathless for the bulletins that announced the progress of the Master's last malady, night after night, in an ill smelling wineshop facing the house of Victor Hugo, a strange group sat up, drinking vile drinks and discussing the expected tragedy. Most of them were shabbily dressed, and several affected the long hair which in Paris was then habitually associated with literature. Many were reporters of the "Figaro", the "Gaulois", and their rivals; others were correspondents of foreign newspapers; others again were — by their own showing — poets. Various were the opinions to which they gave utterance as they kept their death watch. Some proclaimed themselves idolators. Some mocked. Some were cynics. If you had looked inside the coat pockets of most among them, you would have seen obituary notices, or magniloquent

odes, hidden away till the propitious time might come for making themselves public. At first the behavior of these ominous scribblers was decorous. But as the hours crept on, and night succeeded night, it became less seemly. At intervals of an hour one of the party, deputed by his fellows, would leave the wineshop and cross over to the door of the poet's house, to ask Catulle Mendès or Auguste Vacquerie for the latest news. Then, stealing back, he would transmit his information to the impatient group. "The Master is sleeping." "The Master is a little better." Or, "The Master seems faint." So the messages would run. Then, thinking of the snug beds for which they longed, or groaning over the impossibility of getting their obituaries into a first edition, the watchers would growl savagely or stifle oaths, as they renewed their drinks.

Once, after sharing in these lamentable vigils for some nights, as dawn drew near I strolled into another wineshop — for a change of air. A portly female was wiping her zinc counter, and gossiping volubly with an early customer. As I entered, the hostess, glancing at the still lighted window over the way, and prefacing her remark with a deep sigh, exclaimed: "Ah, oui, Madame! Ce sera une grande perte, une très grande perte — *pour le quartier!*" (T'would be a sad, a very sad loss — for the neighborhood.)

The unconscious humor of the words was so pathetic that I could not resist the temptation to repeat what I had heard to Catulle Mendès, who had just come from Victor Hugo's death chamber and was pacing to and fro before his villa.

"I can improve on that," said Mendès. "Some time ago, a stranger, anxious to pay homage to Victor Hugo, stopped at a perfumer's shop in this very avenue and asked to be directed to the poet's residence. The shopkeeper seemed puzzled. But, after cudgeling his brains for a few moments, he replied: "I am sorry, Monsieur. But I know no one of that name in the perfumery business."

Some hours after this interchange of anecdotes, Victor Hugo died, and the authors of those odes and articles at last marketed their outpourings.

POETS AND THEIR PASTIMES

By Abram S. Isaacs

IT is said that Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote" to caricature chivalry and thus hasten its downfall. No one, perhaps, has charged George Puttenham with having written in 1589 "The Art of English Poesie" to make the poet impossible. His avowed purpose is fairly ambitious: "for the learning of Ladies and young Gentlewomen or idle Courtiers, desirous to become skilful in their oune mother tongue and for their private recreation to make now and then ditties of pleasure" as well as "to entertaine their servants and the time withall, their delicate wits requiring some commendable exercise to keepe them from idlenesse." In other words his book is to teach poetry as an entertaining art, its mechanics, so to speak, with a wealth of anecdote and illustration that would crown the poet with everlasting laurel. As a result the poet appears like the French monarch in Thackeray's caricature — a mere framework for outside ornamentation.

In his chapter on proportion, Puttenham suggests how poetasters used to divert themselves by twisting their verses into odd shapes and devices.

Nothing could be more grotesque, with fans, toilet glasses, and frocks for love poems; glasses and bottles for drinking odes; altars and tombstones for religious verses and epitaphs; with angles, temples, and pyramids to express other sentiments. The author refers particularly to the lozenge, the fuzie or spindle, the triangle or tricquet, the square, cylinder, pyramid, rondel or sphere, the egg or oval figure, and their reversions or doublings. Here, for example, is a lozenge, presented to an Emperor of Tartary by his sweetheart, Lady Kermesine, on his returning from the conquest of Corasoon, an important kingdom adjoining his own. The poem was made in letters of rubies and diamonds intermingled thus:

Sound
O Harpe
Shril lie out
Temir the stout
Rider who with sharpe
Trenching blade of bright steele
Hath made his fiercest foes to feele
All such as wrought him shame or harme
The strength of his brave right arme,
Cleaving hard downe into the eyes
The raw skulles of his enemies
Much honor hath he wonne
By doughtie deeds done
In Cora soon
And all the
W o r l d e
Round.

To this poem the Emperor replied in a fuzie or spindled shaped effusion, resembling a top at full spin:

Five
Sore batailles
Manfully fought
In blouddy fielde
With bright blade in hand
Hath Temir won & forst to yeld
Many a Captaine strong and stoute
And many a King his Crowne to vayle
Conquering large countreys and land
Yet ne ver wanne I vi cto rie
I speake it to my greate glo rie
So deare and joy full unto me
As when I did first con quer thee
O Kerme sine, of all myne woes
The smartest, the sweetest,
My proude con quest
My ri chest pray
O once a daye
Lend me thy sight
Whose only light
Keepes me
Alive.

As an illustration for a triangle, a poem is given which Ribuska, a sultan of Persia, sent to his sweetheart, Lady Selamour, "all set in marquetry with letters of blew sapphire and topas artificially cut and intermingled":

Selamour dearer than his oune life
To thy dis tressed wretch captive
Ri buska whome late ly erst
Most cru el ly thou perst
With thy dead ly dart
What paire of starres
Shi ning a farre
Turne from me, to me
That I may may not see
The smile, the loure
That lead & drive
Me to die to live
Twist yea thrise
In one
Houre.

Not to be surpassed in the architecture of poetry, the Lady Selamour rejoined in an upright triangle:

Power
Of death
Nor of life
Hath Selamour
With gods it is rife
To geve and bereve breath,
I may for pitie perchaunce
Thy lost libertie re store,
Upon thine othe with this penaunce,
That while thou livest thou never love no more.

The reply of the Sultan to this rather hard condition is written in the shape of a pyramid, our author states, but "for lack of time", he adds, "I translated not".

Now one need not go back three centuries and more to Puttenham and his examples of pyramid, lozenge, or triangle. This decanter, taken from

SONG OF THE DECANTER

There was an old decanter, and its mouth was gaping wide: the rosy wine had ebbed away and left its crystal side: and the wind went humming— humming up and down the sides it flew and through the reed - like hollow neck the wildest notes it blew. I placed it in the window, where the blast was blowing free, and fancied that its pale mouth sang the queerest strains to me. "They tell me — puny conquerors! the Plague has slain his ten, and War his hundred thousands of the very best of men: but I" — 'twas thus the Bottle spake — "but I have conquered more than all your famous conquerors, so feared and famed of yore. Then come, ye youths and maidens, all, come drink from out my cup, the beverage that dulls the brain and burns the spirits up; that puts to shame your conquerors that slay their scores below; for this has deluged millions with the lava tide of woe. Tho' in the path of battle darkest waves of blood may roll; yet while I killed the body I have damn'd the very soul. The cholera, the plague, the sword, such ruin ne'er wro't as I, in mirth or malice, on the innocent have brought. And still I breathe upon them, and they shrink before my breath; and year by year my thousands tread the dismal road of Death."

an old scrap book of the early 'seventies, might have been effectively quoted in the Prohibition campaign:

The mediæval writers, however, were not limited in their ingenuity to odd shapes and devices — they display often a painful effort in composing such a twister as the following. Two words of opposite meanings, spelled with exactly the same letters, for a telestich: that is, the initial letters when united were to give one of the words and the final letters were to form the other. For instance, the poem was constructed:

U-nite and untie are the same — so say yo-U
N-ot in wedlock, I ween has the unity bee-N
I-n the drama of marriage each wandering gou-T
T-o a new face would fly — all except you and I
E-ach seeking to alter the *spell* in their Scen-E.

George Herbert (1593-1632) has left a perfect example of a poem in the form of an altar and so entitled:

A broken altar, Lord, Thy servant rears,
Made of a heart and cemented with tears;
Whose parts are as Thy hand did frame,
No workman's tool hath touched the same.
A Heart alone
Is such a stone,
As nothing but
Thy power doth cut.
Wherefore each part
of my hard heart
Meets in this frame
To praise Thy name:
That if I chance to hold my peace,
These stones to praise Thee may not cease.
O let Thy Blessed Sacrifice be mine,
And sanctify this Altar to be Thine.

In a poem entitled "Paradise" Herbert shows a similar ingenuity in the endings of each verse:

I bless Thee, Lord, because I *Grow*
Among Thy trees, which in a *row*
To Thee both fruit and order *ow.*

What open force of hidden *Charm*
Can blast my fruit or bring me *harm*
While the enclosure is Thine *arm?*

Inclose me still for fear I *Start*
Be to me rather sharp and *tart*
Then let me want thy head and *art.*

When thou dost greater judgments *Spare*
And with the Knife but prune and *pare*
E'en fruitful trees more fruitful *are.*

Such sharpness shows the sweetest *Friend:*
Such cuttings rather heal than *rend:*
And such beginnings touch their *End.*

There could be no greater contrast to Herbert's poem than this epitaph written by William Oldys, the bibliographer, in a moment of diversion.

W. O.

In word and WILL I AM friend to you,
And one friend OLD IS worth a hundred new.

In this poem, culled from a scrap book of 1867, is a double acrostic which is not difficult to decipher:

Each dewy morn and every tranquil evE
Declare the boundless goodness of our GoD:
Where'er our roving thoughts are turned we vieW
A power divine. In the tumultuous seA
Rolling along; in the wild thunder's roaR;
Dwelling in everlasting light, we see a hanD
Swaying the sceptre of divine decreeS.

Trust in that mighty arm; and ever resT
On grace alone; and cheerful onward gO,
Drawn by that love into the heavenly roaD;
Don't fail your goal, Sereno Edwards TodD.

WHO IS WRITING FOR CHILDREN?

By Annie Carroll Moore

From "Memoirs of a London Doll"

"Do you wish a ticket to go away and come back, or do you wish a ticket to go away and never come back?"

If Carl Sandburg's sleepy eyed ticket agent had been sitting in a window of THE BOOKMAN office in New York in the year 1918 and had asked me that question, I should have snatched W. H. Hudson's "Little Boy Lost" and Hendrik Van Loon's "Short History of Discovery" from reviewers' shelves and I should have grabbed that new "long slick yellow leather slab ticket with a blue spanch across it" and I should have run over Murray Hill laughing and shouting, "It *is* too much to be too long anywhere" — all the way to the Grand Central Station.

Like Gimme the Ax, I should first have sold everything — lions, libraries, literary lights, lodgings, to buy that wonderful ticket to ride "on and on to where the railroad tracks run off into the blue sky" and everything is quite different from the way it always was. And when I had gone far enough out into the Rootabaga Country — way beyond Chicago — and had seen the corn fairies stitching and laughing away under the harvest moon in Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska, I should have jumped on the observation car of the Golden Spike Limited and from the rear platform of that glorious "free child" of two city skyscrapers, I should have called back to everybody living anywhere: "Carl Sandburg, the poet, has written a remarkable book for children. I know because I'm seeing it all come true. Don't wait for reviews. Get the book and read it aloud. It's about America and all of us."

And after that I should have climbed into an upper berth of the Golden Spike Limited, and while the train rushed on to distant mountains and the sea, I should have dreamed every night of the two skyscrapers leaning across the street to whisper together in the city I'd left behind, of the Old Wooden Indian riding down Main Street on the back of the Shaghorn Buffalo, of the Balloon Pickers, the blue foxes, and the yellow flongboos "waving their long yellow tails like torches to light up their way over the prairie"; of Rags Habbakuk, Any Ice Today, and an army of newsboys, firemen, and policemen. And when the

From "Rootabaga Stories"

Golden Spike Limited stopped at the Golden Gate I should have been the first person to step off the train to

tell the children of the Pacific coast that "Rootabaga Stories" belonged to them quite as much as to the children of the east, of the middle west, and the south and to ask which of the delightful illustrations of Maud and Miska Petersham they liked best.

It would have been easy for this reviewer of children's books to run away from the children's books published in 1918 on just such a pilgrimage to the children of the country. Hendrik Van Loon's illustrations for the "Short History of Discovery" then looked so queer to the bookseller, that his first book was rarely to be found in any bookshop, although in daily use as a picture book in the children's room of a public library. New writers with ideas and originality in expressing them were sorely needed in the field of children's books. Writers of promise are bound to lose both spontaneity and dramatic force under pressure of writing a sequel or a series following a single successful book. It is a wise publisher who reminds himself of the six years between "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass" before he asks an author to "do it again".

In contrasting the rich and varied output of children's books in 1922 with the static conditions of 1918, illustrators no less than authors have disclosed new ways of looking at people and things. Such original work as that of Hendrik Van Loon in his pictorial histories and Hugh Lofting in his "Story of Doctor Dolittle" (1920) stimulates curiosity and interest in greater and lesser artists and adds immeasurably to the enjoyment of children who have been fed to satiety on poor drawings and cheap photographic representations of educational wonders.

> Our brains are trained, our books are big
> And yet we always fail. . . .

Hilaire Belloc reminds us in "More Beasts for Worse Children" issued in an American edition just in time to preserve me from the ravages of a new pictorial encyclopædia anticipatory of all the questions children may be expected to ask in a single lifetime. B.T.B.'s drawings of the frozen mammoth or the microbe and Oliver Herford's inimitable personifications of wasps and worms, crickets and bumblebees, in a delightful new book called "The Bird-Nest Boarding House" by Verbena Reed, will raise a laugh with a deeper interrogation born of the desire to share an experience of getting at life rather than to pose before a child as a know-it-all. There have been many attempts to teach the appreciation of art, but I know of none so effective as giving fine picture books and drawings right of way with children.

Lovat Fraser's pictures for "Nursery Rhymes" appears in an American edition this year, lending the pictorial fancy of this gifted artist of "The Beggar's Opera" to "Hot Cross Buns!", "An Old Man Clothed All in Leather", and other familiar rhymes. The book is reminiscent of the old broadsides and will lend color to any Christmas exhibition.

The rarest of books is an acceptable Christmas story and "The Velveteen Rabbit" by Margery Williams (who is Pamela Bianco's mother) is destined to live in the remembrance of every child and grown up who follows the adventures of the Velveteen Rabbit from his first appearing in a Christmas stocking until he is turned into a real bunny by the Nursery Magic Fairy. The story is told with simplicity and direct appeal to a child's heart. The seven lithographic illus-

trations by William Nicholson suggest the freedom of wild rabbits in the fields and woods, as well as the intimate life of the Velveteen Rabbit and the old Skin Horse in the nursery. These pictures will make a charming frieze for a children's room or nursery at Christmas time. So far as we know, it is Mr. Nicholson's first work for children and his Nursery Magic Fairy should be a reminder to other artists that no one can draw fairies or write of them who does not remember how they seemed in childhood.

Rose Fyleman has been unconsciously teaching many American parents as well as children how to play with fairies ever since her "Fairies and Chimneys" appeared in an American edition in 1920. The Fairies' Tailor in "The Fairy Flute" has come just in time to associate with Carl Sandburg's Corn Fairies.

A real child looks out from Hilda Conkling's "Shoes of the Wind" as from her earlier poems, but she appears more rarely in a playful and objective mood. She is growing more and more concerned with thoughts and feelings as she nears the teens, and in my judgment it would be wise to delay publication of her writing during the next few years. A judicious selection from the two books with appropriate line drawings would give Hilda Conkling her rightful place on the shelves of a children's library. These shelves are soon to be enriched by several anthologies. Sara Teasdale's "Rainbow Gold" is a small and exceedingly well chosen selection of poems for children of over, rather than under, ten years. The decorative illustrations for the book are by Dugald Walker and the introduction by the compiler is a direct invitation to read poetry for its own sake. Mary G. Davis has compiled a selection of poetry of personal interest to girls in the teens, basing it upon her own natural appreciation of

From "Memoirs of a London Doll"

poetry and her intimate experience with girls in library clubs and story hours. Dorothy Canfield has written the introduction to a book which supplies a very real need in books for girls.

"The Way of Poetry" contains an introduction by its compiler, John Drinkwater. I have not yet seen a copy of this anthology, but I should expect it to be of interest to young people. Walter de la Mare has made quite a large selection of imaginative poetry, which is announced on both sides of the water, but bids fair to be delayed in publication.

"Battles and Enchantments" is not a book of poems, but one of Irish folklore retold by an American poet, Nor-

reys Jephson O'Conor, from original Irish stories. Mr. O'Conor has applied both head and heart to recreating these old romances in a form appealing to boys and girls, as well as to the mature reader and lover of Celtic legend. "Mighty Mikko" is the title given by Parker Fillmore to his fairy and folk tales from the Finnish. This rerendering of stories hitherto locked away in the Kalevala is a capital piece of work and reveals a fine appreciation of the storehouse from which Mr. Fillmore drew. Jay Van Everen has illustrated the book in black and white with colored frontispiece. Mr. Van Everen's work is sufficiently distinguished to call for more space for his pictures.

Anyone who thinks of the North American Indian as always serious should study the fascinating pictures made from the paintings and sketches of two boys of the Hopi tribe for "Taytay's Tales". These stories were collected by Elizabeth Willis De Huff, who first told them to the three children to whom the book is dedicated. Some of the tales are like Uncle Remus stories and all of them are very well told. The book is a distinct addition to Indian lore and will lend color to an experience of travel in the Desert.

Ernest Thompson Seton has told the life story of a squirrel with all the charm of his earlier work. Children of all ages, and grown ups too, will give a warm welcome to "Bannertail". The book is illustrated by the author.

Samuel Scoville, Jr., writes interestingly of raccoons, black bears, and other animals in "Wild Folk". Fortunately for other boys, Mr. Scoville is sharing with them out of door experiences he has enjoyed with his own son. This attractive book is illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull and Carton Moorepark.

James Willard Schultz tells one of his best stories in "The Trail of the Spanish Horse". I am told that "Star: The Story of an Indian Pony", will be liked by older boys and girls, but I *know* that boys will enjoy David Grew's "Beyond Rope and Fence", which gives a thrilling account of Queen, a buckskin mare, who finally leads her herd to liberty beyond the Saskatchewan.

Frederic Remington's illustrations for "The Book of the Indian" are accompanied by short sketches and stories of life on the Indian reservations, written by Hamlin Garland. The book will be of the same size and general appearance of "Howard Pyle's Book of Pirates", which has had such interest for boys and men in library reading rooms.

Stewart Edward White has written a life of Daniel Boone. I have not yet read it, but I shall as soon as I have finished Zane Grey's "Tales of Lonely Trails". This book is not a romance. It is a fascinating record of personal experiences in the Grand Canyon and the Desert, and although not produced as a children's book it will be eagerly read by older boys and girls.

Dan Beard has written his first story book for boys. "Black Wolf Pack" is of special interest to Boy Scouts, but it is the sort of book any boy, or any man who carries his boyhood with him, will like to read. Mr. Beard knows the American boy from a lifetime of daily association with him and he has made notable contributions to the literature of boyhood. Moreover, he knows how frontiersmen talk and carries the eye of an artist as well as a nature lover when he goes into the woods.

American admirers of "Shasta of the Wolves" will look forward to reading Olaf Baker's "Dusty Star". Paul

Bransom has illustrated the book. Mr. Baker lives down in Cornwall near Land's End.

I have read but one of the "South American Jungle Tales" by Horacio Quiroga, and I should need the assistance of boy readers to appraise the book, translated by Arthur Livingstone.

It is not generally known that Padre Luis Coloma, the novelist, has written a story for children. "Perez, the Mouse", adapted from the Spanish by Lady Moreton several years ago, has just been reprinted. This little story with its charming illustrations is a great favorite with children, since it tells what happens after the loss of the first tooth.

The adventures of a family of mice who lived in an old rectory in Denmark are told in "The Mouse Story", an amusing and well known Danish tale by K. H. With. This story has just been translated by Gerda F. Behrens and Dorothea Prall. The illustrations by V. Y. Fischer are as quaint as the story.

Books written for girls present the usual problem. I have read only a few of the new ones. Katharine Adams created a charming character in Wisp, a girl of Dublin, for which Jay Van Everen made a speaking likeness. As a story of life in Ireland the book does not measure up to "Midsummer" which has to do with Sweden.

"Stories by Mrs. Molesworth" have been selected by Sydney Baldwin and illustrated by Edna Cooke, forming a companion volume to "Stories by Mrs. Ewing", published last year. While I prefer the separate stories in an English edition, I am prepared to welcome the stories of either of these favorite writers of Hugh Walpole's nursery days in any form assuring a wider acquaintance among American children.

"The Memoirs of a London Doll" by Mrs. Fairstar will be read by big girls and little ones in the new edition made possible by Clara Whitehill Hunt. Emma Brock's illustrations are so exactly what the text calls for that I think the artist must have loved the little book in childhood.

Elizabeth Shippen Greene Elliott has illustrated Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" with very real appreciation of what lies behind this much loved book. Her frontispiece tells the story pictorially and with fidelity to Shakespearian detail. In it Shakespeare appears presenting his book to Queen Elizabeth and below are the smaller figures of Charles and Mary Lamb presenting the first edition of their book with the William Blake frontispiece to the children for whom they made it.

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From "Rootabaga Stories"

This book is perhaps the most distinguished in form of the books of the year. A holiday edition of "Master Skylark", illustrated by Henry Pitz, represents a very different approach to the Shakespearian period. John Bennett's story needs no word of praise. Kay Nielsen's illustrations for "East of the Sun and West of the Moon" will appear in a new edition of a notable book. Frances Jenkins Olcott has edited a new selection of "Grimm's Fairy Tales" with illustrations by Rie Cramer, a Dutch artist. Miss Olcott has also made a useful collection for libraries and schools which she calls "Good Stories for Great Birthdays". Katharine Pyle has edited and illustrated a book whose title is "Fairy Tales from Far and Near".

Padraic Colum says he has done the last of his editing and retelling of the classics for children in the selection he has made from "The Arabian Nights". The book is delayed in publication, but it will be worth waiting for. Mr. Colum has allowed his poetic fancy to play about "The Pied Piper" and other tales in "The Children Who Followed the Piper". Dugald Walker has also played while illustrating a book which naturally leads up to three charming little books of plays to be acted or read.

Cornelia Meigs wrote "Helga and the White Peacock", and she's put trolls into her story with a sure sense of the northern tale. Netta Syrett wrote "The Fairy Doll", which includes "Christmas in the Forest" and other short plays. Ethel Sidgwick, the novelist, says that she has used her favorite text for the two fairy tales from the Brothers Grimm which she has dramatized — the Ruskin Grimm it is often called, although the translation was made by Edgar Taylor and the pictures by Cruikshank. Miss Sidgwick's little book appeared in England in an attractive paper cover as "Two Plays for Schools". The American edition bears the title of one of the plays, "The Three Golden Hairs". Old English folk songs are very happily introduced, and the music for them is indicated in a note in the English edition which is unfortunately omitted from the American.

Last of all there is "Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard", a book of as indescribable charm of its kind as "Rootabaga Stories", although it is so different in its appeal. Probably Eleanor Farjeon never rode on the Golden Spike Limited although her grandfather (Joseph Jefferson) often did. But she has a way of "transporting" lesser readers than Mr. Beresford, who writes the introduction to the American edition of her book. Girls of high school age who love poetry and romance and who like to dramatize plays from old tales will find a mine of treasure in Martin Pippin's stories, while to those of us who know and love Sussex it is an ideal book to read aloud, as I read it under an old apple tree in a Staten Island garden. And, whenever you feel tired of everything being "the same as it always was" and you want to play about in London streets or visit Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday, look to "Gypsy and Ginger" to tell how it's done for the children to whom Eleanor Farjeon's grandfather made Rip Van Winkle live again.

Rootabaga Stories. By Carl Sandburg. Illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

More Beasts for Worse Children. By Hilaire Belloc. Pictures by B. T. B. Alfred A. Knopf.

The Bird-Nest Boarding House. By Verbena Reed. Illustrated by Oliver Herford. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Nursery Rhymes. With pictures by Claud Lovat Fraser. Alfred A. Knopf. London: T. C. and E. C. Jack.

The Velveteen Rabbit. By Margery Williams. Illustrated by William Nicholson. George H. Doran Company. London: William Heinemann.

The Fairy Flute. By Rose Fyleman. George H. Doran Company.

Shoes of the Wind. By Hilda Conkling. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Rainbow Gold. Selected by Sara Teasdale. Illustrated by Dugald Walker. The Macmillan Co.

The Girl's Book of Verse. Compiled by Mary G. Davis. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The Way of Poetry. Compiled by John Drinkwater. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Battles and Enchantments. Retold by Norreys Jephson O'Conor. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mighty Mikko. By Parker Fillmore. Illustrated by Jay Van Everen. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

Taytay's Tales. Collected and retold by Elizabeth Willis De Huff. Illustrated by Fred Kabotie and Otis Polelonema. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

Bannertail. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Illustrated by the author. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Wild Folk. By Samuel Scoville, Jr. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

The Trail of the Spanish Horse. By James Willard Schultz. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Star: The Story of an Indian Pony. By Forrestine C. Hooker. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Beyond Rope and Fence. By David Grew. Boni and Liveright.

The Book of the Indian. By Hamlin Garland. Illustrated by Frederic Remington. Harper and Bros.

Daniel Boone. By Stewart Edward White. Doubleday, Page and Co.

Tales of Lonely Trails. By Zane Grey. Harper and Bros.

Black Wolf Pack. By Dan Beard. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dusty Star. By Olaf Baker. Dodd, Mead and Co.

South American Jungle Tales. By Horacio Quiroga. Translated from the Spanish by Arthur Livingstone. Duffield and Co.

Perez, the Mouse. By Padre Luis Coloma. Adapted by Lady Moreton. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The Mouse Story. By K. H. With. Translated by Gerda F. Behrens and Dorothea Prall. Illustrated by V. Y. Fischer. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Wisp. By Katharine Adams. Illustrated by Jay Van Everen. The Macmillan Co.

Stories by Mrs. Molesworth. Selected by Sydney Baldwin. Illustrated by Edna Cooke. Duffield and Co.

The Memoirs of a London Doll. By Mrs. Fairstar. Illustrated by Emma Brock. The Macmillan Co.

Tales from Shakespeare. By Charles and Mary Lamb. Illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Greene Elliott. David McKay.

Master Skylark. By John Bennett. Illustrated by Henry Pitz. Holiday Edition. The Century Co.

East of the Sun and West of the Moon. Illustrated by Kay Nielsen. George H. Doran Company.

Grimm's Fairy Tales. Edited by Frances Jenkins Olcott. Illustrated by Rie Cramer. The Penn Publishing Co.

Good Stories for Great Birthdays. By Frances Jenkins Olcott. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Fairy Tales from Far and Near. By Katharine Pyle. Little, Brown and Co.

The Children Who Followed the Piper. By Padraic Column. Illustrated by Dugald Walker. The Macmillan Co.

Helga and the White Peacock. By Cornelia Meigs. The Macmillan Co.

The Fairy Doll. By Netta Syrett. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The Three Golden Hairs. By Ethel Sidgwick. Small, Maynard and Co. London: Sidgwick and Jackson.

Martin Pippin in the Apple Orchard. By Eleanor Farjeon. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Gypsy and Ginger. By Eleanor Farjeon. E. P. Dutton and Co.

From "Rootabaga Stories"

THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Monthly Book Bulletin", McClurg's "Monthly Bulletin of New Books", and "THE BOOKMAN'S Monthly Score". Such books as the editor especially recommends are marked with a star.

THE ISLE OF SEVEN MOONS—Robert Gordon Anderson—*Putnam.* Luscious setting for the old treasure chase and the old love story.

*FOR RICHER, FOR POORER—Harold H. Armstrong—*Knopf.* A fine study of young marriage simply and movingly told.

HEARTBEAT—Stacy Aumonier—*Boni, Liveright.* The old theme of the illegitimate child done with new quirks that make a most entertaining story.

IN THE DAYS OF POOR RICHARD—Irving Bacheller—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Genial and romantic characters moving in the presence of Ben Franklin.

SPELLBINDERS—Margaret Culkin Banning—*Doran.* Will revive the dear old topic of whether Mama can help rule the world without forgetting the hand that rocks the cradle.

GRANITE AND CLAY—Sara Ware Bassett—*Little, Brown.* Threads are tangled in the usual way, and then are untangled according to the ordinary rules.

*MR. PROHACK—Arnold Bennett—*Doran.* Bennett showing middle aged men how to be admirable husbands and commendable fathers in the face of wealth and other trying circumstances.

WHAT BECAME OF MR. DESMOND—C. Nina Boyle—*Thomas Seltzer.* A mystery story about "nice people". It contains several real guesses.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF COOMBE—Frances Hodgson Burnett—*Stokes.* Romantic, sweet, with nothing to disturb the first night's sleep after reading nor to remember the next morning.

ROBIN—Frances Hodgson Burnett—*Stokes.* A sequel to "The Head of the House of Coombe", just as sweet, with war atmosphere and a somewhat complicated marriage added.

ABDICATION—Edmund Candler—*Dutton.* India in revolt, a story with no plot, no heroine, not quite a hero, but much atmosphere and genuine timeliness.

*ONE OF OURS—Willa Cather—*Knopf*. The beautifully written story of a young man, firm and honest to the point where the author's handling of the war betrays her. *(See page 217.)*

J. POINDEXTER, COLORED—Irvin S. Cobb—*Doran*. Either Cobb's first novel or his longest short story; the decidedly diverting chronicle (by himself) of a southern darky's reactions to New York.

THE COUNTRY BEYOND—James Oliver Curwood—*Cosmopolitan*. A young dog takes the place of the mounted police in attaining perfection in the chilly northwest.

THE RETURN—Walter de la Mare—*Knopf*. Delightful imagination turned loose with a rather cynical attitude toward certain bits of life, but with a love for some oft met types.

THE VEHEMENT FLAME—Margaret Deland—*Harper*. Youth, searching for ideal love, finds an abnormal marriage and its resultingly abnormal jealousies.

MARY LEE—Geoffrey Dennis—*Knopf*. An agonizing, old school compound of "Jane Eyre" and all the abused children of Dickens's novels. Beatings, early piety, poison, governess in a French family, and an English lord. There's nothing missing.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SANDS—Frances Everard—*Dodd, Mead*. Given the hot sands and blood jumping to Cupid's piping, and one can always guess two jumps faster than the author can write.

*WAY OF REVELATION—Wilfrid Ewart—*Appleton*. A fine background of wartime London and France before which an interesting love story unfolds.

*MARTIN PIPPIN IN THE APPLE ORCHARD—Eleanor Farjeon—*Stokes*. Entrancing fairy stories for adults, written with a style and understanding that comes as a fresh ocean breeze over a hot beach.

*THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED—F. Scott Fitzgerald—*Scribner*. An interesting contrast to "For Richer, For Poorer", is this cynical portrait of another type of young marriage.

M'LORD O' THE WHITE ROAD—Cedric Fraser—*Appleton*. The Beloved Vagabond turns Masquerader in a tale that ripples and flashes like his own marvelous swordplay.

THE HOUSE OF MOHUN—George Gibbs—*Appleton*. Failing fortunes and other melodramatic incidents to introduce a new flapper heroine.

ONE MAN IN HIS TIME—Ellen Glasgow—*Doubleday, Page*. A somewhat too simple love story, set in modern Virginia, told with rare distinction.

VERY WOMAN—Remy de Gourmont—*Brown.* Sophistication *par excellence* predominates this "cerebral novel".

BEYOND ROPE AND FENCE—David Grew—*Boni, Liveright.* A convincing but dull animal story centred around a mare.

THE DAY OF THE BEAST—Zane Grey—*Harper.* The season's most exaggerated anti-jazz effort in which Grey deserts his west for women just as wild.

TO THE LAST MAN—Zane Grey—*Harper.* "He killed Greaves for defiling my name!" says the heroine, which is quite right and proper in a good clean story of the west.

FLOWER OF THE WORLD—Alice Calhoun Haines—*Dutton.* Greenwich Village dumped on the California coast can shock the conventional still with its hop-skip-and-jump attachments.

SAINT TERESA—Henry Sydnor Harrison—*Houghton Mifflin.* The modern woman clashes with a not too modern man. Result, marriage.

*MARIA CHAPDELAINE—Louis Hémon—*Macmillan.* A delicate and poised romance of Canadian simplicities that has fortunately achieved best seller fame.

CYTHEREA—Joseph Hergesheimer—*Knopf.* A richly woven story of marital discontent.

THE CITY OF FIRE—Grace Livingston Hill—*Lippincott.* Ladylike love, told in a ladylike manner. What more can a lady ask?

*THE COVERED WAGON—Emerson Hough—*Appleton.* Somewhat like "Vandemark's Folly", it is almost as well done and just as entertaining.

*ABBÉ PIERRE—Jay William Hudson—*Appleton.* A genial, rambling story of an American's love affair in France told by a thoroughly charming priest.

THE SHADOW OF THE EAST—E. M. Hull—*Small, Maynard.* An English hero, a Japanese heroine, warring tribes, an Arab Sheik—romance capitalized.

THE SHEIK—E. M. Hull—*Small, Maynard.* "He was a brute, but she loved him"—which is a quotation from and explains the success of this fairy tale of sex.

*IF WINTER COMES—A. S. M. Hutchinson—*Little, Brown.* A much misunderstood hero in a setting of charming description and characterization.

*THIS FREEDOM—A. S. M. Hutchinson—*Little, Brown.* Mr. Hutchinson goes on an emotional jag, round about "woman in the home". *(See page 220.)*

SEA WRACK—Vere Hutchinson—*Century.* A novel concerning the sea's influence over two men battling for a girl, which has the advantage of being clearly written.

*MORTAL COILS—Aldous Huxley—*Doran.* Ironical stories that are written with unusual deftness and show a touch of genius.

CAPTAIN SAZARAC—Charles Tenney Jackson—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Piratical adventure and gentlemanly love—back in early New Orleans.

THE CLASH—Storm Jameson—*Little, Brown.* The crudities of American manners, aphoristically portrayed upon the background of the war and a dissatisfied wife.

THE MOTHER OF ALL LIVING—Robert Keable—*Dutton.* A novel of Africa, in which the rightness of elemental emotions is defended.

SIMON CALLED PETER—Robert Keable—*Dutton.* Although frowned on in Boston this well written, frank story of an army chaplain still sells.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN—Sophie Kerr—*Doran.* Resembles the happenings that take place in the theatre when the curtain lifts and discloses the Dear Old Home with the peach orchard in blossom. *(See page 224.)*

CAPPY RICKS RETIRES—Peter B. Kyne—*Cosmopolitan.* In which it is proved that a "popular" style can still create a lovable and almost real character.

*BABBITT—Sinclair Lewis—*Harcourt, Brace.* No American business man can afford not to read about George F. Babbitt. Humorous, satirical—a better book than "Main Street" and vastly entertaining. *(See page 216.)*

THE TALE OF TRIONA—William J. Locke—*Dodd, Mead.* A wife will forgive even a consummate liar, if only he plays his cards well.

AT SIGHT OF GOLD—Cynthia Lombardi—*Appleton.* A wicked woman, a pot of gold, Italian skies, and the operatic stage merge to form an interesting romance.

THE ALTAR STEPS—Compton Mackenzie—*Doran.* Mr. Mackenzie puts his hero through the somewhat intricate paces of late-Victorian ecclesiasticism.

BATOUALA—René Maran—*Seltzer.* If this much discussed prize winning story of a primitive negro has not been badly translated, then the much discussion must have been for naught.

THE SKY LINE OF SPRUCE—Edison Marshall—*Little, Brown.* Another Canadian northwestern yarn, as complicated and adventurous as the rest.

SPINSTER OF THIS PARISH—W. B. Maxwell—*Dodd, Mead.* An attention holding love story with frequent dramatic breath catchers.

VIOLA GWYN—George Barr McCutcheon—*Dodd, Mead.* Pioneer romance in Indiana with tangled relationships, and a different twist to the love interest.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WELL-MEANING WOMAN—Stephen McKenna—*Doran.* A technical *tour de force,* the whole story being conveyed by the confidences of Lady Ann Spenworth to "a friend of proved discretion". Some disagreeable people.

RHESA—Walter Bliss Newgeon—*Raymond.* A romance of ancient Babylon, instructive rather than exciting.

BRASS—Charles G. Norris—*Dutton.* "Why Marry?" might well be a subtitle for this bitter study of domestic relations.

*CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE—Kathleen Norris—*Doubleday, Page.* San Francisco as background for a detailed history of a rather stupid family, by name Crabtree. Fine writing and much detail.

LUCRETIA LOMBARD—Kathleen Norris—*Doubleday, Page.* The sort of sentimentality that is entirely missing from her more recent novel.

KIMONO—John Paris—*Boni, Liveright.* Unconventional love as it may be developed in Japan.

*INDELIBLE—Elliot H. Paul—*Houghton Mifflin.* A first novel that, while reminding one of Fannie Hurst, has artistic promise and power.

THE MOON OUT OF REACH—Margaret Pedler—*Doran.* Light summer reading which apparently will keep on being read after the hammocks have gone to roost.

THE BITTERMEADS MYSTERY—E. R. Punshon—*Knopf.* A well done thriller with a real mystery ably sustained by several villains, Lord Cobham's heir, and a lady under a cloud.

*VANDEMARK'S FOLLY—Herbert Quick—*Bobbs-Merrill.* Jake Vandemark, the adventuresome colonist, tells his own delightful story of pioneer days.

TELL ENGLAND—Ernest Raymond—*Doran.* War novel, with a hero modeled on Rupert Brooke, which suggests that the war is now far enough back for great numbers of people to begin to sentimentalize about it.

*THE BREAKING POINT—Mary Roberts Rinehart—*Doran.* Seems likely to take the prize as the year's most ingenious blend of thrills and substance.

CAPTAIN BLOOD—Rafael Sabatini—*Houghton Mifflin.* Scourge of the Spanish Main and gentleman withal, Peter Blood wins his lady and his reader as well.

THE GHOST GIRL—Edgar Saltus—*Boni, Liveright.* What starts as a ghost story has a "natural" solution that would make any honest to goodness ghost gibber with envy.

*ADRIENNE TONER—Anne Douglas Sedgwick—*Houghton Mifflin.* Frank, honest, delightful Adrienne is a perfect heroine and she makes the book—she *is* the book.

DANCERS IN THE DARK—Dorothy Speare—*Doran.* A story about shocking modern young people, in its conventional tone as old as the hills.

*GENTLE JULIA—Booth Tarkington—*Doubleday, Page.* Typical Tarkington adolescents performing according to his delightful formula.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF LAD—Albert Payson Terhune—*Doran.* Another case of collieitis practically as severe as "Lad: A Dog".

THE OLD HOUSE—Cécile Tormay, translated by E. Torday—*McBride.* A story of how the *genius loci* attended the fortunes of an Hungarian family, told with the freshness as well as the lapses of a first novel.

*PETER WHIFFLE, HIS LIFE AND WORKS—Carl Van Vechten—*Knopf.* Engaging and unusual writing, without much plot but with a generous amount of color, Parisian and otherwise.

*THE SECRET PLACES OF THE HEART—H. G. Wells—*Macmillan.* Mr. Wells, turning from world history, studies women again, with some success.

*THE JUDGE—Rebecca West—*Doran.* A masterful story of a mother, her son, and his sweetheart. Tragic but superbly handled. *(See page 214.)*

THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON—Edith Wharton—*Appleton.* If American society folk in Europe are as silly as here painted, the law should automatically make them expatriates.

ON TIPTOE: A ROMANCE OF THE REDWOODS—Stewart Edward White—*Doran.* An amusing and not particularly plausible story of the woods, a youthful inventor, and the Girl.

JUDITH OF THE GODLESS VALLEY—Honoré Willsie—*Stokes.* A cattle roping heroine of fourteen, and a seventeen year old super-cowboy fight horse thieves, search for religion, fall in love, and defer the happy ending for seven years, when they win the author's consent to marry.

*MERTON OF THE MOVIES—Harry Leon Wilson—*Doubleday, Page.* An immortal burlesque of the movies, satirical, humorous, human, if a little too long.

THE RED KNIGHT—Francis Brett Young—*Dutton.* Revolution, love, and tragedy in a thrilling, though at times verbose, composition.

THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

The Mother the Judge

IN spite of the fact that "The Judge" happens to be published by the firm which also publishes this magazine, I should like to be permitted to say that it seems to me by far the most important novel by a woman that has been published in a decade. It is rhythmical, moving, profound, filled with beauty, mysticism, and a warm understanding of human psychology. There are pages of color and charm to dream over, and pages that strike the heart with horror. Just as the novelists of the past generation turned their attention to pulling down the conventions of religion, so the novelists of our time are destroying the sacrosanct atmosphere of the family. Rebecca West's family in "The Judge" is not an ordinary one. She has clothed it with an atmosphere of abnormality which at the same time seems perfectly normal. In other words, it is a picture of the abnormality that lurks behind the seemingly normal. I suppose that it will be called a psychoanalytical novel; but so far as I recall, that word is never mentioned in the course of its pages. A novel of the mother complex it is, an almost reverent picture of a great tragedy to which Miss West finds no answer, to which the reader finds no answer. "Every mother is a judge who sentences the children for the sins of the father." Just how far can the son go to make up to his mother for the things life has failed to give her? Richard Yaverland gave his mother everything; then she was not brave enough to face her problem. It is in this last pitiful gesture of Marion Yaverland's that the true tragedy of "The Judge" lies. The first book of "The Judge" is a fascinating and deeply rooted love story of fanciful moments, of lights, shadows, and much charm. This is Ellen Melville's book. This strange, yet modern little typist, set against the brown rich background of Edinburgh, dominates the scene. Here Richard Yaverland is the perfect lover, the dark romantic, the much traveled man of the world, who has at last found his ideal in the beautiful, trusting, fragile Scotch child. From the moment when Marion Yaverland, Richard's mother, enters the story, her dark, powerful figure holds the centre of attention. Ellen becomes only a soft ingénue to the flashing lead of this extraordinary character. Now to be pitied, now to be hated, she yet constantly thrills. Scene after scene, written with the magic of unfailing technique, will prove unforgetable. I don't want to tell the story. Its unfolding is too skilful to spoil by any hint of mine. One passage from the book, the very core of its substance, I shall quote. Ellen, the sweetheart, has just met Marion, the mother. Marion appreciates her, would like to tell her so. She says:

"Richard has tried to fall in love before, you know. And he has always chosen such stupid women."

Ellen was puzzled and displeased, though of course it was not the notion that he had tried to fall in love with stupid women that distressed her, and not merely the notion of his trying to fall in love with other women. Thank goodness she was modern and therefore without jealousy. "Why did he do that? Why did he do that?"

There appeared on Marion's face something that was like the ashes of archness. Her heart said jubilantly to itself: "Why,

because he loves me, his mother, so far beyond all reason! Because he thinks me perfect, the queen of all women who have brains and passions, and all other women who pretend to these things seem pretenders to my throne, on whom he can bestow no favour without suspicion of disloyalty to me. So he went to the other women, who plainly weren't competing with me; those who were specialising in those arts that turn them from women into birds with bright feathers and a cheeping song and lightness unweighted by the soul. He went to them more readily, I do believe, because he knew that their lack of all he loved in me would send him back to me the sooner. I will not believe that any son ever had for his mother a more absurd infatuation. I am the happiest woman in the world. And yet I knew it was not right it should be so. What is to happen to him when I die? And he takes all my troubles on himself and feels as if they were his own. But I can see that you, my dear, are going to break the spell that, so much against my will, I've thrown over my son. And no other woman in the world could have done it. You have all the qualities he loves in me, but they are put together in such a different mode from mine that there cannot possibly be any question of competition between us. You are hardly more than a child, and I am an elderly woman; you are red and fiery, I am dark and slow; your passion grows out of your character like a flower out of the earth, while Heaven knows that I have hardly any character outside my capacity for feeling. So he feels free to love you. Oh, my dear, I am grateful to you." But because for many years she had been sealed in reserve to all but Richard, she listened to free speech coming from her lips as amazedly as a man cured of muteness in late life might listen to his own first uncouth noises. So she said none of these things, but murmured, smiling coldly, "Oh, there's a reason. . . . I'll tell you, sometime. . . ."

How do Poets Behave at Home?

IT does not greatly interest me to be reassured that Swinburne was allowed visitors at "The Pines", or that a cruel world has misunderstood his friendship with Watts-Dunton. What does interest me about "The Home Life of Swinburne" by Clara Watts Dunton (Stokes) is that it is a most unusual story of a gentle, sweet woman's reactions to the peculiarities of two men of letters, one of whom she loves, the other of whom she admires. What a rather delightful but slightly peevish child-man Swinburne must have been. It is only the very great that can have an overflowing enthusiasm for the novels of Conan Doyle and of Dickens, a passion for the Elizabethan dramatists, and an intimate acquaintance with every hawthorn tree along the path of their daily walk. In the entire volume, nothing seems to me to illustrate so well the inconsistency of this strange mind as the following:

> I myself know a lady (Frances Forbes-Robertson) who is proud of the fact that Swinburne nursed her in his arms the day she was christened. When she told Walter [Watts-Dunton] and myself of this interesting occurrence I was very curious to know how she had behaved on this momentous occasion. She was not able to enlighten me from first-hand evidence of course, but I remember how earnest she appeared to be in hoping that, "for the poet's sake", she had refrained from making an exhibition of herself.
>
> The little infant of the slums was simply an unknown quantity to the Bard, and the bare idea of a dirty baby was not to be entertained for a moment. He always thought one of the funniest things in the electioneering episode in "Pickwick" was the idea of the "twenty *washed* men waiting at the street door to be shaken hands with"—a most delightful touch. He had heard of and possibly seen many a specimen of the great unwashed, but an unwashed baby—never! Truth to tell, his experiences of child-life were confined to the region of "purple and fine linen", and he never went near Famine street for his types. To look even at a picture of a miserably-clad little child would, I think, have made him perfectly wretched, though he translated Hugo's poem about "Les Enfants Pauvres" whom God had sent with wings and *retrouvé avec des haillons!* He loved to think of all babies as well fed and continuously happy and of course smiling. He loved to look at the portraits of fat chubby babies, and I remember how he gloated over an exquisite volume filled with portraits of children and babies entitled "Les portraits de l'enfant" by Moreau Vanthier.

Swinburne loved so many things in

the abstract, so few in the concrete. Perhaps this is the secret of the poet. His magic vanishes when the imagined becomes the real.

Hail Rotarians!

SINCLAIR LEWIS has won again in "Babbitt" (Harcourt, Brace), at every point a better novel than "Main Street". Humorous, sometimes mordantly so, sometimes genially, penetratingly aware both of his background and of his characters, this novelist of American manners has written a satire of the American business man that should make every boosters' organization in the country hide its figuratively fat face behind a screen while it sniggers at itself. George F. Babbitt probably once had a soul. It is supposed that most men have. Real estate, marriage, and the town of Zenith undertake to kill George's and practically succeed. How Mr. Lewis contrives to write a happy ending to this superb blending of irony, satire, and genuine mirth it would be unfair to tell; but it was a clever idea. For the reader's benefit, let me say that George finds a certain part of his soul, for a moment, at the very end. He'll probably lose it again soon, though — the Good Citizens' League will take care of that. There will be those who will call this an unrelieved picture, though they will laugh heartily after. This may have been true of "Main Street"; but not so of "Babbitt". Mr. Lewis has created likable characters. George and his wife and his children are quite all right. They're just human, that's the only trouble with them; occasionally we find ourselves hating them and ourselves for being just that. Babbitt's friendship with Paul Reisling is the poignant thread in the book, and there have been those who suggest that Paul is actually only the other side of prosaic George. I don't think so. Paul is the one friendship that lifts most men's lives to the plane of the ideal. He is the thing we should like to have been, upon which we lavish the generosities of our own disappointments. The only character in the book which we may thoroughly hate is Paul's wife, Zilla, and we can permit ourselves moments of sorrow for her up to the point where she refuses to get her husband out of prison because she wants to make an example of him. The general plan of the book, its broad aspects, the character of George, the scintillating background of Zenith business: all these fade into insignificance before the individual scenes and portraits which, though they are perhaps of the nature of vaudeville, yet serve to carry the reader through a book which is never for a moment arid, as "Main Street" was on occasion. There is the dinner party to the McKelveys, a masterpiece in social failure. There is George's disillusionment in Tanis, his strained attempt at illicit love. There is the somewhat lengthy satire on the Correspondence School. There are innumerable meetings of Zenith business men, who gather for one reason or another. The American woman's club has been satirized; here upon the stage steps the clubman, of all varieties. Of all scenes and people in "Babbitt" my favorite is the one where Sir Gerald Doak and Babbitt discover each other. What might not this book do for Anglo American unity, if it were not satire? Perhaps it isn't! Many of us who read "Babbitt" trustingly, will never know.

—*J. F.*

A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

MISS CATHER GOES TO WAR

By Sidney Howard

TO treat the small facts and the microscopic phenomena of every-day as significant of the dominant energies and emotions of living, this is pretty generally the woman's method of novel writing. So clearly hers, as it seems to me, that when I find men following it, as Henry James was wont on occasion to do, I see in them not less of value but less of masculinity. And when women disregard it after the tall hat manner of Mrs. Wharton, they seem to withhold the best that they can give and to offer shoddy merchandise as substitute. The feminine mind may not bring forth stories of the Titanic stamp of "Tom Jones" or "War and Peace", but it presents a vital thing for the writing of novels as we of today like to read them. It sees life as twilight sees the face of nature, lacking the virulent contrasts of high noon, dealing in the delicate modulations of tone (superb or sinister as you please to take them), the violets and greys, the opalescences and cool lucidities. The best of our taste comes of our subtlety, the sophistication of our spiritual development, and the pleasure we take in a nicety of workmanship and an individuality of approach. Wherefore the best writing of women is perfectly and exquisitely attuned to our mood of things and of vision and is for us at once sympathetic and relentless, broad and deft.

Two novels, "My Antonia" and "O Pioneers!", set Miss Cather easily at the head of our women writers. Two books they were of a beautiful clarity, of the true classic realism, as solid and as simple as though they had been engraved upon crystal as widely fresh as the prairies with whose folk they dealt. They were of the truest that women have done and no great way removed from the high company of the very great. And they were so completely and satisfactorily "legitimate"! Any book of Miss Cather's is long awaited and expectantly tasted in anticipation. It is a real grief that "One of Ours" should prove a disappointment.

While Claude — so the hero is named — sticks to his own western lands, the thing is above reproach. He nourishes ideas and faith and curiosity upon the meagre food of prairie normalcy. He defeats misunderstanding and bigotry and gets strength of the battle and walks serenely and rebelliously in turn beneath the sun and wind and the night sky. He is convinced and self doubting, a radical philosopher at heart, his mother's slave in act, defiantly fearless and shy to dumbness. He can marry wretchedly and lose his wife to the China missions and build upon the ruins. All of him, all of his family and associates and locale is perfect because Miss Cather has written them as only she can write of such matters. The washing of a car, the minister's elbows at table, a first dress suit, an electric separator, a train hands' restaurant — these are the elements for her uniquely sensitive authority.

Then, about the middle, she under-

takes a large offensive, packs her hero in her wardrobe trunk, and carries him bodily to the war in France. The book is done for. Small things are significant in her hands; the tremendous insignificance of war bewilders her. Claude's enlistment and debarkation rise with the writing of his character. Miss Cather allows her tritely sentimental, wholly glorious doughboys one poignant moment of farewell, Liberty in New York Harbor, the troop ship steaming to sea, and the beauty of that moment is heartbreaking. The rest is a potpourri of soldier yarns and impressions of Rheims two years after, amalgamated into a "Saturday Evening Post" version of "Three Soldiers" and about as true to the actuality of warfare as propaganda for the bonus.

It seems to me a book to show what a woman can write supremely and what she cannot write at all. Scott on Jane Austen; that hit the nail once and forever. The pity is that Miss Cather did not know war for the big bowwow stuff that it is and stick to her own farms and farmer folk.

One of Ours. By Willa Cather. Alfred A. Knopf.

A TALE OF TWO ARTISTS

By Maurice Francis Egan

THIS biography is written after the manner of William De Morgan's most characteristic novels — in a leisurely fashion of which he himself would have greatly approved. It has another quality which would have met with his absolute approbation: it is a biography of his wife — that Evelyn De Morgan who was both his consolation and the inspiration of his best work.

Mrs. Stirling seems to have understood thoroughly the unusual combination of delicate qualities that resulted in an unusual artist, whose self effacement almost equaled her very great talent, and who seemed to have been born to be the mate of this William De Morgan. She was a creature compact of strength, sweetness, and grace. That her husband was enabled to express his peculiar impressions of the beautiful in those individual examples of pottery which have no equal today except among the ancient examples of Persian art, that he became one of the first of modern novelists at the age of sixty-seven, is almost entirely due to her intuitional knowledge of his capabilities and temperament, and to her power of making this knowledge effective.

It can be truthfully said that this study, which takes us comfortably through the whole reign of Victoria to the present time, is as interesting as "Joseph Vance", and it will answer that need, rapidly growing since the war, for something in literature more solid, more quiet, less abrupt and self conscious than that which most of our modern authors are giving us.

One naturally plunges into this volume with a view of discovering how William De Morgan was induced to write, how far he owed his methods to Dickens, and what were the experiences that led him into a path in literature that had apparently, under the new dispensation, become a no thoroughfare. According to all the signs of the times, in the beginning of the twentieth century, the methods of Dickens and Thackeray had gone out of fashion never to come in again. The successful novel was apparently written in order to while away the hours of a hasty trip in an automobile. It is true that the return of the quiet

novel had been heralded by a few timid voices acclaiming Anthony Trollope and reviving, even among the *bourgeoisie* of letters, the cult of Miss Austen; but nobody was prepared, not even the publishers, for the success of "Joseph Vance". Dr. William Lyon Phelps, one of the earliest discoverers of the genius of William De Morgan, has not yet fully analyzed the reasons for his unexpected success; and, curiously enough, he has as yet no imitators.

But after the first plunge, one discovers that the main interest of William De Morgan's life was the existence of his wife, who was a painter born and made — too much influenced, perhaps, by the decorative methods of the Pre-Raphaelites. Left to herself without the influence of Burne-Jones, she would have been a much greater artist; but the time is yet to come when the value of her careful drawing, and above all the splendor of her coloring, can be applied to that new scheme of architecture which her husband invented when he proposed the use of carefully prepared tiles in the houses of our cities.

Since the appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's "Journals" of Whistler, no such interesting book about art and artists has come to us. The interest of the volume is not technical; to quote an outworn phrase, it is a human document — homely, humorous, sympathetic, and true to life. It can be read over and over again. Mrs. Stirling even makes the ancestors of William and Evelyn De Morgan interesting. Percy Pickering was the father of Evelyn De Morgan. Percy's mother had imparted to him the story of Adam and Eve and explained that as death had resulted from their sins, the words "dust thou art and to dust thou shalt return" applied to them. He was broken hearted, and one day in March when the wind swept through the spaces blowing clouds of dust past the house, he exclaimed tragically, "Oh *poor, poor* Adam and Eve! How they are blowing about!"

De Morgan and his wife were not good financiers; but she was the better of the two, for she confesses that she was always afraid to open her bank book for fear that her deposit was exhausted. It is quite evident that the failure of her husband to make his investments in his unequaled pottery successful, was mainly due to what may be called the artistic temperament. He was as careless as Balzac concerning the amount of money he wasted in the correction, so to speak, of his ceramic proofs.

The admirable illustrations of his pottery in this book have, as in the reproductions of his wife's pictures, the fatal defect of being without color. Whether it would be possible to express, in the present condition of our means of color reproduction, the amazingly beautiful contrasts and illusive tints of his pottery, is a question which could only be answered by the most careful experimental processes. The solidity of his wife's drawing, her conscientious study of anatomy, and the loveliness of her vision are suggested by the plates, which, however, show those defects which are not at all visible when the splendor of the colors of the originals can be revealed. Her "Medusa", for instance, should not have been reproduced here in black and white, for the terror of the picture is disclosed in its color rather than its drawing and composition; as here presented the head of the Gorgon looks as if it had just been permanently Marcel waved.

The keynote of the success of "Joseph Vance" was very well ex-

pressed by Dr. Phelps when he said that it is not so much a novel "as it is an encyclopædia of life". "We meet real people, we hear delightful conversation, and the tremendously interesting personality of the author is everywhere apparent." This, slightly varied, may be said of the biography.

Mr. De Morgan, who tried very hard to be accurate in his novels, but who was not very much concerned when he was discovered to be inaccurate, had to endure many unexpected criticisms. For example, a correspondent accused him of a gross blunder: "You who pretend to write Literature, you who are looked upon as one of our great novelists, you have actually said that cows 'appear to have time on their hands' and cows have no hands!" "I am greatly indebted to you", wrote back De Morgan gravely, "for drawing my attention to the use of a fact in natural history in which I am deplorably ignorant."

De Morgan's motto was: "Never alter anything to please anyone else; it is playing fast and loose with Retribution! Nothing is ever gained by worrying phraseology. Say just what you feel, just as you feel it; and stick to it!"

The De Morgan circles in Chelsea and in Florence, the group of workmen in the potteries, the ideal and leisurely attitude of De Morgan himself toward life — in a word, the atmosphere of two most interesting lives — is painted by Mrs. Stirling with a skill which is very little inferior to that of De Morgan himself. If one is reduced to the choice of a thoroughly charming book for the winter evenings to come, this one can be ardently recommended.

William De Morgan and His Wife. By A. M. W. Stirling. Henry Holt and Co.

BABY FINGERS

By Ruth Hale

NOBODY cuts quite such a sorry figure as the writing man whose feelings are at war with his preconceptions. Both seem real to him, so both will be presented in his work, and his work in its turn will seem like a crazy quilt except to those few who share exactly his own mixture of prejudice and emotion. This homily is by way of bringing on a few reflections upon "This Freedom", the new A. S. M. Hutchinson book which follows "If Winter Comes". "This Freedom" will also have a great popularity. The idea that women will give up everything for the touch of baby hands has two sources of strength. In the male camp, it is the most convenient snuffer that was ever brought down upon a threatening rivalry. Among the females, it is the pitiful but tigerish determination to make a glory out of terrible necessity. These two concepts are going to take a lot of fighting. From some quarter, the notion of their truth was clamped down upon Mr. Hutchinson. But "This Freedom" comes from a man who understands the "free woman" as no author, man or woman, has for years, who writes of her with a penetration and a sympathy that make her blazingly alive and gallant, and then slaps her at the very end into a Procrustean chaise longue where the baby fingers of her grandchild can minister to her. "Lessons, lessons at mother's knee," this delighted child is rhapsodizing, at the end of the book.

Long before we came to that, we knew that Mr. Hutchinson himself was in great distress about it. He knew as well as the next one that his free woman had been right. He describes her childhood, her school days,

her young womanhood, her early marriage, her three children, her work, the tenth anniversary of her marriage, and, at great length, her husband whom, by the way, he makes a hopeless cad. Every person in this book who came into contact with his free woman was shoddy in comparison. Hutchinson understood her, he loved her. He just couldn't help seeing how much finer she was than the others. Here, for instance, is a clue to what really made her interesting to him. From her earliest babyhood on, he describes in painful detail and reiteration everything that could possibly touch on her career, or that could have shaped her so that a career would be open to her and the thing she most wanted. When the romance comes along, there is one page in which a man she had seen four or five times before grabs her up in a dark hallway and kisses her, after which she confesses that she had loved him before she knew it. There is then a paragraph or two about their talks in the parks — though not a whisper of what they said — merely that they found themselves unbelievably congenial. On the next page, under a new chapter head, they have been married three years, and have a baby. Such proportions fool nobody.

The free woman is having a whale of a hard time. Mr. Hutchinson thinks, or remembers "from mother's knee", that she is on the wrong track. Whenever he takes thought of his upbringing, he treats his free woman like a poor pariah. When he is simply telling her story, he makes her a St. George equal to forty dragons. "This Freedom" is an army with banners brought up for the growing woman. If anybody is taken in by it, and regards it as a genuine admonition to fly home lady bug, for her own good, that poor soul has all of Mr. Hutchinson's ignorance and none of his genius.

This Freedom. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Little, Brown and Co.

MRS. ASQUITH WRITES HOME

By Robert C. Benchley

BITTER disappointment is in store for those who expected Margot Asquith's "Impressions of America" to contain racy items to the effect that Charles Evans Hughes is a frightful boor when out on a party, or that Calvin Coolidge beats Mrs. Coolidge.

In fact, more or less of a disappointment is in store for almost everyone who buys the book, with the possible exception of those invariably "charming" people who supplied Mrs. Asquith with lunch or mentioned her favorably in the newspapers. These discerning Americans have been amply repaid by their grateful guest, who has used her book as a means of clearing up a lot of "thank you" notes which she must have been too busy to write. Gracious gestures they are, all of them, but slightly tepid reading, especially when such fine points of publicity are dispensed as specifying the "beautiful Hudson car" loaned her in Detroit by Mr. Chapin (oddly enough, the same Mr. Chapin who is connected with the Hudson Motor Company).

In style, the book is much like Mrs. Asquith's lectures, vivaciously unimportant. She is, to use a phrase of her own, "copious in narrative", delightfully so at times, leading the reader on to expect a climax in keeping with the verve of her delivery. The climax, however, is usually missing. Mrs. Asquith seems to be one

of those women who tell a story in a charmingly animated manner, ending up with some such point as, "Well, my dear, I nearly died I was so tired", or, "And there we were!"

Perhaps the most startling anti-climax in the book comes during her account of her interview with the Canadian Premier. After discussing a list of notable men of the day in alphabetical order, the subject of Ireland came up:

> He told me that reprisals had come as a shock to all thoughtful people; and pointing to a fine Italian picture of Our Lord hanging on the wall, asked me if His life had captivated me as much as it had him.
>
> I said that following in His steps appeared to me to be the only chance we could ever have of acquiring that purity of heart which would enable us to see God; and walked up to examine the picture.
>
> *(End of story)*

At least, Mrs. Asquith and Mr. Mackenzie King are herewith put on record as regards Our Lord, but are we never to know what happened as a result of Mrs. Asquith's deciding to walk up and examine the picture?

The whole book partakes of this same impressive air of saying unimpressive things, and seems for the most part to be the attempt of a very tired woman to put down enough words to fill a book. And when she can't think of enough words, she quotes at great length certain favorable press notices and letters; finally, with the end of the book in sight, she pastes up Clarence Day, Jr.'s review of her daughter's book "I Have Only Myself To Blame".

In her attacks on our Pullman car system, billboard advertising, and garbling of news, she is the Mrs. Asquith that we had expected, and, for English readers, she has shown herself to be an admirable reporter in detailing characteristic bits of American life. In fact, "My Impressions of America" would have made charmingly informative letters had they been written home to Mr. Asquith, telling what was had for breakfast at Mrs. Shields's in Kansas City (page 124), how nice people were to her in Worcester, and all about the duck of a reporter who covered her lecture in Pittsburg. The clippings and complimentary letters could have been enclosed to be read when Mr. Asquith had time. But all gathered together in the form of a book for sale in America, Mrs. Asquith's items are not likely to cause much of a sensation except in the homes of the people who received citations. The book really should be sold only to them, on subscription, to take its place on the parlor table alongside the copy of "King's Notable New Yorkers" which contains a picture of Grandpa.

My Impressions of America. By Margot Asquith. George H. Doran Company.

THREE AMERICAN CRITICS

By Burton Rascoe

BRANDER MATTHEWS is forever reiterating that criticism of contemporaries is not criticism but merely so much futile conversation. With Professor Matthews it undoubtedly is; but that does not deter him from engaging verbosely in such futilities and from insuring them against a too swift oblivion with whatever permanence is endowed by book covers. His latest book is weak enough even as conversation. He is umbrageous, as becomes a man of his years, with what is going on in the world of his juniors; but it is not with the wisdom of the experienced and sagacious that he ad-

monishes youth but with the crabbed generalities of the merely garrulous and disgruntled.

"The sexagenarian also perceives", he writes, "that the very young, who are vociferous in indiscriminate laudation of their contemporaries, are not at all anxious that he should understand them and appreciate their enthusiasms. They do not greatly care for his sympathy — or rather they care not at all. In the inelastic intolerance and in the self-sufficient complacency of youth they refuse to waste their attention on him."

If Professor Matthews were really as humbly desirous of understanding what the new generation is doing or trying to do, he would have plenty of information at hand. From Dr. Canby's and Mr. Macy's books listed below, from Carl Van Doren, from Louis Untermeyer, from H. L. Mencken, from Paul Rosenfeld, from Conrad Aiken, from Wilson Follett, and from the columns of the more progressive reviews and newspapers, he would find much explanatory material. But Professor Matthews does not want to know or to understand; he craves merely the privilege of age to indulge in such ancient mutterings as these:

> Yet in life, in literature, in all the arts we cannot fail to perceive an unwonted restlessness, an unprecedented distaste for balance and harmony and proportion, accompanied by a desire to be different, by a seeking for novelty for its own sake, by a relish for eccentricity and freakishness, by a refusal to profit by what has been bequeathed to us by the past. In this new century we have been called upon to admire painting by men who have never learnt how to paint, dancing by women who have never learnt how to dance, verse by persons of both sexes who have never acquired the elements of versification. The tocsin of revolt resounds in ethics as wantonly as in æsthetics. In our recent poetry, in our recent fiction, in our recent drama, there is an exaltation of the lawless and the illegal, the illicit and the illegitimate.

After such an outburst of revivalist rhetoric it is no wonder that the young refuse to waste their attention on him. Further on in his book, Professor Matthews spends some adjectives in praise of Ibsen and of Molière (they are sufficiently remote for cautious critics). Does he not recall that the sexagenarians of their day saw in them all the things Professor Matthews sees in modern life and literature? Does he not recall that by the Brander Matthewses of his day Ibsen was called a "degenerate" and an "anarchist" and a "destroyer of the home and family"? If he does, he must also recall that the young who were intelligent were not at all anxious that such jitney Jeremiahs should understand Ibsen and them. It was obviously impossible for them ever to do so.

When he is not writing like a provincial editorial writer engrossed in another "Whither Are We Drifting?" lamentation, Professor Matthews is not so bad. He has vigor and spirit and erudition. His mind is crabbed but it is not confined. He is alive to the meritorious qualities of the native aphorisms of E. W. Howe, Abe Martin, and our columnists, as well as of those of La Rochefoucauld and La Bruyère. He has been a friend of Mark Twain's and of other celebrities: he is able to relate many amusing incidents in which they were concerned. He can, indeed, be entertaining and, in a mild, anecdotal way, instructive. That, I take it, is as much as we may expect of the elderly when they are not particularly gifted and when their stored up treasures are not of wisdom but of memories.

"The Critical Game" by John Macy is a refreshing and stimulating series of informal essays on Nietzsche, Dante, Conrad, Tolstoy, Hardy, Gourmont,

Masefield, Wells, Joyce, Lawrence, and some others. They combine the qualities of good journalism and intelligence, good conversation and critical insight. The author's aim is either to initiate the reader into an appreciation of a novelist or a philosopher or a poet or to warn him against a pretender or a fake. In no instance is there an attempt at a final and definitive study of an author, because such attempts tend to become tedious and encyclopædic. Mr. Macy has, instead, in his essays, the charming air of saying, "Did this point ever occur to you in connection with the work of Tolstoy?" He puts his readers at their ease. He has nothing of the pedant and much, very much of the real lover of literature in his makeup. He does not pretend to omniscience and infallibility; he is frankly a man of sympathies and antipathies. He has no pretense about him. He does not hesitate to let you know that he never read Nietzsche until during the war; that Remy de Gourmont was new to him only a few months ago. But he does let you know that from a first reading of these men he became enthusiastic, read them consistently and thoroughly, and hopes very much that you will read them with the same pleasure and intellectual profit. He plays the critical game squarely and proficiently and with the grace of an artist.

Dr. Canby's Saturday discourses in the "Literary Review" of the New York "Evening Post" have been a staple of varying excellence. His great virtue as an editor and as a critic is that he successfully steers a middle course. He does not ally himself with the radicals or with the reactionaries, the jejune or the hard shelled. He is temperate and fair minded; he is interested in ideas whatever their color. He is an umpire of literature rather than a coach or a player. This deprives him of a certain gusto, but it also keeps him out of critical hot water. The supplement he edits has for a long time been the best thing of its kind in English, not excepting the "Manchester Guardian" or the "Literary Supplement" of the London "Times". His latest book is made up of weekly observations on the course of American literature, the reasons for the popularity of certain books, American taste and English attitudes, and the phenomena of postwar novels by the younger men. He defines, and definitions at this time are useful, directive, and valuable.

The Tocsin of Revolt. By Brander Matthews. Charles Scribner's Sons.
The Critical Game. By John Macy. Boni and Liveright.
Definitions. By Henry Seidel Canby. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

SOUTHERN ROMANCE

By Charles Hanson Towne

SOPHIE KERR is one of the most brilliant short story writers in these United States. She has a pen of steel, and she knows how to work up to a dramatic climax as well as anyone in the literary business. Her sharp, incisive political tales are masterpieces, penetrating in their psychology, faintly disguised portraits that tell the bitter truth. Now, as a novelist she is slowly but surely making a new name for herself. She seems equally at home in this broader field. She spins the longer yarn with skill, losing no threads, patterning the whole quilt with amazing dexterity. It has been interesting to watch her development since the days when she

turned out those light but pleasing love stories for "McClure's" and some of the women's magazines. She strikes a deeper note now. But always she lacks one important asset as a writer — or so it seems to me. She has merely taken her people in her hands, impaled them on a pin, turned and twisted them, laughed at them, studied them, made them definite beings to you and me — but never pitied them. For a long while this interested one reader, at least; for I had grown so weary of the stupid optimism of certain lady novelists that it was refreshing to run across someone of Sophie Kerr's vivid personality who had the courage to give us news of life as she saw it. If people were hard and terrible, with agate hearts, she revealed them as they were. Brutality, as material for stories, appealed to her; and she was fearless in her delineation of the folk she had seen and observed and analyzed.

Gradually she is acquiring, not, thank God, sentimentality, but sentiment. She is getting a larger vision, a saner outlook; and in her latest — and to my mind her best — novel, "One Thing Is Certain", she shows a sympathy for her hero and heroine that hitherto has been absent from her work.

How deftly she unfolds her story! She takes the old materials in her expert hands — the roustabout lover who refuses to be reformed, the country maiden who is adored by two men of opposite types, the lawless associates of the handsome hero, the darky servants, the maudlin girl who secretly loves the protagonist and all but tells him so — she takes this threadbare set of characters, and projects them into a drama as quaint and beautiful and exciting as anything I have read in a long time. She is clever enough to realize that, with such people, she must have a new and colorful background. She knows her Maryland well; and she loves it with the ardor of a convert, rather than of one who was born and bred there. Her negroes ring true — they talk as they should; and her description of a revival meeting is as perfect as anything could be.

There is some remarkably fine writing in this novel, and some of the old, stinging phrases that only Sophie Kerr can write. While it is not sensational, there are scenes that cry out to the longing camera man; I wager the book is gobbled up by Hollywood before it is many months old.

I would not have this author abandon her short stories; but she must keep on giving us novels as good as this, which seems to have written itself.

One Thing Is Certain. By Sophie Kerr. George H. Doran Company.

THOUGHT AND VISION

By Winifred Bryher

"AMERICA has more in common with the South than England has, its climate and flowers and temperament are more akin." So an American, writing of the visible world, first of a Pennsylvanian childhood, then of maturity in Italy and Greece, links the two into a garden where "the white Syrian iris" finds it no hardship to be but a footstep past the shining western laurel. Hyacinths and the winter rose, the yellow flag and the iris, are native to both continents. But the children of "Hymen" are American children, with a freshness and freedom rarely to be found in Europe. The little girls with their

quiver baskets are so sweetly serious — they understand what they sing. And the boys, the torch bearers, mar the play with no unseemly burning of each other's chitons. It all might happen, in any Pennsylvanian wood or along the stretch of coastline. And under the names, "Simaetha", "Circe", "Phaedra", is hidden a sensitiveness and an intensity the old world now breeds seldom. "Hymen", for all its title, is neither Greek nor English but American, in its flower-like sense of sympathy, in the intense passion of its rhythm.

"Cuckoo Song" and "Thetis" are anywhere near the sea . . . hot sand, crisp waves, that mood of fearlessness that comes at wind touch. "At Baia" is a sadder thing . . . the epitaph of those discoverers who drop out by the wayside and build their home neither in their own country nor in the land they sought. The bitterness of adventure, and the glory, is chanted in "Helios", in the surf beats of "The Islands".

But beneath the obvious beauty of word and rhythm is stark thought, an equal balance of intellect and emotion. Is not a whole realm of modern research packed into the few lines, "Phaedra Rebukes Hippolyta", the present insistence that an abstraction may be as physical a passion as anything that Leda or Simaetha felt?

The vision is harsh in its uncompromising sincerity. Not honey, not "old desire — old passion —" but the stern heat of steel, truth, the fact, unmisted by sentiment, these are the poet's insistent demand. "Demeter" could only have been wrung forth by the war and the oppression of the subsequent years. It is full of the artist's anger against injustice, against cruelty in the name of kindness that is often worse than death. And "Prayer" at the end of the volume and the lines to wisdom (all fire of violets) that begin the book, are free of that paralyzing distaste for life that has cut short the literary achievement of many of the younger writers.

Some have said that H. D.'s poetry is a cold thing, like a wave of the sea, or snow on the Albanian mountains. But are not these lines full of the sun baked longing of the south, hot only as flesh is hot, that has been bronzed by a Syrian sun?

> Think, O my soul,
> of the red sand of Crete;
> think of the earth; the heat
> burnt fissures like the great
> backs of the temple serpents;
> think of the world you knew;
> as the tide crept, the land
> burned with a lizard-blue
> where the dark sea met the sand.

A wilder realm than Greece rises before the eyes as Phaedra burns her cones and knots of fir. And here is a lighter, cooler song, caught fluttering from the orange buds between the sun entangled branches.

> From citron-bower be her bed,
> Cut from branch of tree a-flower,
> Fashioned for her maidenhead.
>
> From Lydian apples, sweet of hue;
> Cut the width of board and lathe.
> Carve the feet from myrtle-wood.
>
> Let the palings of her bed
> Be quince and box-wood overlaid
> With the scented bark of yew.
>
> That all the wood in blossoming,
> May calm her heart and cool her blood
> For losing of her maidenhood.

Not cold, not remote, but a beacon to those who, in a destructive age, believe in life, "Hymen" is a long flight beyond the poet's earlier "Sea Garden" both in depth of thought and originality of vision.

Hymen. By H. D. Henry Holt and Co.

RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

LIFE must be pleasant for a man whose genius can call back from their graves the lovely women of the past, live once more surrounded by their beauty, and share the guarded secrets of their hearts. In "The Ladies!" (Atlantic Monthly) E. Barrington has brought to life the belles of the English court in the eighteenth century. The hitherto unknown chapters of their lives, the hidden stories, tragic or ironic, he imagines and sets forth in the quaint language they themselves would have used; he has, in turn, the caustic wit of Lady Mary Montagu, the cold sparkle of Fanny Burney, and the smothered fire of Stella. Throughout the book, binding the stories together, walks the suave and slender figure of "Horry Walpole" — as seen by his feminine contemporaries.

The Danish consul to Russia, Henning Kehler, who has written "The Red Garden" (Knopf), has no love for the Bolshevist. The old order satisfied him. Despite this prejudice against things as they are, Mr. Kehler has snatched some startling sketches from the new Russia — startling not because of their excitement but because of their air of realness and truth. Anyone interested in Russia can find something worth while in the book as translated by Frithjof Toksvig.

Romance, hunted out of its South Sea home by the inveterate Captain Traprock of the "Kawa", seems to have taken refuge in Alaska. Hjalmar Rutzebeck makes his contribution to the red blooded romance of the far north in a book to which he has given the accurate, descriptive title of "My Alaskan Idyll" (Boni, Liveright). His courtship, marriage, and early struggles in the wilds of Alaska are told by Mr. Rutzebeck in simple narrative style, with a naïveté which is occasionally refreshing, and too frequently bathetic. The author confesses that he is a simple, unlettered Viking. His book confirms accurately the results of his self analysis.

James E. Agate, English critic of the drama and essayist, seems to be a happy blend of Heywood Broun, Stephen Leacock, and, at rare moments, George Jean Nathan. His "Alarums and Excursions" (Doran) is as broadly representative as its all-inclusive title would indicate. Mr. Agate slips from a discussion of prize-fighters to Sarah Bernhardt without so much as shifting gears, and thence, with similar facility, to a Leacockian extravaganza on horseracing. His journeyman critiques of the drama are apparently influenced by Nathan's rambunctious style, but his more finished papers on Pavlowa, Shaw, the Guitrys, and "The Decay of Criticism" are on a plane with the probings of the more austere Mr. Walkley of the London "Times". At worst, Mr. Agate occasionally goes a-gunning for a pun, and now and then attempts a precious style that ill becomes his informal manner; at best his papers are interesting records of the contemporary stage and contemporary life.

The fact that Laurence Binyon writes some of the most facile verse

in England is borne out by his "Selected Poems" (Macmillan). Delicate for his lyrics and austere for his elegies, his rhythms are all that they should be. Not a rhyme in the book is misplaced or false. It is the sort of verse teachers used to like to read aloud in school because of its academic sense and the perfect beat of its feet. Laurence Binyon falls in the same class with Robert Bridges. But though Binyon's poetry is classical to a fault, he rarely indulges in bacchanalian orgies, strewing the names of Grecian or Latin goddesses over the page as Bridges so often does. Rather his "Selected Poems" are quiet, almost rustic in tone. He still uses "thee" and capitalizes words like "sleep" and "power". Every poem shows traces of careful workmanship which effectively irons out the original inspiration. The pretty and moral rendition of the poems makes them excellent reading for scholarly old gentlemen who still remember the nineteenth century with regrets.

"Ten Years at the Court of St. James" (Dutton) is a truly fascinating book, not only from an historical standpoint, but because of the insight it affords of the German standards of diplomacy and morals. Baron von Eckardstein, the author, has achieved, in this series of memoirs, some masterpieces of characterization. One would like to think of the author as a typical German. He represents the fine, straight thinking type that was generally respected and admired before it became popular to refer to such men as "Huns". It is true that his writings are not wholly lacking in snobbishness, but they contain so abundant an amount of humor and keenness of wit that any reader will gladly forgive the Baron his occasional inability to forget that Deutschland is not still "über Alles". There is an honest love for his country and, withal, a deep sorrow at the tragedy of its mismanagement, that cannot but evoke respect.

Only the consummate artist can abridge a well knit work and not seriously impair its worth. "A Short History of American Literature" (Putnam), based upon "The Cambridge History of American Literature", is not really a history but a series of short biographies of American men of letters. It is exceedingly informative, and instructive to the last degree but, willy nilly, it isn't a history. There are snatches of historiographical coherence, and there is a summarizing chapter at the end which endeavors to pick up the raveled ends and weave them together. But the damage is done. Where one stitch (or, more properly, weave) would have sufficed at first, nine need to be taken . . . and are not. However, this volume will prove of immense collateral reading value for a study of the history of American literature inasmuch as the essays are authoritative and sufficiently broad in scope to include most things that need to be known about the lives and works of our great writers.

A love for orthodox Christianity gives an old fashioned flavor to "Sonnets from Tuscany and Other Poems" (Blackwell) by Lucia. Conventional both in thought and structure, they will not astound in this day of experimentation, but could possibly delight a middle aged confirmed churchgoer.

Only for thorough Thomas Hardy worshipers has R. Thurston Hopkins written "Hardy's Dorset" (Appleton).

The one looking for a travel book will not be satisfied, for the places and the incidents are all too closely connected with something Hardy has written. But he who wants to learn of the country of which Hardy has told so much, will find a volume crammed with references and descriptions.

The gentlemen with dusters are still busy cleaning up the odd nooks and corners of European politics, collecting mortuary statistics on the late war, and furbishing up or polishing off the reputations of various contemporary political and military heroes. "The Pomp of Power" (Doran), latest of the anonymous books of postwar revelations, is a better book than its title would indicate. The Treaty of Versailles, the present defection of Britain from the French efforts to enforce upon Germany the terms of the Treaty, and numerous military and political personalities are treated with a minimum of scandal and gossip. It strikes a high level in its union of complete candor and decorum. A full treatment of the rôle of Sir Henry Wilson in the war and a chapter on Lord Northcliffe give this volume especial timeliness.

"A Manual of the Short Story Art" by Glenn Clark (Macmillan) doesn't pretend to instruct so that by reading it one can write a good short story. The book doesn't claim that it will make a famous author of any gullible aspirant to literary honors. Mr. Clark, in his preface, says of the book: "It cannot give you the background of a wide and deep experience of life . . . cannot give you that liberal culture and training of intellect which only years of reading and study can give." The author lays down certain fundamental laws of composition, explains the more elementary technique of the short story, and, as it were, gives these facts to the student as tools with which to construct a well written, carefully organized short story. Mr. Clark realizes that the most perfect tools in the hands of a bungler will not turn out a masterpiece, and he so states clearly. Yet for the serious student, the simplicity of statement, the straightforwardness of presentation, and the value of information contained in this little volume will have a direct appeal.

A distrust of certain generally well rated supports of 1922 civilization fills the pages of "Deka Parsec" (Grafton) by Louis Molnar. The volume of narrative essays, subtitled "Shell Shocked Views of Life", gives the reactions of a mentally shaken soldier dropped back into his prewar mode of life. This fails to suit, and the rebellion gives opportunity for the criticism of some American conventions.

"To see Italy with the eyes of the understanding", says Edgar A. Mowrer in his volume on "Immortal Italy" (Appleton), "is to perceive why God, looking on his work, saw that it was good." While this praise may impress one as somewhat exaggerated, it is typical of the spirit of a book which, though taking due cognizance of the faults as well as of the virtues of the Italian, impresses one as a trifle too glowing in its enthusiasms, a trifle too ardent in its expression of opinion. Warmth and sincerity are indeed highly valuable attributes, and Mr. Mowrer is to be commended for possessing both of these qualities, even though at times he appears to go a little too far in his eagerness to set forth his views. As a result of the

author's manifest interest in his subject, the book should prove highly interesting to the reader, who will find in it an instructive and thoroughly readable history of Italy during the last half century, and a vivid if necessarily brief description of the Italy of today.

"The unrecorded minor besting the plausible major" — so W. B. Drayton Henderson defines the Comic Spirit in his introduction to "Poems from Punch" (Macmillan). Indeed the British Spirit of Comedy is a chivalrous and fine tempered product compared to the scraggy deputy of American wit. A Sir Roger de Coverley of charming manners, captivating, quicksilver repartee, and a persuasive melancholy, this Comic Spirit moves as graciously through the pages of "Punch" as *he* would have sailed down an English drawing room. Largess of melodious and heartwarming verse with the high accent of English culture and English courage.

Upon reading Andrew C. P. Haggard's delightfully vivid account of "Madame de Staël, Her Trials and Triumphs" (Doran), one feels thankful that a cautious providence should have placed such "extraordinary volubility" not later than 1817. Indeed the margin seems almost narrow when one imagines present politics complicated by her intense brand of intrigue. As it was, this homely but most magnetic lady amused herself during the after effects of a revolution, with a Napoleon, a few very brilliant and talented men including a Talleyrand, and a background husband. This setting, to which she added many passionate love affairs, was tossed about as it pleased her, with one exception. Napoleon remained impervious to her coquetry. This enraged her so greatly that she spent her entire power in undermining his policies. Her equipment for this consisted of a "prodigious" intellect, a conversation which "poured forth in streams, in a kind of glorified inspiration", and a brilliant ability to write. This history as a source of data is most valuable, yet loses none of the momentum of an exciting story. Mr. Haggard creates the atmosphere of her private life, presents sympathetically her ideals, weaknesses, ambitions, and the inner working of her extraordinary mind. One repeatedly wonders what such a headstrong verbose lady would have done now. Surely some statesman would have piqued her again, and exiling would hardly have protected him.

In order to check a growing belief in the layman's mind in what he calls exaggerated facts regarding glands, Benjamin Harrow has prepared "Glands in Health and Disease" (Dutton). The writer attaches great importance to the ductless glands of the human body, but he resents the publication of facts concerning these anatomical units which, he insists, have not been proved. So he has written a semi-scientific book telling just what has been learned in the laboratory regarding the function of these glands and just what has been accomplished in treating diseases of the human body relating to them. It is interestingly written, and in a style easily digestible by the average reader.

In opening a book dealing with the exploits of such gallant buccaneers as Sir Francis Drake and Sir Henry Morgan it is only fair to expect some slight touch of the "Yo ho ho and a bottle o' rum" spirit. "Admirals of

the Caribbean" (Houghton Mifflin) is therefore disappointing. Francis Russell Hart writes in the officially approved but personally despised textbook manner, chronicling voyages and murders as coldly as the Recorder of Deeds enters the daily items. There is no reason why books should not entertain as well as inform. This eminently scholarly volume will serve to inform those college students "required" to read it: it can hardly attract the adventurer in belles lettres.

A varied assortment for all tastes is included in Franklyn Pierre Davis's "Anthology of Newspaper Verse for 1921" (Davis). Some of the poems are excellent; but if this selection is representative, certain conclusions as to newspaper verse may be drawn. First, one realizes that the sentimental note is constant, then that patriotism, state and national, inspires almost as many poems as do babies and the effort to frame a cheery philosophy of life; and finally, that the daily reader is not interested in the formless, modern verse, but prefers alternately rhymed lines with a pronounced rhythm.

A nose for cannibals and a truly mediæval disdain for danger are the two factors which united to crown Martin Johnson's expedition in the New Hebrides with entire success. This motion picture explorer gives in "Cannibal-Land" (Houghton Mifflin) a spectacular account of his peregrinations in the South Seas where, in company with a wife as intrepid as himself, he cruised among the islands, penetrating often into the interior to film the savages at their native rites and dances. It was in one of these sallies that he happened inadvertently upon the "eaters of long pig" and secured some of the startling and incredible close ups which verify his lively narrative.

An attempt has been made by Dr. Claude P. Fordyce to crowd into "Trail Craft" (Stewart Kidd) everything the camper should know. There is study here for the long radiator months in preparation for next summer's trips afield.

In an illuminating brochure prosaically titled "Shakespeare's Hamlet" (Dutton), A. Clutton-Brock has shaped a withering rebuttal in answer to T. S. Eliot, J. M. Robertson, and sundry others who have seen fit to scoff at the merits of "Hamlet" as a dramatic masterpiece. A saving sense of satire precludes tediousness: in spite of an infinitude of details, an alarming massing of points, and unwavering fidelity to First Folios, et cetera, the work remains a bright and challenging addition to the scores of volumes on Shakespearian subjects. A gift for deft, rapier-like thrusts and brittle irony renders Clutton-Brock quite as enjoyable to the lay reader as he must assuredly be to the academician.

A collection of inspirational poetry is compiled by Joseph Morris and St. Clair Adams in "It Can Be Done" (Sully), which drones in an amiable monotone on the desirability of cheerfulness. Its scope is as wide as its purpose is well meaning, and ranges from Milton to the present. Yet it seems to provide no vision, offers nothing convincing. For the benefit of any who may miss the point, each poem is prefaced by a little sermon expounding its virtue. These are as wearisome as the thirdly and lastly of all tedious dissertations, in spite of a

few amusing anecdotes. This anthology includes some of the best names we have, but leaves one thoroughly dissatisfied.

E. G. Kemp in "Chinese Mettle" (Doran) attempts to show the very stuff of which the little known China is made — the human stuff which composes its varying peoples. There is little literary merit in the book, for which some compensation is offered by attractive sketches, but there is a rather comprehensive study of the yellow race. It digs deeply into the little characteristics which explain much regarding the many tribes of the Orient.

When the first Napoleon fell, a page of the royal retinue picked up the "Private Diaries of Marie Louise" (Appleton) kept during the first years of her marriage, and these records, handed down, appear now for the first time, supplemented by editorial comment and several of the empress's letters to Napoleon. In their revelations of the intimate, unroyal details of the conduct of that impetuous emperor, these diaries are most amusing. Marie Louise herself remains throughout utterly un-French and, from a Gallic viewpoint, hopelessly rigid and out of key with the gaiety of the nation she helped to rule. Still, one finds reasons for Napoleon's steady affection for her in her uncritical acceptance of every difficult situation which his tremendous activities forced her to meet.

The unnamed author of "The Mirrors of Washington" has not, since the book's publication, changed his opinion of the nation's leaders in the capital. In "Behind the Mirrors" (Putnam) he continues his punishing attack. His is the skill of a western mule skinner who, throwing out a long whip, can crack it on one particular spot. These mule skinners, we are told, pick flies from the ears of a horse yards away, so great is their whipping accuracy. Just as surely does this man snap his black snake on the spots in Washington to which he objects.

Although Harcourt, Brace announce "Science and Human Affairs" as a contribution to the current controversy over evolution, it amounts to much more than that, for it begins with a general survey of the history of all the sciences and concludes with a discussion of the effect of the study of science on the mind of the investigator and on national welfare. Professor Winterton C. Curtis does not put his best foot forward, for his account of ancient and mediæval science is not so novel or interesting as is his explanation of recent researches in his own field, where marvelous progress has been made in understanding the mechanism of heredity, growth, generation, and regeneration. Here the reader will find the perplexing theory of Mendelian inheritance adequately elucidated by description and diagrams.

Few men have the daring and patience required to build as many puns as appear in "The Queen of Sheba" (Putnam). Even in choosing a nom de plume the author dares the book buying (and borrowing) public with "Phinneas A. Crutch". That pun is typical of what may be expected inside the covers. Still, the history of the queen is good fun, and if one's reading is planned to produce rest after a day's work, here is complete relaxation.

THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge in Cooperation with the American Library Association

The appearance of Mrs. Wharton's latest novel in the August score could have been anticipated a year ago; given the fact that Mrs. Wharton has a novel under way and the approximate publication date, it requires no gift of second sight to forecast within a month or two the appearance of the book well up in the list of fiction most in demand. That "Cytherea" should also find its way into the list was not so inevitable; it is another demonstration, however, of the essential unity of the reading public of America, whether book buyers or book borrowers. The same comment applies to Scott Fitzgerald's new novel. As for the only other newcomer in the month's fiction record, "Robin", its popularity follows naturally, as the book itself does, after the success of "The Head of the House of Coombe".

Perhaps it is merely an accident that in the field of general literature apart from fiction, such a large proportion of the works that appeal to the popular or library taste should be written by other than Americans. At any rate, one who examines these reports from month to month cannot fail to be struck by the preponderance of English books among those that persist in their popularity month after month. No serious book has held the position at the head of the list as dominatingly and persistently as "The Outline of History". In this month's score seven of the ten general books are the work of foreign born authors, although three of these, Van Loon, Bok, and Basil King, are domiciled in America.—F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	If Winter Comes	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE
2.	Gentle Julia	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
3.	The Head of the House of Coombe	*Frances Hodgson Burnett*	STOKES
4.	Robin	*Frances Hodgson Burnett*	STOKES
5.	The Vehement Flame	*Margaret Deland*	HARPER
6.	Maria Chapdelaine	*Louis Hémon*	MACMILLAN
7.	Brass	*Charles G. Norris*	DUTTON
8.	The Glimpses of the Moon	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
9.	Cytherea	*Joseph Hergesheimer*	KNOPF
10.	The Beautiful and Damned	*F. Scott Fitzgerald*	SCRIBNER

GENERAL

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	The Story of Mankind	*Hendrik Van Loon*	BONI
3.	Queen Victoria	*Lytton Strachey*	HARCOURT
4.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
5.	The Mind in the Making	*James Harvey Robinson*	HARPER
6.	Painted Windows	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
7.	Outwitting Our Nerves	*Jackson and Salisbury*	CENTURY
8.	The Mirrors of Washington	*Anonymous*	PUTNAM
9.	The Outline of Science	*J. Arthur Thomson*	PUTNAM
10.	The Conquest of Fear	*Basil King*	DOUBLEDAY

FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

Apropos of "Batouala"

THERE is sound historical reason to believe that the most significant piece of fiction before the world today is René Maran's "Batouala". Superlatives are justified in speaking of it, not because it received the Prix Goncourt, nor because it may be such an inferior achievement as to embarrass the Goncourt academicians forever or such a superior one as to prove beyond cavil that their judgment was sound, however surprising, in 1921. The merits of the novel as creative literature are quite beside the mark. The point is, it was written by a Negro. Why have we not had a Negro literature heretofore? What will be the world wide effect of the Negro literature that we are seemingly destined to have in the future?

Before making even a feint at answering either of these questions, let us face a few relevant facts. About as hard a task as could be set the most astute investigator of causes and effects in law and literature would be to evaluate the influence just three French works have had on social legislation in France: Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables", Eugène Sue's "Les Mystères de Paris", and Emile Zola's "Germinal". Now, as to Maran, he is noticeably stout in his contention that his work is wholly objective; that it does not scandalize; that it merely registers, records. Suppose he has made a number of gross exaggerations. Was Hugo noted for the modesty of his statements? Suppose, knowing only the Congo, Maran endeavors to speak universal truths and thereby makes himself foolish. Is there any critic who would assert that Sue never committed a *sottise?* Suppose Maran says that France's white officials in Africa are brutes only. Is every statement in Zola cautiously worded? The answer to each of these questions is plainly, "No."

Maran's is a *cause célèbre* viewed from any angle. Some seasoned French critics, who judge the work with apparent detachment, claim that "Batouala" is not well written. Then it must have been awarded the prize because Maran had something to say and said it. If the French government had sent a High Commission to the Congo and this commission had made a report on the manner in which France is managing her colony, the report would have been squelched in the French Parliament, or shelved by the Colonial Secretary, or given a cub write up in a Paris daily sold one evening from the kiosks and forgotten the next morning. A Negro, however, writes a novel on his people and arouses the attention of the world.

Never again can a Frenchman be told of the social and economic situation in Africa and say in reply, "I'm not interested." So much for the power of imaginative literature: written a year ago, "Batouala" seems to be in a fair way to place René Maran in the class of France's greatest novelists as a legislative reformer.

It is utterly useless to contend that "Batouala" is receiving so much attention simply because it was honored by the Goncourt Academy. That institution has conferred its choicest favor on works by Léon Frapié and Fran-

cis de Miomandre among others, and it cannot be said that foreign publishers are scrambling to seal the rights to bring them out. Moreover, the elder Rosny has a vote in the Academy and he himself cannot be called a poor judge of novels that deal with prehistoric or aboriginal peoples, as his "Vamirek" and "Guerre des Feux" prove.

It is also fatuous to assert that "Batouala" was awarded the prize because it is an attack on the French whites. Claude Farrère's "Les Civilisés", based on French bureaucrats in other parts of the world than the Congo, is likewise a Goncourt novel and in comparison with it "Batouala" is humane, gentle, and conservative. It is not at all likely that the Goncourt executors are endeavoring to make a specialty of novels that show up the home government.

"Batouala" is significant because it was written by a Negro. The novel may mark a new era in world literature. I personally believe that it will: I believe that the day has come when the Negro will rise above the lyric, or the "song", and produce novels, probably even dramas, that will have not merely social and economic meaning but artistic merit as well. It is not surprising that he should be tending this way; it is, rather, surprising that he has done nothing thus far but write a very few admirable books of a critical or social nature. Where would the American Negro be today if one of his number — and he numbers millions in this country at present — had written "Uncle Tom's Cabin"? To hazard a reply is my last intention. But I believe the Goncourt Academy acted more wisely than it knew — that is, it acted on instinct — when it honored "Batouala", the point being that the work is truer to life than it would have been had a white man written it.

The thesis may be illustrated by the fate of the Tharaud brothers who, like the Goncourts in their day, sign their works in common — Jérôme et Jean Tharaud. The Tharauds are not well known outside of France, though they too won the Goncourt Prize for their novel entitled "Dingley, l'Illustre Ecrivain", a persiflage of Rudyard Kipling. They are the authors of such excellent works as "In the Shadow of the Cross" and "When Israel is King", the latter dealing with the war between the Whites and the Reds in Hungary immediately after the armistice. Last year they published that remarkable essay entitled "The Tragedy of Ravaillac", dealing with the assassination of Henri IV. Now they too have come out with a novel from French Africa entitled "La Randonnée de Semba Diouf", which might be translated by "The Journey there and back of Semba Diouf".

It tells the story of a Negro from the French Congo who entered the World War and returned, the sole survivor of his group, an invalid: he lost an arm. Maran says: "Oh Civilization, Europe's pride — but the slaughter house of innocent men!" The Tharauds strike a totally different note. They tell, to be sure, of the hardships the Negro has undergone, and has to undergo: Semba Diouf did not have it easy in France. And he returns, only to find that his wife has in the meanwhile had a child by a stay-at-home. This is hard. But then his arm was amputated in a lovely hospital where the golden haired, white nurse smiled on him. He was honored; he saw Paris, including the Eiffel Tower; had a general pin a ribbon on his breast for bravery; is to receive a pension the rest of his

life: is, in short, in his own estimation at least, no longer an ordinary Negro. This is all very well, but "Semba Diouf" is not selling at the rate of eight thousand a day in France; nor are translators picketing publishing houses for the privilege of broadcasting their names. Nor does it slap, whip, and jerk after the fashion of "Batouala". René Maran, taking a leaf from the notebook of Rabindranath Tagore, cries out: "Oh Civilization, whatever thou doest, lies accompany thee, thy kingdom is built on corpses, thou art a firebrand and not a torch!"

This whole matter must be approached, not from the angle plotted by such students of color as Lothrop Stoddard and Putnam Weale, nor solely with an eye single to the Pan-Africanism of the Marcus Garveys, but with the mind directed to the fact that French culture is now and has been for two centuries, above par at home and anything but "spotty" or "low" abroad. It is therefore of exceeding great significance that France, whose African colony measures approximately ten million square kilometres with forty million black inhabitants, should be the first to produce a Negro writer and should recognize his efforts in such a substantial and, in itself, tale telling way. But it was to be expected. France gives her African Negroes a liberty that is unknown to the blacks of England's African colony, and that would be considered quite impossible, if not nocuous, in this country. They sit in judgment on the whites; may be, and have been, elected to the Chamber of Deputies; are made members of the Legion of Honor; and some 300,000 of them are at present in the army, while nearly 900,000 were mobilized during the World War. War is terrible, but civilization may indeed at times move forward on a powder camion.

They become officers in the French army, of course; they may and do marry whites; are taught the French language and become French citizens. And — like Maran, I am recording with objectivity, and doing nothing more — if anyone has his doubts as to the ultimate wisdom of all this, it is for whom to speak? For the English. In a recent number of the "Observer" Sir Harry Johnston says, quite unabashed: "There is no doubt but that the French have treated their African Negroes more wisely since 1871 than we English have treated ours." The English René Maran has not yet appeared.

There has been thus far no Negro literature for the unexciting reason that the Negro has been spiritually suppressed. He has written emotional poems; for that can be done on the basis of instinct and intuition. He has written no novels or dramas that reveal an ability to construct a well built, well knit story, for to do that requires mental training, a disciplined mind. If Knut Hamsun, for example, had at some time been privileged to "study", he would put some plot into his epic and dramatic works. As it is, he is a soul chemist and a tree gazer. No unstudied individual has ever yet been able to go further than the lyric in imaginative literature. But to be even a selfmade scholar, as Mark Twain was, necessitates a chance, and this chance the Negro is going to have from now on, whether in Africa or 135th Street, New York.

When the Negro gets to writing, world literature will be enriched. It is a fact to be borne in mind for the very reason that it is so utterly self evident. And the Negro's own lot will be infinitely improved despite the jolt,

against which there will be no *abri*, that is bound to result from his initial entry into the lists of belles lettres. That he has begun by trouncing white civilization is so natural as to be reassuring: it shows that he is willing to begin at the beginning and to exploit a theme that is within his reach. But he dare not overwork this motif. And if he does not, he should be in a position to take a quite considerable portion of the white man's burden on his own shoulders.

For nations do not prosper singly; and it is imaginative literature as much as anything else, as much even as commerce, that makes them going concerns. It is only when historians and philosophers distort the meaning of the literature nations produce, that trouble ensues. "Deutschland über Alles" is a poem of laudable virility and wholly inoffensive as Hoffman von Fallersleben wrote it; it was Germany's Treitschkes and Lassons who made it a dangerous anthem. May René Maran and his eventual school find wise critics!

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

New German "Storm and Stress"

WHILE the American and English dramatist usually undergoes a long and heartbreaking struggle before he succeeds in persuading a manager to risk the production of a serious play, the German dramatist or dramatic poet, secure in his knowledge of at least half a hundred theatres faithful to high literary ideals and traditions, ventures upon whole cycles. Fritz von Unruh, author of that classic, Schilleresque, yet poignantly impressive drama of Napoleonic-Prussian history, "Prince Louis Ferdinand", has just produced "Stürme" (Storms), a play which, though complete in itself, forms the intellectual continuation of "Ein Geschlecht" (A Generation) and "Platz!" (Make Way!). Another part, "Dietrich", is still to come.

Von Unruh, a young passionate nobleman poet, but bred to the bone of old Prussian stock, sets up the clear, unrelenting ideal of personal duty *(Pflicht)* as against the barren and mechanical fetish of mere drill — which had usurped and corrupted the simple and Spartan essence of duty and sacrifice under the influence of the late ruler of imperial Prussia. Von Unruh takes for his hero a radical prince, fighting against wornout conventions, against the mob, the forces of reaction, and the potent gravitation of the forces within himself. As a drama, the play suffers from the very fulness of thought and richness of expression which give it nobility as literature. The characters are not so much human beings in the grip of fate, as vivid carriers of the ideas and dreams which burst geyser-like from the author's mind. As an intellectual achievement the play rounds itself out to a measure of considerable greatness. One critic declares that von Unruh revealed "the blood of a statesman in the veins of a poet". The fine old Landestheater in Darmstadt which is now one of the foremost experimental stages of Germany, was the scene of the first performance, which lasted five and a half hours and ended with rapturous recalls for author and producer.

At the other end of the social and dramatic poles, yet with radiations and affinities connecting him with Unruh, we find Ernst Toller, the gifted proletarian poet, one of the strongest dramatic potencies of the new Germany. Toller, who is only

twenty-four, is still serving his sentence of five years in the Bavarian fortress of Niederschönefeld for his part in the Munich revolution of 1919. His new play, "The Machine-Stormers", has been a sensation which reverberated in spite of two newspaperless weeks during the late printers' strike. It was produced at Reinhardt's Grosses Schauspielhaus a few days after the assassination of Rathenau, before an audience roused and aflame with perilous stuff. A petition, signed by many eminent men and women, had asked permission for Toller to attend the performance of his play, but the request was refused.

The scene of "The Machine-Stormers" is laid in England during the Luddite riots at the beginning of the last century. It opens with an historical prologue in verse — a scene in the House of Lords. Lord Byron alone upholds the cause of the workers in his maiden speech — then comes the acceptance of the law which decrees death for any man who destroys a machine. The play has certain parallelisms with Hauptmann's "Weavers", the clash of the workers with the capitalism of that time, the sabotage of the engines that are to supplant the work of human hands. Jim Cobbet is the Jack Cade of this movement; his chief opponent Ure the mill owner. Cobbet sees that the battle with the machine is futile — his formula reads: "The Tyrant Machine, conquered by the spirit of creative man, will become your tool, your servant." But he falls, the victim of that insensate human machine — the mob. The play is half history, half drama. It is also an oratorio of labor, with language whipped into a glowing exaltation, with an undertone of man's eternal tragedy — himself against himself. The stage pictures by Claus Pringsheim are masterly — the last, a monumental, towering machine hall and its monsters vibrating with power and bathed in light, is grandiose.

"The Spengler of literature", as he has aptly been called, G. G. Gervinus, has been introduced to an amused world by a new biography written by Max Rychner. This strange genius, himself a poet and dramatist and literary critic of no mean order, made a mess of many judgments seventy years ago. He declared, with Hebbel, Grillparzer, Theodor Fischer, Heine and others still alive and productive, that the creative age for the Germans was over and that an age of criticism had set in. In spite of such false judgments and an involved style which demands, says Rychner, an extra pair of lungs, Gervinus makes stimulating reading. But his five volume literary history is doubtless more palatable in his biographer's extracts than it would be in its entirety.

Professor Hans Vaihinger, the renowned author of the "Philosophie des Als Ob", recently opened a new "Academy of Philosophy" on Castle Hill in Erlangen. In his excellent and stimulating inauguration speech, Professor Vaihinger dwelt upon the cosmopolitan value of the Kantian philosophy, and reminded his audience that the first volume of the Kant Society's magazine, "Kant-Studien", which appeared in the spring of 1896, was issued simultaneously in Hamburg, Leipzig, Paris, Rome, London, and New York. An American, an Englishman, an Italian, and a Frenchman were on the editorial staff. While agreeing that problems of racial difference were among the most important with which the reason of man could be occupied, Vaihinger emphasized the fact that within these sacred halls of philosophy no burning politi-

cal questions, whether of home or foreign politics, were to be mentioned, in order that nothing might disturb the harmony of mutual intellectual understanding.

The new collected edition of the novels of Hermann Löns, published by the Sponholtz Verlag of Hanover, calls attention anew to the author of "The Houses of Ohlenhof", "Those Beyond the Gates", "Behind the Heath", etc., and to his immensely popular and powerful nature romances. Löns loves nature as a hunter and devotee of woodlore loves it — understanding without morbidity, loving without sentimental or literary mawkishness. He goes back to the soil and the wild things of the wood, to the great purple stretches of his beloved Lüneberger Heath with its cairns and monoliths of old kings and warriors, to refresh himself and his readers, to provide an anodyne against the distemper of the big towns. His animals and birds are sufficient unto themselves, they are never clamped into introspective rôles, nor is there any attempt to imbue them with semi-mystic significance, such as Waldemar Bonsels, equally famous as a nature writer, loves to weave about his creations. Bonsels is more like an æsthetic naturalist, whose specimens are of secondary interest to the philosophical reflections with which they inspire him. Löns is the happy huntsman, the *Förster* or gamekeeper whose care for the wild things does not prevent his enjoying a good shot.

Julius Bab, the well known critic of poetry and belles lettres, has been holding up Walt Whitman as a guiding light for the younger generation of German poets. Whitman, to be sure, has already pervaded the receding generation of German poets. Bab sagely reproves the Expressionists with encysting themselves in Whitman's outer form or formlessness without his oceanic rhythms, his fire, content, and aspiration. (Bab, did he know their work, might make the same charge against our vacuous free verse habitués in America, who mistake sterility for simplicity and typographical alignment for the only difference between prose and poetry.) On the other hand Bab traces the real influence of Whitman, poet and seer, democrat and iconoclast, in the Belgian Verhaeren, in the great lyricist Richard Dehmel, in the men of today, Josef Winckler, Schmidtbonn, Arnold Ulitz, Hans Franck, and in the workman poets, Gerrit Engelke and Heinrich Lerch. He points out the value of Whitman's healthy, manly spirit as a bulwark for the Germans against the influence of Russian pessimism represented by Dostoyevsky.

This Josef Winckler, proclaimed by Bab as old Walt's most notable disciple, has just published an important new work, "Irrgarten Gottes, oder die Komödie des Chaos" (Labyrinth of God or the Comedy of Chaos). It is an epic of the deepest desolation of spirit, a poet's cry of despair over the long evil of the ages. He confronts the great opponents and protagonists with one another in scenes of great lyric and dramatic force. Among his characters are Christ and Prometheus, St. Chrysostom, Pan, Wieland the Smith, Ahasuerus, and behind these the sombre powers of destiny. This strong and malleable verse reminds one at times of Charles Doughty, at times of Robert Browning. The book, which is published by Diedrichs of Jena, is exciting much attention, and a deep constructive inspiration and message is held to lie at the roots of the poet's epic despair.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

Notes from France

WE knew of two works by Roger Martin du Gard. The two were so contrasting in form (not speaking of their intrinsic qualities) that only a much gifted writer could have been the author of both. "Jean Barois" (1913) has to do with a young man's growing to political and ethical consciousness during the Dreyfus affair. "Le Testament du Père Leleu" is a peasant farce in the vernacular of the Berry province. It became one of the successful plays of the Vieux-Colombier, in 1914, and was produced in New York three years later. Martin du Gard is now evolving a series of books which, by its proportions, is suggestive of "Jean Christophe". "Les Thibault" is the general title. "Le Cahier Gris" and "Le Pénitencier" are the two first volumes, and others will follow at a few months' interval. After what we have read concerning the old man Thibault and his boy Jacques, whom the second volume leaves at the time of his "first manly experiences", we shall await most attentively the publication of the rest of the series.

The probable election of Charles Maurras to the Académie is a cause for much comment. Maurras, the royalist leader, is not only the author of daily political articles which monopolize the best of his time and activity, he is also a great writer. "Anthinea" (nothing to do with the "Atlantide" of Pierre Benoît) was a book of essays, known and admired by the happy few. The excellent publisher Champion has brought out a book of "Pages Littéraires Choisies", and in the new collection, "Les Cahiers Verts", Maurras's collected poems will soon appear under the title "La Musique Intérieure". As for his political contributions to "Le Soleil", "La Gazette de France", "L'Action Française", and such ultra conservative papers, will they also survive or will they not? It is too soon to answer. Worthy of notice is the fact that Maurras, who as a young man was an admirer and a disciple of Anatole France, and later chose a political direction exactly opposed to that of the author of "L'Ile des Pingouins", never attacked the old master in his writings. On the other hand, it was even suggested that M. France, who never comes to the Académie, should be present in order to vote at the Maurras election. For the sake of paradox, as it were, M. France must have been tempted. But there he will not go. . . .

The dramatist of "Cromedeyre-le-Vieil", the poet of "Europe", has already shown gifts of the story teller in such works as "Les Copains" and "Mort de Quelqu'un". "Lucienne" is, however, the first regular novel by Jules Romains. We shall have explained nothing by saying that the heroine is a young woman in a provincial family, and that the book is concerned with love psychology. The miracle in the case is that on such a subject, Romains has expressed things which are actually new.

Even before it appears in book form, let us signal the new and important work of Louis Chadourne, called "Le Pot-au-Noir", in its instalments in the "Revue Hebdomadaire". It is composed of notes taken during a trip to the Antilles, to French Guiana, and to Venezuela. These countries have not often been described by Europeans in recent years. Chadourne's vision is careful of details, and attentive to those human weaknesses which sometimes reveal more of a race, of a nation, of a city, than do its successful achievements.

A regular adventure novel is "Poutnick le Proscrit" by Emile Zavie. Russian revolution, a beautiful heroine, substitution of a Bolshevist for his brother who is a French officer — everything is there. Of a more serious character, "Le Sourire Blessé", a posthumous book by Albert Thierry, who before the war wrote that most sincere of all documents on a teacher's reactions: "L'Homme en Proie aux Enfants".

Inquiries are always in favor. Newspaper editors are asked by "L'Opinion": "Are you satisfied with your paper? If not, why?" And the answers are a good survey of journalistic conditions in France, past and present. "Was the nineteenth century a stupid one?" is the rather stupid question raised by a recent book of Léon Daudet, and taken up by the review "Les Marges". However, if the start of the discussion was dull, and obscured by political passions, some very clever things have been said about it, namely by Jacques Boulenger. "What do you do when you are alone?" is the one invented by "Littérature", the little vanguard magazine that started, two years ago, the inquiry on "Why do you write?" among the authors. To which the best answer was given by Paul Valéry, who simply said, "Par faiblesse . . ."

Concerning Indo China, Georges Groslier, director of the Ecole des Arts Cambodgiens established at Pnom-Penh by the French, is the author of a luxurious book, "Danseuses Cambodgiennes" (Challamel), which gives all technical precisions on the art of these marvelous undersized artists. Paris admired them a month ago at the Opera, and now they are one of the attractions of the Colonial exhibition at Marseilles, thanks to the courtesy of the Cambodian king, to whose household they belong.

The Editions Bossard, already responsible for a splendid collection of Oriental Classics (translations by such scholars as Sylvani Lévi, Louis Finot, etc.), have just gotten out a smaller collection on various aspects of Asiatic art. It begins with Abanindra Nath Tagore's "Hindu Art and Anatomy", translated by Andrée Karpelès, with a preface by Victor Golubew. By Rabindranath Tagore himself, a new book of poems has been translated by Baronne Renée de Brimont, under the title "La Fugitive".

"L'Almanach de Bonnes Choses de France", by Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre, gives a half methodical list, month by month, of all good things to eat and to drink and to smell. The chapter devoted to the wines, alone, is such profitable reading as to make it hardly possible for one to absorb water or whisky or such substitutes. Madame de Clermont-Tonnerre, who knows America well (she wrote "U.S.A.", which we commented upon last year), should find many readers in the States. Even if the New York Custom House destroys — or keeps — the aforesaid chapter, as they did the innocent silhouettes of dancers sent from abroad by one of America's best artists, a few months ago — the rest of the book, devoted to the art of careful and delicate living *(sans boire)* should interest people *urbi et orbi*.

PIERRE DE LANUX

THE BOOKMAN'S SERVICE FOR WRITERS

GETTING IN TOUCH WITH A MARKET

An Answer by Alexander Van Rensselaer

ONE of the interesting things I have noticed in the inquiries that have been coming into THE BOOKMAN'S Bureau of Advice to Writers is that they often contain questions which are so phrased as to answer themselves. For example, a gentleman from Indiana asks: "Please advise me how I may best get in touch with the market for illustrated articles, such as are commonly used in magazines covering the current interest field, Sunday newspapers, and newspaper syndicates." The obvious reply is, of course, write an article and submit it with illustrations to the editors of magazines, Sunday neswpapers, and newspaper syndicates that commonly use such articles. How to submit manuscripts to modern editors was discussed in the March, 1922, number of THE BOOKMAN (pages 41-48), and the syndicate market and its limitations were discussed in the July, 1922, number of THE BOOKMAN (page 551).

It is surprising to find so many authors who fail to realize the distinction between writing and selling what has been written. Writing is an art; selling manuscripts is a business, just as is selling automobiles or dog collars or hair nets or anything else. A manufacturer wouldn't think of attempting to sell automobiles to the buyer of a five and ten cent store, or dog collars to a chemist, or hair nets to a men's furnishing establishment. If you have an article (short story, illustrated feature, or what not) to sell you must first classify the article according to its subject, length, timeliness, treatment, and general appeal. Then it is well to go to the nearest library and there look over the various magazines and newspapers on file, listing the names and addresses of those that seem to make a practice of publishing material similar to the article you have on hand. The magazines and newspapers on this list will probably be the only publications that will be interested in your article; in any event they will be your "best bet" and to them should be submitted your manuscript.

It cannot be repeated too often that unsolicited manuscripts must stand or fall on their own contents. The "best way to get in touch" with a market is through the mail or by express. There are no secret trapdoors to admit a chosen few into editorial offices; and no mysterious password or hocus pocus letter of introduction can attract more kindly attention to your work than the simple, to-the-point statement, "The enclosed MS. is submitted for your consideration, at your current rates."

THE BOOKMAN'S LITERARY CLUB SERVICE

With this issue, THE BOOKMAN *starts its series of literary club programs. Believing that there has never been a study outline of literature which combined range of subject with a real understanding of the end to be achieved, the editors have brought together representative committees of authors, students, and critics to present for the use of women's clubs an outline which will contain both elements. The divisions of the series will be as follows:*

I. Contemporary American Fiction
II. Contemporary American Poetry
III. Contemporary American Drama
IV. The Short Story

After contemporary American literature has been covered, programs on the historical background of our literature will be given, and these will be followed by a survey of the English field.

These BOOKMAN *programs will be formed, not by the editors of this magazine but by a board of advice which has been organized to include names from various lines of literary thought in America, so that the result will represent no one group. The executive committee of advice is as follows: Mary Austin, the novelist; Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, librarian of the St. Louis Public Library; Dr. Carl Van Doren, literary critic of "The Nation"; Hon. Maurice Francis Egan, diplomat and literary critic; Dr. John Erskine, president of the Authors' Club and professor of English at Columbia University; Mrs. L. A. Miller, president of the Colorado Federation of Women's Clubs; May Lamberton Becker, of the "Reader's Guide" of the New York "Evening Post"; Dr. James Fort Newton, rector of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City; and Booth Tarkington, the novelist.*

The editors have further been largely guided in their suggestions to the committees by talks with members of various literary clubs.

Other magazines have promised to cooperate with THE BOOKMAN *in publishing correlated articles. An excellent series by William Lyon Phelps on the background of American literature is to run in "The Ladies' Home Journal"; the November "Century" carries "Sex in Fiction" by Henry Seidel Canby; Benjamin Brawley's "The Negro in American Literature" in this magazine might form the background for a stimulating afternoon's reading and discussion. Then there is Professor Phelps's new department in "Scribner's", "As I Like It", which will treat of current literary problems. We shall call attention to other articles from time to time.*

The editor of THE BOOKMAN *and his advisers and associates will answer promptly and to the best of their ability any question confronting any literary club. Such questions should be addressed "*THE BOOKMAN'S *Literary Club Service".*

UNLESS you have been in direct touch with various clubs it is difficult to realize how their problems in selecting a program vary. What more natural than the following letter?

I am writing to ask you for some suggestions for the Thanksgiving meeting of a Literature and Current Events Study Club of thirty members. Our programs are very flexible — there is no special idea to be developed at this meeting. We wish a good interesting outline suitable for the day, or season, that will bring an element of freshness and originality to a twenty-five year old club of women past middle age. The meetings are from 2:30 to 5 P. M. with an intermission.

An unintelligent request, you say? Not really. This chairman simply wanted general suggestions from a new mind brought into fresh play on the specific needs of her club. Of course it would have been helpful if she had given a clear idea of what study had been done in the past, and it would have been easier to answer if she had hinted at some guess on her part as to what her club wanted. An apathetic letter, it is, perhaps; but

not unintelligent. For such a club, the current plays and their authors might be a good idea. These are fresh every year, and if she wanted to add an historical touch, selections from last year's Plymouth Pageant could be read, and a discussion of American pageantry conclude the afternoon.

The problem outlined in the next letter is a more difficult one to solve, particularly because of the last sentence:

> This last year we studied Latin America — some were not pleased, so we decided to have this year miscellaneous programs.
> Kindly suggest some subjects and outlines which will make interesting and profitable programs.
> A study of Goldsmith has been suggested.

How can one reply tactfully to a lady whose club wishes to spend the entire year studying Goldsmith? It is not that we mean to discredit the praiseworthy note of scholasticism to be seen in the desire to analyze one writer in detail; but, after all, the Browning Societies and even the Shakespeare Societies are coming to be things of the past, and there are not so many years in which each of us can explore the fascinating and limitless domain of books.

From a club in Iowa that wishes to study the short story comes the following:

> As our club is composed of young mothers with little folks who often cannot get to the library, we were desirous of securing a text that gave some of the best stories along with the technical study of their contents.

Here is a real difficulty and one which is not rare. For the circle composed of women who are intensely occupied in their homes, or who are, perhaps, working during the day, the collateral reading necessary for the development of some of their programs is impossible. For them the textbook is advisable, and we shall recommend such books occasionally.

The time to be spent on individual portions of the program is a matter for the decision of individual clubs; the programs are so designed that an entire week may be spent on one section or an entire meeting on one author.

In the American fiction program that follows there have been some changes to suit individual demands; the outline as it exists now represents the opinion of no one member of the committee. The opening comments under each author's name are by the editor. Quotations marked C. V. D. are by Carl Van Doren and are taken from his book "Contemporary American Novelists". Those marked M. F. E. are by Maurice Francis Egan. The viewpoints of these two members of the executive committee afford a nice contrast.

As a general bibliography for developing this program we recommend the following:

Contemporary American Novelists, 1900-1920. Carl Van Doren. MACMILLAN.
Contemporary American Literature. Manly and Rickert. HARCOURT, BRACE.
Some Modern Novelists. Helen and Wilson Follett. HOLT.
The Men Who Make Our Novels. George Gordon. MOFFAT, YARD.
The Women Who Make Our Novels. Grant Overton. MOFFAT, YARD.

These last two books are far from satisfactory; but they do contain a certain amount of data which cannot be obtained elsewhere and are easy popular reading. Dr. Van Doren's book is excellent and the Manly and Rickert's outline, while it has notable omissions, is yet the best thing of its kind obtainable and is absolutely current.

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN FICTION

Committee: Mary Austin, chairman; Willa Cather, Zona Gale, Sherwood Anderson, Mary Roberts Rinehart, William Allen White.

First Quarter: Novels of Story Interest

In the early part of the nineteenth century the American novel emerged as the romantic story. There has, however, been a change both in material and in method of treatment since the days of Cooper and Melville. This change is most definitely marked in the present century by the name of O. Henry. Since his time the story written chiefly for story interest has found its material largely in the common life.

The following are outstanding figures in this field. The names of three works of each are given as meriting special study.

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

The Three Black Pennys. 1917. KNOPF.
Linda Condon. 1919. KNOPF.
Java Head. 1919. KNOPF.

Characterized by exotic settings, brilliant word pictures, a style that, while reminiscent of Conrad and of others, yet has a peculiar charm of its own.

Hergesheimer was born in Philadelphia in 1880, was educated in schools there and at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. He is said to have given himself a long apprenticeship as a writer, and actually to have burned scores of manuscript novels before the publication of his first, "The Lay Anthony", in 1914. His work in the short story is also notable, and "Wild Oranges" (Knopf) is, perhaps, his best. He is married, lives in West Chester, Pennsylvania, and is only occasionally seen in New York City. He is large, genial, suave, and usually rather elaborately dressed; talks much and in a low voice. His latest novel is "Cytherea" (Knopf), to be followed by "The Bright Shawl" (Knopf) this autumn.

"With the fullest intellectual sophistication, Mr. Hergesheimer has artistically the courage of naïveté. He subtracts nothing from the common realities of human character when he displays it in some past age, but preserves it intact. The charming erudition of his surfaces is added to reality, not substituted for it."—*C.V.D.*

"'The Three Black Pennys' placed Joseph Hergesheimer in the first rank of American novelists. It is a masterly study of character, atmosphere, and circumstances. The first part of his 'Java Head' is equally important; but his later affections — his devotion to the little details of luxurious life which people accustomed to them take as a matter of course — vulgarize much of his recent work. It has a touch of the meretricious splendor of Lord Beaconsfield."—*M.F.E.*

REFERENCES:

In Respect to Joseph Hergesheimer. James Branch Cabell. THE BOOKMAN, vol. L, p. 267.

Joseph Hergesheimer, the Man and His Books. A pamphlet by Llewellyn Jones, obtainable from local booksellers or for $.10 postage from his publishers, containing both critical and biographical material.

The Literary Spotlight. Anonymous. THE BOOKMAN, May, 1922.

ELLEN GLASGOW

Virginia. 1913. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.
The Miller of Old Church. 1911. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.
Life and Gabriella. 1916. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.

A graceful if not a forceful teller of romances and a gentle realist with a gift as a local colorist and an understanding of the quaintness and charm of Virginia.

She was born in Richmond, Virginia in 1874, was a delicate child and therefore privately educated. Her first two books she wrote before she was twenty. Early a lover of poetry, she later studied economics and socialism. Grant Overton describes her as "a beautiful woman with red-gold hair, the real Titian shade or simply red-brown, as

you may decide''. She lives in a square old white house in Richmond, and writes her novels there. Her latest book, published this autumn, is ''One Man In His Time'' (Doubleday, Page).

Speaking of Miss Glasgow's sense for the ''texture of life'' in ''The Miller of Old Church'', Dr. Van Doren says: ''Without any important sacrifice of reality she has enlarged her material by lifting it toward the plane of the pastoral and rounding it out with poetic abundance instead of whittling it down with provincial shrewdness or weakening it with village sentimentalism.''

''Miss Glasgow is something more than a story teller, her atmosphere is the result of hard study, deep feeling, and an ethical mental training.''—*M.F.E.*

REFERENCES:
Contemporary American Novelists, p. 132.
The Women Who Make Our Novels, p. 20.

MARY JOHNSTON

The Long Roll. 1911. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.
To Have And To Hold. 1900. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.
Silver Cross. 1922. LITTLE, BROWN.

Dramatic, visionary, highly colored, with a passion for history and a sense both of mysticism and realism.

Mary Johnston was born in Buchanan, Virginia in 1870. She was educated at home and at private schools. She has lived both in Birmingham, Alabama and New York City, and in many winter resorts in the south. She now lives at Warm Springs, Virginia, in a home which she has built for herself, with its typical southern garden and its splendid southern hospitality. Much of her writing has been accomplished out of doors; one hears that she often tramps the Virginia hills, clad in a loose cloak and using a stout walking stick. Her latest work, ''1492'', is on the autumn lists.

Speaking of her attraction to the heroic legends of colonial Virginia Dr. Van Doren says: ''She brings to them, however, no fresh interpretations, as satisfied as any mediæval romancer to ring harmonious charges on ancient themes, enlarging them, perhaps, with something spacious in her language and liberal in her sentiments, yet transmitting her material rather as a singer than as a poet, agreeably rather than creatively.''

''Miss Johnston began by being the first of American historical writers of the romantic school. Her stories are now lost in a tiresome wealth of detail.''—*M.F.E.*

REFERENCES:
The Women Who Make Our Novels, p. 132.
The Literary Spotlight. Anonymous. THE BOOKMAN, July, 1922.

HARRY LEON WILSON

Bunker Bean. 1913. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.
Merton of the Movies. 1922. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.
Ruggles of Red Gap. 1915. DOUBLEDAY, PAGE.

Brilliant satire on American life and an underlying sense of plot and character that show much technical skill make Wilson a far more important figure among contemporary writers than is generally realized. Irony relieved by a rich underlying humor.

Born in Oregon, Illinois, in 1867, Wilson is now living in Monterey, California with his wife and several children. He was editor of ''Puck'' from 1896-1902. His friends and publishers say that it is practically impossible to extract biographical data from him, and he covers his extreme modesty with the same dry cynicism that characterizes much of his work.

''A fresh contribution to the stock of American humor.''—*W. D. Howells.*

''Ruggles of Red Gap'' is ''the best comic novel produced in America since 'A Connecticut Yankee'. He is one of the few American novelists who actually know how to write.''—*H. L. Mencken.*

''Harry Leon Wilson is first of American humorous satirical writers. 'Merton of the Movies' surpasses even 'Bunker Bean' or 'Ruggles of Red Gap'.''—*M.F.E.*

REFERENCE:
The Men Who Make Our Novels, p. 162.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

K. 1915. HOUGHTON MIFFLIN.
The Amazing Interlude. 1917. DORAN.
The Breaking Point. 1922. DORAN.

A masterful story teller, with rare gifts of humor and unusual understanding of the middle class family.

Born in Pittsburg, trained to be a nurse, she was married at nineteen to Dr. Stanley Marshall Rinehart, a Pittsburg physician. She has three sons, one of whom, Alan, has now adopted journalism as his career; the eldest, Stanley, is in the publishing business, while the youngest, Ted, is still an

undergraduate at Harvard. Striking in appearance, with unfailing vitality, she never rests but is riding in the west, fishing in the north, hunting in the south, or attending a rush of social events in Washington where she is now living.

Grant Overton says of her novel "K" that it "shows its author's power to portray character effectively in sweeping outlines filled in, on occasion, with solid or mottled masses of color. K himself is the kind of person that Mary S. Watts might have put before us in some 600 closely printed pages. It is a difference of method merely; while not every one would be able to appreciate the thousand little touches with which Mrs. Watts drew her hero, Mrs. Rinehart's more vigorous delineation is effective at all distances, in all lights, with almost all readers."

REFERENCES:
The Women Who Make Our Novels, p. 54.
The American Magazine, October, 1917. An autobiographical account.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

The Crossing. 1904. MACMILLAN.
Richard Carvel. 1899. MACMILLAN.
The Crisis. 1902. MACMILLAN.

Rich in his romantic vein, it is these earlier works that place Churchill among the important American writers.

Winston Churchill, descended from a long line of sturdy and prominent Americans, was born in St. Louis in 1871, and was graduated from Annapolis in 1894. He resigned from the naval service almost at once and began writing "Richard Carvel". For a time he was on the staff of "The Army and Navy Journal" and later with "The Cosmopolitan Magazine". He is married and lives in Cornish, New Hampshire. His last published works are "A Traveller in War-Time" (Macmillan, 1918) and a play, "Dr. Jonathan" (Macmillan, 1919).

"In all his novels, even the most romantic, the real interest lies in some mounting aspiration opposed to a static régime, whether the passion for independence among the American Colonies, or the expanding movement of the population westward, or the crusades against slavery or political malfeasance, or the extrication of liberal temperaments from the shackles of excessive wealth or poverty or orthodoxy. Yet the only conclusions he can at all devise are those which history has devised already — the achievement of independence or of the Illinois country, the abolition of slavery, the defeat of this or that usurper of power in politics."—*C.V.D.*

"Earlier work good stories; later — 'The Inside of the Cup' [Macmillan, 1913] — engages in amateur philosophy."—*M.F.E.*

REFERENCES:
Contemporary American Novelists, p. 47.
The Men Who Make Our Novels, p. 53.

EMERSON HOUGH

The Covered Wagon. 1922. APPLETON.
The Mississippi Bubble. 1902. BOBBS-MERRILL.
Fifty-Four Forty or Fight. 1909. BOBBS-MERRILL.

A good yarn spinner, a lover of the out of doors and of the early colonization period in American life. His fiction is stirring, well told, if at times sentimental.

Mr. Hough was born at Newton, Iowa, in 1857, and was graduated from the State University of Iowa in 1880. Later he studied law and was admitted to the bar. Located in New Mexico, it was in that outlying district that he gained his first love of "life in the raw" which has never left him. He travels constantly, hunts, fishes, and leads the physical life of the typical out of door man. White headed, vigorous, decisive, he is a well known and admired figure in Chicago, where he now makes his home.

"Skilful at romance: the sublimated dime novel."—*M.F.E.*

REFERENCES:
The Men Who Make Our Novels, p. 40.
The American Magazine, June, 1918. An autobiographical account.

(To be continued in November.)

THE GOSSIP SHOP

W. H. HUDSON, the English naturalist, essayist, and novelist, died in London on August 18. The author of "Green Mansions", "A Little Boy Lost", "Far Away and Long Ago", and many other volumes was retiring, modest, one who shrank from publicity. He was born and spent his boyhood on the South American Plains, where he became the almost mystic intimate of birds, flowers, and trees. "All the interesting part of my life stopped when I was fourteen," he said; and so it is only of his childhood that he has given us direct biographical detail. Later, in his English life, he came to know the countryside with as much care as he had spent on his beloved pampas. In telling of his walks, which were taken sometimes because poverty made other excursions impossible, he shows his gentleness and tenderness toward humble people and things:

> But there were compensations, and one, perhaps best of all, was that this method of seeing the country made us more intimate with the people we met and stayed with. They were mostly poor people, cottagers in small remote villages; and we, too, were poor, often footsore, in need of their ministrations, and nearer to them on that account than if we had travelled in a more comfortable way. I can recall a hundred little adventures we met with during these wanderings, when we walked day after day, without map or guide-book, as our custom was, not knowing where the evening would find us, but always confident that the people to whom it would fall in the end to shelter us would prove interesting to know and would show us a kindness that money could not pay for.

Galsworthy, who was his friend and admirer, and who introduced "Green Mansions", said of him:

> Of all living authors—now that Tolstoi has gone—I could least dispense with W. H. Hudson. . . . Hudson's fancy is akin to the flight of birds that are his special loves—it never seems to have entered a house, but since birth to have been roaming the air, in rain and sun, or visiting the trees and the grass. . . . I would that every man, woman and child in England were made to read him; and I would that you in America would take him to heart. As simple narrator he is well-nigh unsurpassed; as a stylist he has few, if any, living equals.

Of death itself, Hudson wrote with deep understanding:

> The Truth is, if we live in fairly natural healthy conditions, we are just as happy as the lower animals. Some philosopher has said that the chief pleasure in a man's life, as in that of a cow, consists in the processes of mastication, deglutition and digestion, and I am very much inclined to agree with him. The thought of death troubles us very little—we do not believe in it. Death is a reality only when it is very near, so close on us that we can actually hear its swift steady feet rustling over the dead leaves, and for a brief bitter space we actually know that his sharp teeth will presently be in our throat.

George Palmer Putnam, the publisher, has a genius for conceiving gay adventures. Last year his "Cruise of the Kawa" antics added much to the literary gaiety of the country. He does not rest this season. At the Palace Theatre, Dr. Traprock and his notorious crew, fresh from their northern exposure, discover the lovely Ikik (alias Margaret Severn) a-dancing. They attend. They cavort. They present the fair Eskimo lady with a stuffed seal as she finishes her countless pirouettes. Then, on the heels of this exploit comes the announcement that, with Mr. Putnam as host, a group of authors is staging an extended literary junket to the

Pacific northwest, the main object being the roundup at Pendleton, Oregon, the super-spectacle of rough-riding and frontier stunts. We hear that the trip is primarily a sort of coming out party for "My Northern Exposure", the new Traprock book, and for Charles Hanson Towne's novel "The Chain". In fact, the following exquisite poem has been written to Mr. Towne, and John Held, Jr., has contributed a delightful impressionistic portrait, which, considering the impressionism, is remarkably lifelike.

A ROUGH WRITER

Charles Hanson Towne, the nervy cuss,
Is sittin' pretty on Pegasus,
Which is rearin' up on iambic feet,
But Charlie rides him — and he rides him neat.

Charles Hanson Towne

On this famous trip will be Wallace Irwin, Charles Hanson Towne, George S. Chappell (Dr. Walter E. Traprock), Ruth Hale, Hubbard Hutchinson, Walter Trumbull, and John Held, Jr. In Oregon the party will be joined by Frederick O'Brien who comes up from California, and by Charles Wellington Furlong, the author and lecturer. What we want to know is, why doesn't Mr. Putnam stage a literary round up in New York City, or possibly even in Chicago? There is no steed harder to break than a determined author.

The following was the result of a genial argument with Nate Salsbury, who chooses to write as "Baron Ireland", as to what is fit and what isn't fit to print. Unfortunately we cannot show you the original. We leave it to your imaginations.

CINDERELLA

(*As John Dos Passos Would Tell It**)

Cinderella sat by the fire, wondering what kind of a stepmother her father was going to bring home.

The doorbell rang. On the step were her father, stepmother, and two stepsisters.

"Who the er — heck are you?" asked the stepmother.

"Cinderella," answered Cinderella.

"Here!" said the stepmother to the two daughters. "Teach this er — goshdarn rookie how to salute!"

The elder sister broke Cinderella's jaw with a right hook. The other kicked her sprawling into the kitchen, then yanked her to her feet by the scruff of the neck.

"Take a look at the K. P. list this week," she said.

Cinderella saluted and looked at the list. Her own name was on it. She sat down by the fire and broodingly

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*After receiving the following note — DEAR SIR: If you can tone this down a little I think we can use it. It is a little too strong in its present form for our sedate paper.—Editor, THE BOOKMAN.

began to pick er — objectionable insects familiar to the A.E.F. — out of the coals.

An A.D.T. boy came with a telegram. The stepmother opened it. "It's an invitation from the prince to that er — goshdarn charity ball tomorrow night, girls," she said.

"Well, I'd like to know how in er — Cripe's world I'm going to get my er — goshdarn dress unpacked in time!" exclaimed the elder stepsister.

"Oh, let that er — goshdarn Cindy do it," said the other.

"That's a er — goshdarn good idea," replied the elder. She entered the kitchen. Cinderella was talking to her father, who had just come in.

"Can't I go to the ball, Father?" she asked. "I haven't been to a ball since er — Cripe was a corporal!"

"Where the er — heck do you get off to go to the ball?" said the stepsister. "You stay on K. P. and unpack my dress and do it er — goshdarn quick or I'll knock your er — goshdarn head off! And remember this — the war may be over, but you're still in the army, and don't you forget it!" She left the room.

Cinderella unpacked the dress. Then she went back to the kitchen. She sat by the fire and dreamed. She dreamed the prince's er — photograph was in her arms. Her large flabby er — you know — rose and fell. She slept. When she awoke the house was empty.

"Er — darned if I don't go A. W. O. L.!" she said.

She went out into the garden. "If I could only rustle some clothes I'd go to the ball and show those er — natural daughters up," she said. At her words a tree began to rustle and a ball gown and a couple of slippers fell out.

"Er — Cripe! I'm a lucky er — natural daughter," said Cinderella. She put the clothes on and went to the ball.

The prince saw her there. "Voulay-voo-er-baisay avec moy?" he asked. She burst out laughing and slapped his face. Then she ran out of the door.

The prince chased her. In her flight she dropped a shoe, which he picked up. He went back to the ballroom.

The next day he married the youngest stepsister, and gave her the slipper as a wedding present.

When Cinderella heard the news she went out and bought a hand grenade. As the wedding procession passed she pulled the string and threw it into the bridal carriage.

An M. P. saw it and followed her home.

"Come along!" he said as she reached the door.

She grew still.

"Er — Cripe, I never have any luck!" she said.

As they went down the steps a wind entered the kitchen and blew the objectionable insects familiar to the A. E. F. about the room. One by one they settled on the floor.

—*Baron Ireland*

Fred Lockley sends us our Oregon note concerning Edison Marshall, whose new novel "The Sky Line of Spruce" has been issued this autumn:

Not long ago, Edison Marshall of Medford and I were comparing notes on literary matters. Edison Marshall comes by his love of letters naturally. His father is an old time newspaper man of Indiana. His mother, from whom he gets his looks, was of French descent. She had that greatest gift of a writer, imagination, and her work appeared in many of the national magazines. Edison Marshall was born in Rensselaer, Indiana, in 1894, so he is only twenty-eight years old. Coming to Oregon as a youngster,

he got work as a reporter on a Medford newspaper. At the University of Oregon, where he spent two years, he was much more interested in writing short stories than in studying psychology and languages. In spite of the adverse comment of his professor on the worthlessness of his literary output, he sent one of his stories to "The Argosy" and received a check for it. He had tasted blood, and right then he decided to become a man eater. Most of his stories relate to out of doors.

"My love of the outdoors comes from my father and his forebears," said Mr. Marshall. "As far back as I can trace my father's family, his people were all frontiersmen. Not only were they engaged in hunting, fishing, fighting Indians, and opening a new country, but they managed to get ringside seats in every war in which our country was engaged. The founder of our tribe here in America was Kezia Marshall, who came to the American Colonies long before the Revolution. One of his brothers went to Virginia, where he founded a race of polished southern gentlemen. Kezia, my immediate ancestor, founded a breed of rangy, poverty pressed, hard working soil tillers — good Methodists, good shots, and men who were always dreaming the dream of the farthest frontier. They pressed steadily westward, coming to Illinois before the Indians had departed, and pushing on to California in 1849. My father's father was killed in that early gold rush, so father had to stay home and run the farm. My father came west in what was then known as the third class passage, which meant that he traveled on top of a box car. Later he went back, married, and stayed until 1907. I was fourteen when we came to Oregon, so that I am now a thorough westerner, and proud of it.

"I have given over the short story for the novel. My first novel I wrote in nineteen days. It is called 'The Voice of the Pack'. I received fifteen thousand dollars for the book rights and moving picture rights. I not only love the outdoors, but I love to write about it. I have hunted wild turkeys in Oklahoma and moose and caribou in the far north. When serving as an officer in the World War, and stationed at a southern camp, I met Agnes Flythe of Augusta, Georgia, who is now Mrs. Marshall. My story, 'The Elephant Remembers', was chosen as one of the fifteen best short stories to be published in the O. Henry Memorial volume for 1919.

"Let me say again that I am proud of being a westerner and particularly proud of being an Oregonian, and I am proud and glad that I went to the University of Oregon and not some famous eastern university. I am proud also that my people were of the soil, and I try to write for the folks in general and not any limited and highly sophisticated class. The larger part of our population lives in the cities and most of them look with longing to a life in the open. That's why I believe my stories of outdoors appeal to them. I make a very satisfactory living by writing two months each year and knocking around the other ten months, seeing the world and getting experiences to write about."

Thomas Masson, formerly editor of "Life", whose "Listen to These" is on the autumn lists, is now adding to the sprightliness of "The Saturday Evening Post". What an imposing building it is, this Curtis Publishing Company in Philadelphia, with its fountain and its huge colorful mosaic, from a painting by Maxfield Parrish! Mr. Masson, slight, smiling, peering out quizzically at life from behind his thick glasses, was a nice contrast to the somehow gigantic figure of George Horace Lorimer, whom we were meet-

ing for the first time. Sturdy, not ponderous, firm jawed, not quite square, burly, decisive, a man of sure instinct and great magnetism: it is no wonder that he is the superlatively successful editor. Then there was Barton Currie, keen, swift worded yet somehow gentle, whose guiding of "The Ladies' Home Journal" is being a subtle and well considered achievement, and one of his assistants, Elizabeth Breuer, whose perceptions are quick and eager. In fact, that entire organization gives one an impression of poise, with a breaking through of swift understanding and quick motion. We did not have a chance to call in at Campion's or Leary's, or to see Sidney Williams or Tom Daly; but a celebration of Greeks gave an air of parading festivity to Philadelphia that made us feel that, after all, it is not always the sleepy, dreamy town we had imagined it to be. It was, in fact, quite noisy. Captain Dingle, that teller of sea yarns, who was with us in a cab, was much delighted. "Oh", said he, "they have left hand traffic rules in Philadelphia. Just like London." Unfortunately, it was necessary to explain that we were simply driving along a one way street. Which reminds us — we were very nearly run over by a taxicab last night, which also reminds us that Heywood Broun has a black eye of which he is proud. Defending Michael Collins's memory — maligned by a street orator on Broadway — he was pursued by five Irish huskies, who, after a series of blows given and taken, departed; but not without having left their mark. So Mr. Broun has become a hero recently, as well as a novelist.

Katharine Hopkins Chapman sends us a note from Alabama that sets us thinking, which is remarkable on so warm a day. In fact, it is a great relief to us to know that by the time this issue of the magazine is published it will again be comparatively cool. However, that has little to do with artistic patronage, which is what occurred to us a moment ago. It has always seemed to us that the patronage of art in America is singularly uninspired. The American man of wealth cannot understand why an artist should need support. Perhaps that is because it is impossible to organize patronage of the arts. It was our ambition to found some sort of definite organization to develop financial patronage for deserving authors; but after due consideration that seemed impossible. We have known financiers to endow a man for a certain period to write histories of their pet yacht; but we have not known one instance of an author being endowed while he writes a novel. However, perhaps authors and artists are glad to be independent of the sort of patronage one found in the Middle Ages, or the imperial aid of an emperor in whatever few countries one finds them these days.

"Kobinata", the southern home of Mary McNeill Fenollosa (Sidney McCall) is at Springhill, near Mobile, Alabama. The name is Japanese for "Sunshine". The cottage is adorned with many quaint old bits of Japanese art and has two temple lanterns before the door, said to be thousands of years old. Mrs. Fenollosa was recently invited by the imperial Japanese government to be its guest when the memorial to her husband, Professor Ernest Fenollosa, was dedicated on the grounds of Tokyo Fine Arts School in Ueno Park. The stone is a great tribute to a man whose whole life was wrapped up in the art of Japan. Professor Fenollosa and his talented wife, who was a native of Mobile, were there much in the late 'nineties and until his sudden death in London in 1908. He did much to interpret the vivid oriental art of Japan to the occidental mind. In Mobile he is remembered as a most fascinating artist and talker. The Japanese influence came also into Mrs. Fenollosa's writings. She has spent most of

her time in New York City of late. Her most recent work is the editing of two volumes of Professor Fenollosa's writings on Japanese art. In this she was assured that the Japanese government would render her every assistance, including financial assistance—which is almost enough to make imperialists of some poor democratic writers I know!

The July magazines do not show spring influence on the poets. They are arid enough, with no freshets of the imagination. There are, however, poems, for better or for worse: "Where Does the Tall Sun—" by Clement Wood in "The Lyric"; "Three Poems: The Green Bird Seeth Iseult" by William Alexander Percy in "Contemporary Verse"; "Notes of Travel: In the Yellowstone" by Harriet Monroe in "Poetry"; "Poets" by Hortense Flexner in "Voices"; "The Mother" by Louis Untermeyer in "The Reviewer"; "Nightingale" by Richard Aldington and "Truck-Drivers" by Maxwell Bodenheim, both in "The Double-Dealer".

To Stamford, Connecticut, the other evening, for the first performance (there, at least) of Marie Tempest in "The Serpent's Tooth". Orchestras in Stamford are not so engaging as those of theatrical New York City. Otherwise we saw little difference, except that there were few critics in the audience. We saw Ruth Chatterton, and our Fashion Editor tells us that she has grown willowy, or should it be willowier? There, too, was Glenn Hunter, willowy, too, as usual; and Gladys Unger, already planning a new play in spite of the continued run of "The Goldfish"; and J. O'H. Cosgrave in the front row, as wise and as buddha-like as ever, applauding just enough, at exactly the right intervals! Miss Tempest is thoroughly charming, and the play is an excellent vehicle for her; but it should have been written by someone other than the talented Arthur Richman, whose fine "Ambush" was seen here last year. To turn with such ease from the sincerest realism to conventional and not too honestly developed heart drama is a swift move, Mr. Richman. The heyday of the columnist has arrived. Arthur Hopkins, the producer, has raised the name of Don Marquis to the electric lights of stardom over the door of the Plymouth Theatre, where his column character, "The Old Soak", shambles through a rare, racy, human, and somewhat sentimental comedy. If only to hear the death eulogy of the too hard drinking parrot, your trip to this play of prohibition days should be immediate. This was a first night that, had it not been for the humidity, might just as well have been set in midwinter, for everyone and his cousin were there. John Barrymore, looking at least ten years younger than when we last saw him, ready for his new season which, we hear rumors, is to open with "Hamlet", William A. Brady, recently returned from Europe, shrouded in the shadows of the back part of a box, Brock Pemberton, clad solemnly in full dress, and looking even more solemn than his wife, who has a new shawl. (We are to have a new Fashion Editor this month, and oh, what details of social functions we shall furnish!) George Jean Nathan, who has probably brought back with him from the continent a brand new stock of foreign names to use in his criticisms, and Kenneth Mac-

Don Marquis

gowan, who carries in his vest pocket a toothpick with which he was presented at the dinner table of the great Max Reinhardt. Here they all are again! On with the theatrical dance.

Two of Anatole France's shorter stories have been reprinted with delightful woodcut illustrations by

From "Count Morin, Deputy"

Henri Barthélemy and Siméon. "Count Morin, Deputy" appears without comment from the veteran Frenchman; but the other story, "Marguerite", has a distinctly fresh introduction by France, a part of which we quote as showing how an author really should feel toward the work he does in his earlier periods:

> Publish "Marguerite", dear Monsier André Coq, if you so desire, but pray relieve me from all responsibility in the matter.
>
> It would argue too much literary conceit on my part were I anxious to restore it to the light of day. It would argue, perhaps, still more did I endeavor to keep it in obscurity. You will not succeed in wresting it for long from the eternal oblivion whereunto it is destined. Ay me, how old it is! I had lost all recollection of it. I have just read it over, without fear or favor, as I should a work unknown to me, and it does not seem to me that I have lighted upon a masterpiece. It would ill beseem me to say more about it than that. My only pleasure as I read it was derived from the proof it afforded that, even in those far-off days, when I was writing this little trifle, I was no great lover of the Third Republic with its pinchbeck virtues, its militarist imperialism, its ideas of conquest, its love of money, its contempt for the handicrafts, its unswerving predilection for the unlovely. Its leaders caused me terrible misgivings. And the event has surpassed my apprehensions.
>
> But it was not in my calculations to make myself a laughing-stock, by taking "Marguerite" as a text for generalizations on French politics of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

Interest is already being shown in our "Children's Book Week Essay Contest". We hope that every child within reading radius of THE BOOKMAN will send in a story. The conditions of the contest are as follows: For the ten best essays written by boys or girls fifteen years or under, THE BOOKMAN offers ten prizes: first, $25 in cash; second, $10 worth of books; and one book each for the other eight. Two of the best essays received before October 15 will be published in the Christmas number. The announcements of prize awards and the first and second prize winning essays themselves will be published in the January number. The subject for this year will be "My Book Party". Who are the twelve characters from different books that you have read, whom you would invite to a party; why would you invite them; and what would they be likely to do there? Contributions must be in the hands of the judges on or before November 1, and must be not less than three hundred or more than eight hundred words in

length, must be written in ink on one side of the paper only, must have name, age, and address of the contestant in the upper right hand corner, and be addressed to "Children's Book Week Essay Contest", care of THE BOOKMAN. The statement of a parent or teacher vouching for the originality of the composition must accompany each paper.

We have never met Honoré Willsie, whose "Judith of the Godless Valley" has recently been published; but we hear from Massachusetts, where she spent the summer, that she is an unusually sweet woman, who makes no pretensions as a writer but works quietly and consistently at her novels. She was for a time the editor of "The Delineator". She is an honest workman, for her material is carefully gathered, and she makes long and arduous trips to the sections of the country in which she plans to set her next novel. Here is a quotation from a letter she wrote from the northwestern cow country, which forms the background for "Judith":

Yesterday I trailed my trapper friend for fifteen miles. We got a fine lynx cat about the size of a collie. I wish you could have seen the fight the poor brute put up. It was very cold and blizzardy but I never saw anything more beautiful than the narrow canyons of the Forest Reserve filled with swirling snow. It was wild beyond description—no trails, the horses wallowing to their stomachs in snow, slipping, stumbling and leaping unseen brooks beneath the drifts.

Coming home through the mountains, the snow ceased and the moon sailed high and we saw an unbelievable sight. This is said to be the longest and hardest winter this section has known. The wild animals are suffering a good deal. As the trail twisted around a peak we saw a spot where the snow had blown away and the dried grass showed through. And feeding in this space were hundreds of white jack rabbits, crowding and edging each other like tiny cattle—the blues now—the blue-white rabbits—the tall blue spruce—the silver blue moon—the faint scream of coyotes. . . .

Fifth in Gene Markey's series of interviews with Chicago Men of Letters is an introduction to

HICKS THE HUMORIST

For many years I have been a reader of Oswald Hicks's daily column, "Twinkles", in the "Evening Star", but not until last week was I privileged with an actual glimpse of the renowned humorist. He received me in his tiny office on the tenth floor of the "Evening Star" building, and made me welcome at once.

"I'm always delighted", he announced jovially, "to have people who read my stuff view me in the flesh." And as he said "in the flesh", Hicks chuckled slyly.

Oswald Hicks

For he is, of course, a large man—nay, a tremendous man, with a round, smiling face and a mop of curly hair. Indeed, somebody once told him he re-

sembled Mr. Chesterton, since when he has assiduously cultivated the resemblance through carelessness in the matter of calories and barbers.

"I rather enjoy being interviewed," he beamed, when we were seated. "First I always narrate how I wooed and won my wife. It was this way: when I met her, out in Indiana, I was only a poor peasant boy, with ambitions to be a poet. Well, I made poet and peasant overtures to her" — he paused lest I fail to appreciate this superb pun — "made *poet and peasant overtures* to her, and finally she accepted me."

"Your wife", I ventured, "is, I daresay, your severest critic — "

"She has never", declared the columnist, "read a single line I wrote! You know", he added, "it's a pet theory of mine that humorists' wives have no sense of humor. They couldn't have — and live!"

"What", I asked, writing rapidly in my notebook, "are your opinions on humor?"

"I believe it should be restrained", answered Hicks, "always restrained. You may recall, I was one of the earliest advocates of mirth control."

At this sally he uttered a loud cackle, slapped his fat thighs, and shook with laughter.

"Wait!" he cried, as I started to write. "Don't put that one in your interview — I'll use it myself, in tomorrow's column."

We talked on for a time, Hicks retailing with éclat a considerable assortment of the quips and cracks that have made his column famous.

"Do you remember", he asked, as I moved to take my departure, "do you remember my celebrated Russian joke? The one that almost caused a diplomatic break with the Soviet government?"

I replied that I, unfortunately, did not.

"Well", said he, bursting into laughter at the very thought of it, "you ought to know that one. It's one of my best lines — the one I wrote, warning Lenin and Trotzky to watch their *steppes*."

Not long ago William Heyliger, author of some twenty books for boys, and on the editorial staff of "The American Boy" magazine, made an interesting statement concerning books for the young man:

The boy has a fine sense of perception, a freshness of reception, a warmth of appreciation, an intense seriousness, and a deep emotion to bestow upon books that are worth while. And we have given him, in the main, books that are akin, in their poverty of ideas, to the average of adult fiction. He deserves better. Give a hundred adults a book of wonderful conception and skilful execution, and a varying number will tell you they do not like it. They will be governed in their responses by obscure shafts of experience, by open or subconscious prejudices, by groove habits of reading, even by the state of the weather. But the boy is fresh. His life is at the dawn. Tomorrow is a rose page. However much he may pose publicly, alone with a book he is himself — far more serious than we deem him, with depths of feeling that all too few of us ever probe. Give a hundred such boys a boy's book of wonderful conception and skilful execution and you will have a one hundred per cent response. Their surrender to an author who can reach them is complete and entire. The average adult reads to forget; the average boy reads to remember.

What books do these adolescents want as they stand on that vague borderline between boyhood and manhood? In my experience they want the books that present to them cross sections of their own real problems, books that carry the romance of life and yet hold fast to the actualities. The world is before them; they thirst to know what it is like. They want adventure, not alone the well done adventure of physical action, but the adventure that finds its movement in a clash of wills and that writes glory into the commonplace. Everybody likes to feel himself in the hero's shoes; but the older boy demands that that hero be of a pattern akin in possibilities to himself and not a prodigy or a caricature.

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THE
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AMERICAN STYLE

By Stuart P. Sherman

"HAVE we a style that is recognizably American?" If one accepts Buffon's identification of style with "the man himself", and if one then inquires whether an English street urchin can recognize an American at sight, the answer is, yes. The street urchin can recognize us, and by some power of the higher criticism not dependent, as I shall testify, on the cut of our jib, the sound of our klaxon, or any merely sartorial distinctions in which we may garb ourselves.

Some years ago, before the angularities and rotundities of our dispositions had much developed, one of my compatriots, since become an editorial luminary, and I, at the crowded hour in the Strand, were weaving our way through the fog and the London citizenry in what we thought was a complete national incognito. Enveloped in two-shilling cyclists' capes, with ten-shilling knickerbockers and caps and stockings, purchased in Edinburgh, and with an accent studied for a month in the Highlands and a week in Oxford, we were just flattering ourselves that we walked *nube cava amicti*, when a newsboy darted upon us from the rear, extending a pink sheet and crying in dolorous tones, "Terrible accident in the Stites! — Brooklyn Bridge falls! — Thousands killed!" While we were sounding in our Scotch tweeds for the big red coppers, the youth explained with an ingratiating grin that he knew we were "good natured Yankees", then pocketed our gratuity and ran off with his sporting extra. There is only one way to account for his penetration of our disguise: he recognized our style — *incessu patuit dea*, or as Virgil might have said, in American, "You could pipe the dame by the way she operated her stilts."

If an American can so easily be identified in an English crowd, it should seem to follow that an Englishman may by similar tests be identified in an American crowd. And as a matter of fact, on the colorful coast